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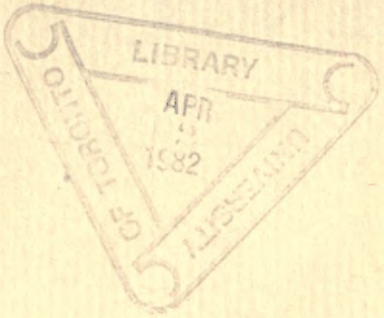
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GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

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TO

THOMAS WILLIAM LUMSDEN, M.D.

WHO

EXCELLING AS A PHYSICIAN

EXCELS NOT LESS AS

A FRIEND

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I

"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY"

OR, THE TWO CARDINALS

I CRAVE Miss Austen's pardon for borrowing her title. My excuse must be that no other would so exactly fit my purpose, which is to analyse Mr Wilfrid Ward's Life of Cardinal Newman. "Exhaustive" and "monumental" are the consecrated epithets for books of this type—books of great bulk, containing an immense amount of matter carefully arranged, and including within their scope everything in heaven and earth which can illustrate their theme. It is whispered that, in addition to all public records collated in England and on the Continent, Mr Ward has read 50,000 letters—

A thing imagination boggles at.

But he has his reward. Here at last is the story, never henceforth to be denied or gainsaid, of the Man to whom, more than to any other one person, must be attributed both the "Second Spring" of the English Church and the present position of the Roman Church in England. Large as the book is, it would have been much larger. if Mr Ward had retraced in detail

the story of Newman's Anglican life; but he has wisely realized the fact that nothing can be advantageously added to, or substracted from, the *Apologia*, and he has left that spiritual and literary masterpiece to tell its own tale. By the time we reach the 94th page of the first volume, Newman has been received into the Roman Church. Henceforward the Church of England disappears; and our concern is with Rome and Romanists and Romanism.

John Henry Newman was now in his forty-fifth year, at the height of his influence, and in the full perfection of his powers. Not often, surely, has Providence fashioned such an intellect—so piercing, so swift, so pliant, so subtle. The intellect expressed itself in the style—flexible and sinuous, yet sharply pointed, natural, easy, unforced, as a bird's song; clear as the thought which it expressed; simple as the Bible and Shakespeare are simple, and withal rich as they are rich. Life, light, colour, and movement are the notes of Newman's style; and, though he gave it later a more sumptuous turn, it was, at the moment of his secession, as near perfection as genius and care could make it. In that very year he wrote: "Perhaps one gets over-sensitive even about style as one gets on in life." "I have not written a sentence, I suppose, which will stand, or hardly so." "Besides rewriting, every part has to be worked out and defined as in moulding a statue." As we read Newman, his style seems the easiest, most natural, most inevitable, in the world; and yet those extracts show that, even in

the throes of the spiritual crisis which cut his life in half, he worked at his manuscript like a sculptor working at his clay.

The intellect and the style were enough to have made Newman famous; but they were joined in him with a keen sanctity "which the world cannot tame," and were used with sedulous care and the most consummate skill for the furtherance of one great end. "After hearing those sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men, if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness; if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul." Genius and holiness together had made Newman master of the young and generous world which thronged round the pulpit of St Mary's. As Mr Ward says, "he exercised a Kingship in Oxford, extending far beyond the ranks of a party, an influence so extraordinary that the tradition of it is now no longer realized and only half believed." The extent of that influence can never be measured. Some notion of its force may be gathered from the list of those who rose up and followed him without delay into the Roman fold. In his fall, as some esteemed it, he drew after him, as Mr Gladstone said, "a third part of the stars of Heaven," and what we lost Rome gained. Surely, since her final breach with us in 1570, Rome had won no such convert as Newman. He had already dissipated ignorance concerning her, and allayed sus-

picion, and made her seem interesting and beautiful and attractive where before she had been abhorred and dreaded, or at best despised. Surely, if guided only by a human instinct, she must realize the magnitude of the boon which Newman brought her; must welcome him with open arms, and crown him with her choicest honours. That was the ideal. What really happened Mr Ward tells us, and a sorry tale it is. The story of Newman's experience in the Church of Rome, from 1845 to 1879, is a story of disillusionments, rebuffs, frustrations, disappointments; a story of unjust suspicions and calculated insults, with here and there disagreeable symptoms of treachery and double-dealing. When I write the word "disillusionments," I do not mean the gravest disillusion of all. His religious faith never failed nor wavered. He had deliberately accepted the religion of the Papacy with all that it involves; and faith in that religion carried him, if not serene, yet patient and dutiful, through all experiences of earthly sorrow. His "disillusionments" did not touch the Truth. They touched systems and methods and hopes and plans and efforts, and often they touched human characters, and saintly reputations which masked ambition and emulation and some worse faults. He had long believed that "to follow the lead of Rome was to prosper"; but that belief was now shattered by harsh realities. We may take them, very briefly, point by point:—

(1) In 1850 an ex-Dominican called Giacinto

Achilli came to England and delivered a course of lectures against the Inquisition. Cardinal Wiseman, then the head of the Roman Church in England, replied by an article in the *Dublin Review*, in which he charged Achilli with shameful immoralities. Newman, in an evil moment, took Wiseman's allegations as facts, and repeated them, with emphasis, in a public lecture. Achilli prosecuted Newman for libel, and Newman naturally applied to Wiseman for his authorities; but Wiseman gave only half his mind to the business; looked for the documents, could not find them, or, as Newman thought, did not try to find them; and eventually found them when the trial was over, and Newman had been found guilty of libel, heavily fined, and publicly rebuked by the judge. It was a disillusioning experience, and Newman, who never forgot anything, remembered it.

(2) In 1851 Newman was requested by the Hierarchy to undertake the formation of a Catholic University in Ireland, and to be its "Rector." The difficulties which surrounded the enterprise were many and immense, and Newman saw them all. But the Pope had given a special sanction to the scheme, and this fact made Newman look upon the request of the Bishops as a Divine call. Here was to be the work of his life. He was to be the means of spreading the highest education among the untaught, or half-taught, Catholics of Ireland, and was to show them that perfect harmony between, or rather identity of, Faith and Philosophy, which Oxford was always

trying to establish. It was a worthy ambition; but it came to nothing. Newman had no organizing skill, no talent for creating new systems. He knew nothing about business. He did not understand the Irish, nor they him. The best authorities on Irish Education differed about his curriculum. The Irish gentry looked askance at the undertaking; and—worst of all—the Irish Primate distrusted Newman, and showed his distrust by thwarting and snubbing him. Through these clouds there suddenly burst a ray of light and encouragement. Cardinal Wiseman suggested that the Pope should confer on Newman the Episcopal dignity, as a suitable recognition of his gifts and labours, and with a view to strengthening his position in Ireland. Somehow or another, Newman's opponents got wind of the Pope's intention, and it never was fulfilled. This is Newman's own note on the transaction: "The Cardinal never wrote to me a single word, or sent any kind of message to me, in explanation of the change of intention about me, till the day of his death."

The clouds, pierced for a moment by this ray of encouragement, were now as black as ever; and in 1858 he resigned the Rectorship of the University, and returned in profound dejection to England.

(3) Newman's pen was now idle; idleness of such an instrument could not long continue; but in resuming literary activity Newman only prepared for himself fresh disappointments. The Roman Hierarchy asked him to edit the New English Version of the

Scriptures which the Roman Synod in England had recommended. Newman saw in the invitation another sign of God's leading, and he accepted the task with reverent and joyous thankfulness. But more than a year passed before he heard anything more on the subject. Opposition to the scheme came from America, where a Roman Archbishop was engaged on a similar work. Newman was ready to abide by the decision of his ecclesiastical superiors. But time went by; nothing was done; and it became evident that Wiseman, if not hostile, was apathetic. "I found," says Newman, "that the Cardinal was washing his hands of the whole affair, and throwing the responsibility on me. . . . That there is some mystery about it, I know, though what it is I have not a dream. Father Faber, on his deathbed, told me that he knew how badly I had been treated in the matter."

Newman abandoned the task, and the Bishops never asked him to resume it. Another great plan had been projected; "and yet another time the ecclesiastical rulers, after words of most flattering recognition, had seemed absolutely indifferent to the reality of his work."

(4) Newman's next attempt to serve the Church was made in the way of journalism. He was profoundly convinced that, if the Church of Rome was to retain her ascendancy in Europe, and regain it where she had lost it, she must put herself right with the intellectual world. She must no longer ignore history,

or criticism, or physical science. She must no longer rely on unassisted logic to establish her fundamental positions. Still less must she depend for her authority on terror and ignorance and superstition. With the hope of disseminating higher views, he allied himself in turn with such publications as the *Atlantis*, the *Rambler*, the *Home and Foreign Review*. Those papers and the men who conducted them fought a gallant fight for mental freedom; but Newman only received further injury from his connexion with them. Rome disapproved, the publications came to an end, and Newman emerged with damaged reputation as a "bad Catholic"—a Liberal theologian, only the more dangerous because his loyalty to the Church could not be gainsaid—and was delated to Rome for heresy. He was now thoroughly sick at heart. "I am treated," he said, "like some wild incomprehensible beast, a spectacle for Dr Wiseman to exhibit to strangers, as himself being the hunter who captured it." And again—"God has marked my course with almost unintermittent mortifications. Few, indeed, successes has it been His Blessed Will to give me through life . . . but since I have been a Catholic, I seem to myself to have had nothing but failure."

(5) The string of disappointments is not yet complete, but, as Mr Ward says, "the years 1859 to 1864 may be called the low-water mark of Newman's life-history." His health was bad; he thought the end was near. His spirits were at their lowest. His books had ceased to sell, and he had ceased to write.

"His name was hardly known to the rising generation"; and it seemed as though his life was closing in the saddest of failures. The resuscitation of his fortunes came from an unexpected quarter. At the beginning of 1864 Charles Kingsley, then at the height of his vogue as Muscular Christian and Broad Churchman, made a sudden and unprovoked attack on Newman's veracity. Newman replied with alacrity, demanding the grounds of the attack. And then Kingsley, instead of frankly apologizing for his ill-mannered rashness, proceeded to entangle himself in discreditable endeavours to run away from what he had said, and yet leave the imputation of falsehood unrevoked. He struggled in contortions of baffled anger, "like a wild bull in a net," while Newman wove that mesh of logic, sarcasm, and contemptuous humour which formed the Introduction to the *Apologia pro vita sua.*

Never was a controversial victory more signal or more complete. Kingsley, all unwitting, had given Newman the opportunity for which he had longed, of "vindicating his character and conduct." Henceforward, whatever might be said about Newman, all England knew him for an honest man.

(6) The triumph over Kingsley, and the accession of public respect which had followed it, made a bright interval in Newman's darkened life; but disappointment was again at hand. He had long wished to establish a Hall for Roman Catholic students at Oxford, feeling sure that the University would not

wean them from the Faith, but would open their eyes to aspects of life and thought which are not revealed to Seminarists. He believed that all the forces in Oxford which made for Faith would tend to come together, and that thereby the resistance to Rationalism among young men would be immeasurably strengthened. He felt that the establishment of a House of the Oratory at Oxford, with a suitable Church and imposing services, would serve the Catholic cause, which, as far as its material setting was concerned, was very poorly represented there; and, as he was human, he must have recalled his former ascendancy over undergraduate hearts, and hoped to reassert it. So he drew his plans and arranged his schemes, and actually bought the site for a house in Oxford. His intention was welcomed even by academical authorities. The English gentry rejoiced that their long exclusion from the University was drawing to an end; and everything looked prosperous for the new venture, when suddenly the usual blow fell. The English Hierarchy, acting under influence from Rome, forbade the scheme, and again Newman had to sit down beaten. "And now," he wrote from his house at Birmingham, "I am thrown back again on my do-nothing life here—how marvellous!" Marvellous indeed it was; but yet one more rebuff remained to be administered.

(7) Newman has told us that, as a matter of personal conviction, he had always, after his submission to Rome, held the doctrine of the Papal

Infallibility; but he held it subject to all the conditions and qualifications which history required and theologians had admitted. In 1867 he wrote thus: "I hold the Pope's Infallibility, not as a dogma, but as a theological opinion; that is, not as a certainty, but as a probability." This was a view of the matter which was intolerable to the "Ultramontane" school of ecclesiastical politicians.

The social and political aspect of Europe was threatening. The historic princedom of the Popes was dangerously undermined. There was a feeling of revolution in the air, and a tendency to fall away from the faith was visible whichever way one looked. Men's hearts were failing them for fear and for looking after those things that were coming on the earth. At this crisis the confidential advisers of the Papacy conceived a strange way of escape from gathering perils. They thought that an Œcumenical Council, meeting at Rome, would awe the world into submission. Pius IX. had spoken of such a council in 1864, intending it to discuss and counteract the evils which beset an age of apostasy. In 1867 he announced that it would be definitely summoned for the winter of 1869; and forthwith the wire-pullers at the Vatican, acting with their allies in England and elsewhere, determined that the Council, when it assembled, should define the Papal Infallibility as an article of faith. "They seemed," says Mr Ward, "to conceive of such a definition as a protest against an apostate world, and a crown of honour for the persecuted

Pontiff." The years 1867–8–9 were years of great controversial stress, as the Roman Catholic world was sharply divided into those who welcomed, and those who deprecated, the prospect of the Definition. Among those who deprecated it was Newman, and once again he had to pass through the fire. "If ever he acted against his inclinations, and from a stern sense of duty, it was at this crisis. He had a full consciousness that many good but not far-seeing people, whom he respected, would condemn his attitude. . . . But throughout he believed himself to be defending the interests of Catholic theology against extremists who were—without realizing the effects of their action—setting it aside." He expected "untold good" from the Council, if only as bringing into formal acquaintance men from the most distant parts of the world; but he was anxious lest the assembled Bishops should treat such subjects as the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Intellectual Apprehension of God, with insufficient skill; while the prospect of the Definition filled him with dismay. The Council assembled in due course, and soon after it began its work he wrote his fears to his bishop, Dr Ullathorne, concluding his letter thus: "With these thoughts before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings public; but all I can do is to pray those great early Doctors of the Church, whose intercession would decide the matter —Augustine and the rest—to avert so great a calamity. If it is God's will that the Pope's Infalli-

bility should be defined, then it is His Blessed Will to throw back the times and the moments of that triumph He has destined for His Kingdom; and I shall feel that I have but to bow my head to His Adorable Inscrutable Providence."

This letter was private; but, by some means never disclosed, it made its way into the public press, and naturally redoubled the wrath of the extremists against a man whom they regarded as at best a half-hearted Papalist, at worst a secret traitor to the Holy See. Once again that man was defeated, and his enemies triumphed. The dogma of the Infallibility was "defined" on the 18th of July 1870. Newman wrote to a friend, "Our good God is trying all of us with disappointment and sorrow just now; I allude to what has taken place at Rome. . . . It looks as if our Great Lord were in some way displeased with us."

(8) Newman "bowed his head," as he had promised, beneath this final blow; and for the next nine years he remained buried in his Oratorian home, emerging only to cross swords with Gladstone over the question of the Civil Allegiance of Catholics. During this period of what looked like final retirement he wrote a solemn testament for the use of his friends after his death; from it I quote these words: "I have before now said, in writing to Cardinals . . . when I considered myself treated with slight and unfairness, 'So this is the return made to me for working in the Catholic cause for so many years'—*i.e.* to that effect.

I feel it still, and ever shall—but it was not a disappointed ambition which I was then expressing in words, but a scorn and wonder at the injustice shown me, and at the demand of toadyism on my part if I was to get their favour and the favour of Rome."

Those words, and others revealing "the real state of my mind, and what my cross has been," were written in 1876: but now a startling change was at hand. Pius IX. died in 1878, and Leo XIII. succeeded him. Newman had loved Pius personally, but had notoriously deplored his policy, and had suffered accordingly. The sentiments of Leo were believed to differ materially from those of his predecessor; and "the natural reaction of opinion—the swing of the pendulum from one Pontificate to another—seemed to some of Newman's friends a golden opportunity for securing for his great work for the Church the formal approval from Rome itself, which had been so long delayed."

So says Mr Ward, and the Duke of Norfolk adds: "It appeared to me that in the cause both of justice and of truth it was of the utmost importance that the Church should put her seal on Newman's work." That "seal" could only take one form—the Cardinal's Hat. The Duke of Norfolk, in a private interview with the Pope, made the suggestion; it was graciously received. After various delays, some of which bore a suspicious resemblance to former frustrations, Newman received the supreme honour in May 1879. To the journal of 1876, from which the foregoing confession of disappointment is cited, he now appended

this significant note: "Since writing the above I have been made a Cardinal!"

When John Henry Newman was seven years old, an event occurred of which he had then no cognizance, but which was destined in the long run to exercise a decisive influence over his working life. This was the birth of Henry Edward Manning. In 1808 the Mannings were a wealthy family, though afterwards they lost their fortune; and "Harry Manning" began life with some single advantages. He was educated at Harrow (where he was Captain of the Cricket Eleven) and at Balliol; and, after obtaining his First, became a Fellow of Merton. He was exceptionally good-looking, beautifully dressed; full of self-confidence, and loving to have the pre-eminence. The circumstances which determined him to enter Holy Orders need not now be recapitulated; it is more important for my present purpose to note that, once ordained, he at once began to rise in his profession. At twenty-five he was a Rector; at twenty-nine Rural Dean; at thirty-two Archdeacon; at thirty-four Select Preacher at Oxford. From 1840 to 1850 he was one of the most considerable figures among the English clergy; and during the last five years of that time, after Newman had seceded, he was commonly regarded as the main strength and stay of those earnest churchmen who had been scandalized by Newman's fall, and had no confidence in Pusey's leadership.

We now know, what at the time was never suspected, that during these latter years he was tormented by grave doubts about the position and claims of the Church of England. He yearned for "authority," and could not find it in Anglicanism. His misgivings came to a head when the Judicial Committee pronounced in favour of the Rev. G. C. Gorham, who seemed to have committed himself to a denial of the Catholic doctrine of Baptism. Suddenly, as it appeared to the world, but deliberately, as we now know from his writings, he resigned his preferments in the Church of England, and was received into the Church of Rome in April 1851. Three years later he wrote in his journal, "I am conscious of a desire to be in such a position as I had in time past"; and his heart's desire was not long denied him. Nothing can be more instructive than the difference between the treatment accorded to Newman and the treatment accorded to Manning by the Church to which they submitted themselves. What Rome did for Newman the first section of this chapter has already set forth. Manning's career was strikingly dissimilar.

Newman was received into the Church of Rome in October 1845, and was not ordained Priest till May 1847. Manning was received in April 1851, and was ordained Priest on the Trinity Sunday next ensuing. He was made D.D. by the Pope in 1854; Superior of the Oblates of St Charles at Bayswater in 1857, and Provost of the Chapter of Westminster in the same

year; Domestic Prelate to the Pope, Protonotary Apostolic, and "Monsignor" in 1860; and in 1865, in spite of the fact that he had not been elected by the Chapter, he was made Archbishop of Westminster by the sole act of Pius IX.—"Searle and a hundred other poor devils," pleasantly said Herbert Vaughan, afterwards Cardinal, "will think you are come to torment them before the time."[1] Perhaps they did; but their thoughts could not impede Manning's progress. He was Archbishop in spite of them, and ten years later he was raised to the Purple. It is matter of common knowledge that Manning's early and conspicuous ascendancy in the counsels of the Papacy rested on the intimacy of his personal relations with Pius IX.; though it is not necessary to give literal credence to that account of those relations which Bishop Wilberforce, in his diary, repeated from Mr Odo Russell. Manning was, indeed, a man after the Pope's own heart. There never lived a stronger Papalist. He was more Ultramontane than the Ultramontanes. Everything Roman was to him divine. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that English Romanism was practically Gallicanism; that it minimized Papal Infallibility, was disloyal to the Temporal Power, and was prone to accommodate itself to its Protestant and secular environment. Against this temporizing policy he set his face as a flint. He believed that he had been divinely

[1] Monsignor Searle was a member of the Westminster Chapter, and a staunch foe of Manning.

appointed to Papalize England. In Cardinal Wiseman he found a chief like-minded with himself, and they worked in perfect accord for an end equally dear to both. Here comes in the tragedy of Newman's life. Manning thought him a half-hearted Papalist. He dreaded alike his way of stating religious truth and his practical policy, and he regarded it as a sacred duty to frustrate his designs.

To Newman, with his abnormal sensitiveness, the situation must have been galling beyond endurance. Here was Manning, seven years his junior, in every gift of intellect immeasurably his inferior, and a convert of five years later date than himself; and yet Manning, through his relations with Rome and his ascendancy over the aged and decrepit Wiseman, was in a position where he could bring all Newman's best-laid plans to naught. They had begun as good friends, though never intimate; for Manning, in his Anglican days, had kept clear of Tractarianism. Newman offered Manning the post of Vice-Rector in the Irish University, and Manning declined it, as he was at the moment entering on his three years' residence at Rome. When he came to live in London, he passed instinctively into that innermost circle of Ultramontane sentiment which surrounded Wiseman, preached by the mouth of Faber, intrigued at the Vatican through Monsignor Talbot, and wrote with the powerful pen of W. G. Ward.

The time, as we have already seen, was full of stress and strain; and some controversies, which had

hitherto belonged to the region of theory, were forced into practical action by the developments of European politics. Manning thus summed up the points at issue—"During these years three subjects were uppermost:—(1) The Temporal Power; (2) The Oxford Question; and (3) The Infallibility. On all these Newman was not in accordance with the Holy See. I am nobody, but I spoke as the Holy See speaks." When Manning spoke he also acted, and through his instrumentality Newman was forced to resign the editorship of the *Rambler*, which had taken a line hostile to the Temporal Power. It was easy to offend Newman, and Newman did not readily forget. It is significant that in the *Apologia*, as originally published, though it contains such generous references to friends both Roman and Anglican, Manning's name never appears; and Manning actually denounced "this Kingsley affair," as he called the *Apologia*, as tending to "make Anglicans remain where they are." This was written on the eve of Manning's elevation to the Archiepiscopate, and from thenceforward his power of frustrating Newman was of course increased tenfold. Newman wrote this in the following year: "I think this of Manning: he wishes me no ill, but he is determined to bend or break all opposition. He has an iron will and resolves to have his own way. . . . He has never offered me any place or office. The only one I am fit for, the only one I would accept, he is doing all he can to keep me from."

The other side of the case is thus stated by

Manning: "I was and am convinced that no Catholic parents ought to send their sons to the National Universities; and that no Catholic can be there without danger to faith and morals."

But it was an unequal contest. Manning was all-powerful at the Vatican, and Newman was defeated. When the contest was over, Manning suggested an interview and explanations, but Newman icily declined—"I do not trust him, and his new words would be the cause of fresh distrust. . . . I could not in my heart accept his explanations."

Anyone who wishes to know what Manning could be and do when his heart was set on a great object, should study those chapters in his Life which describe the supersession of Archbishop Errington, his own elevation to the Archiepiscopate, and the Vatican Council. With reference to this last, his biographer says: "It was the event of his life. . . . For years he had made the question of Papal Infallibility his own. He was identified, whether for good or for evil, with the mysterious dogma, by the popular mind of England. He had preached about it, had worked for it, and in tones and terms of infallible certitude had predicted its definition." He went into the Council under a solemn vow to do all in his power to obtain the Definition. He used all conceivable means to secure his end. He wrote, and talked, and plotted, and canvassed. He avoided argument, and appealed to passion and terror. The Church, he said, was in her last struggle with the powers of darkness, and here

was the opportunity of striking the blow which should make her victorious. His intensity, his rhetorical skill, his inexhaustible activity, inspired his friends and produced a palpable effect upon the waverers; but all the time there was the other side, and on it were ranged Darboy and Dupanloup, Strossmayer and Haynald, Ketteler and Hefele and Deschamps; "and a greater name by far than theirs was on their other side and in sympathy with them—John Henry Newman." When the battle was over and Newman again defeated, Manning wrote, with unmistakable reference: "They were wise and we were fools. But, strange to say, it has turned out that the wise men were always blundering and the fools were always right. At last the wise men have had to hold their tongues, and in a way not glorious to them, to submit and to be silent." To compare this passage with Newman's words about the "Adorable Inscrutable Providence" is to gain some notion of the two men.

Eight years passed. Pius IX. died, and Leo XIII., acting on suggestions from England, made Newman a Cardinal, and so affixed the seal of Infallibility to principles and methods against which Manning had waged a thirty years' war. In 1883 he said to me, pointing to two pictures on the wall, "That is Pio—history will pronounce him to be a very great Pontiff. Yes, and that is Leo—*hum, hm, h*—," but I find it impossible to express in letters the curious *diminuendo* of depreciatory sound.

Seven years later Newman was in his grave, and

his brother-Cardinal talked of him and of their mutual relations with impressive candour. One saying must be recorded: "I suppose you have heard that I tried to prevent Newman from being made a Cardinal. Yes, of course you have. Everyone has. But it is not true. Indeed it is the reverse of the truth. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Ripon came to me and said: 'We have been to Rome. We have urged Newman's claim to the Cardinalate. We have done as much as laymen can do—and we have made no impression. We come back, having accomplished nothing.' I said, 'Leave it to me.' I wrote to Rome, and it was done in three weeks. *Very few people know that.*" Very few indeed!

Why, in the long duel which I have now described, was Newman always defeated and Manning (except in the last tussle about the Cardinalate) always successful? Something may, no doubt, be ascribed to training and environment. Manning had all the advantages for mind and body (though they may sometimes be disadvantages for the soul) which belong to an opulent home and a great Public School. Newman was brought up in a Calvinistic seclusion, varied by eight years at a private school, where he never played a game. At Oxford Manning was popular and fashionable: Newman lived, from first to last, like a Seminarist, hampered, as he himself says, by "extreme shyness" and "vivid self-consciousness." Manning, as soon as he had got his degree, quitted Oxford, took a clerkship in the Colonial

Office, went freely into society, more than once fell in love, and married early. Newman went from his Scholarship at Trinity to his Fellowship at Oriel, regarded himself as divinely called to celibacy, and seems to have had no ambition beyond a curacy in a suburb of Oxford.

Temperament co-operated with environment. Manning, already a man of the world and knowing how to deal with men, may stand for Sense: Newman, the shrinking and ascetic student, for Sensibility. He said of himself that he had a "morbidly sensitive skin," and that is about as bad an equipment for active life in a world of struggle as nature can bestow. That a pre-eminently sensitive man tastes more keenly than others the choice delights of life is probably true, but it is certain that he suffers a thousand miseries which tougher natures never feel. An acute sensitiveness may be allied with, though it is by no means a synonym for, keen sympathy with the sorrows of others, and so may gather round a man a band of grateful admirers; but it will never disarm an opponent, or turn a foe into a friend. Still less will it enable a man to force his way through clenched antagonisms, or to crush resistance as he marches towards his end. Then again a sensitive nature is

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

It may forgive, but it cannot forget, slights and injuries, buffets and bruises. Forgetfulness of injuries is the blessed lot of those who have inflicted them.

"Poor Newman!" said Manning in a moment of genial expansion—"he was a great hater"; and though the phrase had something of controversial rancour, it expressed a kind of truth. When Newman had been injured, he did not expose himself to a repetition of the injury. When he had been deceived, he did not give the deceiver a second opportunity. When he had been offended, he kept the offender at arm's length. There are curious traditions of personal estrangements, lasting through years, between him and members of his own house; and there is on record a letter in which he told Archbishop Whately, with agreeable frankness, that though he had not purposely kept out of his way when Whately lately was paying a visit to Oxford, he was glad of the accident which prevented them from meeting.

I question if Manning was very sensitive. No doubt he felt a knock, as we all feel it, but with him it was only a reason for hitting back again, and when he hit he showed both strength and science.

And, yet once more, Newman was too much of an Idealist. He idealized the Calvinism in which he had been brought up, but soon found that it was hopelessly inadequate to the demands of the intellect and the broad facts of human life; and in his reaction from it he went perilously near the ways of thought which a few years later were stigmatized as Liberalism. When he had adopted the Tractarian position, he idealized the Anglican Bishops; and the dissipation of that ideal by contact with Episcopal realities,

is the history of his submission to Rome. As a Roman Catholic he found even larger and more promising scope for Idealism, and disillusionments even profounder and more grievous. That to the end he idealized the Church of Rome—"the one oracle of truth and the one ark of salvation"—I cannot doubt, but he soon ceased to idealize Roman Bishops as he had before ceased to idealize their Anglican brethren; and to these must be added Cardinals, and Jesuits, and politicians, and editors, and in short, all the agents by whom the Church of Rome does its practical work. To say that he was ever disillusioned about the Pope would be offensive and might be misleading, so let his own words stand. "I had been accustomed to believe that, over and above that attribute of infallibility which attached to the doctrinal decisions of the Holy See, a gift of sagacity had in every age characterized its occupants. . . . I am obliged to say that a sentiment which history has impressed upon me, and impresses still, has been very considerably weakened as far as the present Pope (Pius IX.) is concerned, by the experience of the result of the policy which his chosen councillors led him to pursue." From first to last Newman idealized the systems to which for the time he belonged, and when, in their working, they proved to be quite different from what he dreamed, the blow fell with a disabling force, and the people who wished ill to his schemes "grinned demnebly."

Of Manning it may, I think, be said without breach

of charity, that, willing the end intensely, he also willed the means; that he was entirely free from what Bishop Wilson called "the *offendiculum* of scrupulosity"; and that, where a cause was at stake, he did not shrink from crushing an opponent.

In a contest with this kind of temper Newman was hopelessly handicapped. The sensitiveness which pervaded his nature all through was at its tenderest in the domain of conscience. To him conscience was "a Prophet in its predictions, a King in its imperiousness, a Priest in its benedictions and anathemas." Its faintest whisper was to him as certainly the Voice of God as though it had spoken amid the thunders of Sinai, and it taught him that, though the object which we seek may be the most important on earth, it must be sought with an incessant, scrupulous, almost morbid, regard for the ethical considerations which the search involves. His feelings, hopes, desires, prejudices, personal opinions, schemes of usefulness—all these Newman was ready and eager to sacrifice for the cause which absorbed his life. The one thing which he would not sacrifice was Conscience, and he who declines to sacrifice his conscience must look for his reward in a better world than this.

In a passage of vivid self-portraiture Newman described himself as "one whose natural impulse it has ever been to speak out; who has ever spoken too much rather than too little; who would have saved himself many a scrape if he had been wise

enough to hold his tongue; who has ever been fair to the doctrines and arguments of his opponents; who has never slurred over facts and reasonings which told against himself; who has never shrunk from confessing a fault when he felt that he had committed one; who has ever consulted for others more than for himself; who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and Truth better than dear friends."

In 1894 Archbishop Benson wrote in his diary, "I never find any Oxford man realize how weak a man was Newman." Perhaps the passage which I have just quoted may help to explain our dulness.

II

THE LAST OF THE WHIGS[1]

LORD BEACONSFIELD was fond of talking about "The Great Revolution Families"; and in his day the phrase still meant a good deal. It was another way of saying the Whig Party; and, as Lord Russell —the "Lord John" of the first Reform Bill—observed, "'Whig' says in one syllable what 'Liberal Conservative' says in seven." On the 11th of May 1694 William and Mary created the Dukedom of Bedford and on the following day that of Devonshire. The second Duke of Devonshire married a sister of the second Duke of Bedford, and the alliance thus originated lasted for close on two centuries. Lord Russell, reverting in old age to his early days at the University of Edinburgh, said: "A public dinner was held in 1810 to commemorate the birthday of Mr Fox, and the following toast was given: 'The Houses of Russell and Cavendish—may they ever be united in the cause of freedom!'" This pious aspiration was fulfilled, and the union between the two Houses was maintained at least down to 1880. On the 20th of

[1] Reprinted from *The Contemporary Review.*

March in that year I received the following letter from Lord Hartington, then titular leader of the Liberal Party:—

> I write a line to express my sincere wishes for your success in your contest at Aylesbury. The names of Russell and Cavendish have been so long associated together in the political history of the country that I cannot help feeling something more than a common interest in your success.

I need not quote the rest of the letter; but it was interesting as showing the durability of political association between the "Great Revolution Families" —or, in more scientific phrase, the "solidarity" of the Whig Party. But it was the last word of that "solidarity." The "Great Revolution Families" were nearing the crisis which destroyed them as a political party, merged the great mass of them in Toryism, and turned the small residuum into Radicals. During and after that time of transition, I always regarded the late Duke of Devonshire with the interest which belongs to a survival. In him I saw embodied all the attributes that made the Whig, and thereby had made a distinct part of our history; and, as far as I could see, he was the sole survivor of the breed to which he belonged. "Breed" is, I believe, the right word, for the essence of Whiggery was relationship. All the Whigs were cousins; all descended from the first Earl Gower. Beresford-Hope, who like all true Tories hated the Whigs, poked fun at "the sacred circle of the Great Grandmotherhood," which, according to him, included them all; and Mr Gladstone, who never poked fun, stated the same case in his own

more serious way: "As a rule, a man not born a Liberal may become a Liberal; but to be a Whig he must be a born Whig." A born Whig, if ever there was such a creature, was Spencer Compton, eighth Duke of Devonshire, who was a Whig in all the qualities which make the character. For Whiggery, though primarily a matter of blood, is scarcely less a matter of belief; and all the beliefs—and unbeliefs—which characterize the true Whig flourished in the Duke's mind with extraordinary vigour.

When the third Duke of Devonshire built Devonshire House in Piccadilly, Horace Walpole wrote that the house was "like himself, plain and good." And the epithets apply to Mr Bernard Holland's Life of the Eighth Duke. It fills two volumes, each as large as an ordinary biography of the present day; and both are stuffed with closely printed matter. They tell a plain tale of a consistent and honourable, but uninspiring, career, and in telling it they give a political history of England from 1857 to 1907. The history is not marked by that absolute impartiality which Bishop Creighton commended and practised; nor must it be relied on in the minutiæ of names, dates, and allusions. But it is a bold, clear, and effective narration, written from what may be called the anti-Gladstonian standpoint. It is enlivened here and there by passages of political and philosophical reflection which, whether one agrees with them or not, set one thinking; and the author displays the personal knowledge of, and feeling for, his hero,

without which biographical writing is the driest of remainder-biscuits.

If anyone takes up this biography in the hope of finding secret things, whether of character or of life, unveiled, he or she will be disappointed. Mr Holland has made his book not the study of a soul, but the record of a career, and in so doing he has acted wisely. To have explored, even if it had been possible, the inner recesses of the Duke's natural temperament, or to have estimated the forces which really swayed his life, would, indeed, have been a work well pleasing to the vulgar, but it would have served no high or useful end. It is better, as Mr Holland has done, to tell a plain story of public service, and to imitate, even when telling it, something of that tremendous reticence which in life distinguished the hero of the story.

William, Earl of Burlington, and eventually seventh Duke of Devonshire, who was Second Wrangler in 1829, married in the same year Lady Blanche Howard, daughter of Lord Carlisle, and had three sons and one daughter.[1] The eldest son was the subject of Mr Holland's memoir. Lord Burlington had been unhappy at school and resolved to educate his sons at home. In the case of the eldest this was a signal misfortune. For the heir-apparent to a great title and corresponding wealth to be educated among

[1] With reference to this union, Sydney Smith wrote, "Euclid leads Blanche to the altar—a strange choice for him, as she has not an angle about her."

his father's dependents is the most spoiling of experiences. The son of a Southern planter, reared among the slaves who will soon be his own property, could scarcely be more unfortunately placed than an English boy of vigorous body and imperious will, brought up among grooms and game-keepers, and fed from the cradle on the thick flattery which is the appointed diet of an eldest son. If the youthful Cavendish had been sent to Eton, and surrounded from his twelfth year to his eighteenth by boys of equal importance, and for some portion of that time subjected to the rule of a vigorous fag-master, he would not have grown up in the calm assumption that all the world was made to give way to him, and that, while his own convenience mattered a great deal, the convenience of other people was a negligible quantity. Mr Holland puts the case very delicately when he says that "Lord Hartington established early in life the principle that little was to be expected of him in the way of etiquette." Some people thought him "rude" and "spoilt"; and this was not wonderful, for his way of staring blankly when he was addressed, and presently uttering a half-formed "What?" was not a little disconcerting. "He might arrive very late for dinner, or possibly not at all. . . . Life is certainly rather spoiling in these minor respects to a young man of great position." And the "spoiling" effect produced on the young man is not obliterated, but rather deepened, by years. When the Cabinet decided to drop an Education Bill at

which Sir John Gorst as Vice-President of the Committee of Council had been toiling, the Duke of Devonshire, then Gorst's official chief, strolled into his room, and, after standing some time in silence with his back to the fire, said: "Well, Gorst, your damned Bill's dead." These are the less desirable fruits of a domestic education.

In October 1851 Lord Cavendish went up to Trinity College, Cambridge; and I have heard, from quarters wholly untainted by academic snobbery, that his mathematical faculty was unmistakable, and that, if only he had chosen to read, he might have attained to something like his father's distinction. However, as Lord Burlington noted in his diary, "Cavendish is certainly fond of amusement"; and he took his fill of it, as in after-life, so also at Cambridge. In 1854 he graduated in the Second Class of the Mathematical Tripos, and now his future was a little uncertain. That he must some day be Duke of Devonshire was plain enough; but what he was going to do with his life in the meantime was not so clear. He was fond of sport in all its forms, of racing, and of gambling. He made the social round in town and country, and occasionally went abroad. But Lord Burlington was not satisfied with this rather desultory programme, and he took counsel with some old and intimate friends—one of them a Russell—as to the fitting career for a young man of great possessions. It was decided that in this case the young man's character required the force of a

strong excitement to divert it from unworthy pursuits, and stimulate it to activity. The friends in council agreed with Lord Roehampton in *Endymion* that there was "no gambling like politics," and it was decided that Lord Cavendish should stand at the next election for North Lancashire, which returned two members. The dissolution came in March 1857, and Cavendish was returned unopposed as a Liberal, with a Conservative colleague. Next year he changed his name; for Lord Burlington succeeded his cousin as Duke of Devonshire, and Cavendish became Lord Hartington.

Now begins half a century of political life, which Mr Holland has narrated with scrupulous fidelity. I propose to point out how perfectly in all its parts and aspects it illustrates the ideal of Whiggery.

The most important point should be taken first. A leading characteristic of the Whig mind was its irreligiousness. Charles Buller's plea for the Established Church, "Why, it's the only thing that stands between us and religion," sufficiently indicates the Whig view. But even Whigs sometimes—very rarely—deviated from their type; and Lord Burlington, himself one of the best of men, wrote on his son's seventeenth birthday: "I trust he has strong religious feelings." The rest is silence. Of those "feelings" and their effect on his life, not a word is said. We are told that when Hartington became Duke of Devonshire, "he did not appoint extreme men to livings"; and "there is nothing to show that at any

time he took the slightest interest in any purely ecclesiastical questions." Once when such questions were invading the political area, he said to his Private Secretary: "Can you explain to me what 'Transubstantiation' means that they are talking about?" His biographer says that, as to the relations of Church and State, and the ideal of a Church, "his views were not very different from those of Sir William Harcourt." I cannot improve on that compendious and conclusive judgment.

The finest characteristic of Whiggery was its devotion to civil freedom. Whether tyranny was attempted by the Crown or by the mob, by a corrupt Parliament or by a high-handed executive, the Whigs were its implacable foes. They believed that in a free country Government can only rest on the consent of the governed; and they supported, though not all of them with equal zeal, successive extensions of the suffrage. In this respect Hartington was worthy of his Whig traditions. He supported, and was indeed partly responsible for, the Reform Bill brought in by Russell and Gladstone in 1866. He supported the larger measure introduced by Derby and Disraeli in the following year. He was stirred to unusual activity by the Franchise Bill of 1884, and even mastered his prepossessions sufficiently to concur in its extension to Ireland. It appears that in early manhood he had sympathized with the Southern States of America in their conflict with the North; but Mr Holland seems to hint that his sentiments on

this head changed as he grew older. On the Eastern Question his constitutional hatred of enthusiasm, emotion, and rhetoric made him seem more indifferent to the sufferings of the Sultan's victims than in truth he was; and in the question of Home Rule he based his action in great part on his conviction that under a Nationalist Parliament individual liberty would not be safe. No statesman's career is absolutely consistent, but of Lord Hartington one might truly say what is inscribed on the place where his kinsman and mine was beheaded: "He was a sincere lover of a temperate freedom."[1]

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—Liberalism loves all three equally: not so Whiggery. The Whigs believed in Liberty, and served her with blood and brains and money; but they were the most confirmed inequalitarians. Lord Lyndhurst, who hated them with his whole heart, said: "Whiggery is a real and selfish aristocracy"; and the close ties of kinship which bound the Whigs together intensified the conviction that they were, socially as well as politically, the chosen people. Hartington held his creed not the less tenaciously because he never uttered it; but everyone who can remember his demeanour in Parliament must have seen it in his manner and heard it in his voice. It was said, with much semblance of truth, that when some would-be fine people were lamenting the presence of a "mob"

[1] William Lord Russell, whose daughter Rachel married the second Duke of Devonshire, was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

in Hyde Park at some political demonstration, Hartington remarked, with his characteristic growl or grunt: "But there always is a mob in the Park; only some of the mobs are better dressed than others." Because he dressed anyhow,[1] travelled by the 'bus or the Underground, or whatever came handiest, and devoured with good appetite the hunches of bread and cheese and the mutton-chops which constitute an office-luncheon, people nurtured in the faith of Ouida fondly imagined that he did not realize his position. If they could have seen him doing the honours of Chatsworth or Hardwicke—a rare experience—they would have judged differently. "As he had an evident deep pride of race, so he had in equal measure a legitimate pride of possession, mitigated by his strong sense of responsibility." When Lord Salisbury offered him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Derbyshire, in succession to his father, he replied that he "could not even go through the form of demurring. My father told me that he believed the office had been held by one of our family for over two hundred years, and I know that he hoped that I might succeed him."

"A deep pride of race; a legitimate pride of possession." In that conjunction you have the essential notes of an aristocracy, exhibited by no section of men more conspicuously than by the Whigs. Whiggery has always been on the side of property; and it was only natural that

[1] Cf. *Lothair*, vol. i., c. 28.

when Mr Chamberlain launched his "Unauthorized Programme," Hartington should have begun to smell mischief. "He defended Feudalism against Socialism; that is, the administration of land by land-owners against the proposed gradual transfer of administration to local authorities." To Whig eyes, if Liberty was sacred, so also was Property; and Equality must not lift its hand against the rights of ownership. The circumstances which took Hartington into Parliament have already been indicated; and, indeed, the life of an idle M.P., turning up now and then for a critical division, but spending the greater part of his time in sport, or racing, or society, might have fitted in well enough with his temperament and habits. That Palmerston, the craftiest of Parliamentarians, should have wished to annex so great a name to the support of his Administration was only natural. It is not so easy to understand why Hartington consented to join. It certainly could not be that the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire hoped to gain social consideration or needful emolument by becoming Under-Secretary for War. A Radical M.P. once said to the present writer, in a tone of snuffling admiration, "Hartington can't be bought," and grace restrained me from the too-obvious retort, "Can you?" All the minor incidents of office were disagreeable to Hartington. He disliked spending his days and nights in the House; he disliked the drudgery of departmental work, though, when he had undertaken

it, "his sense of *noblesse oblige* made him do his best." He disliked the constant interference with leisure, society, and country life which office demands; he disliked speaking in the House, and he loathed the platform.

What then could tempt him on those stormy seas?

It may have been that the counsels of family and feminine friends prevailed. It may be that already the whisper of ambition had reached his ear, pointing out the supreme prize which, in the event, he thrice grasped and thrice surrendered. But, on the whole, the most creditable explanation is also the simplest. He wished to use his position and his powers in the professed service of the State. In making the offer, Palmerston had said: "I feel very strongly that it is of great importance to the country, and is highly conducive to the working of our Constitution, that young men of high aristocratical positions should take part in the administration of public affairs, and should not leave the working of our political machine to classes whose pursuits and interests are of a different kind."

In accepting this view of civil duty, Hartington acted in close compliance with Whig tradition. After their long exclusion from power under Pitt and Liverpool, the Whigs took office with a relish. Indeed, between 1830 and 1885, the only difficulty was to make them believe that the great offices of the State were not theirs by right. Once, when an extremely incompetent Whig had been appointed to

an extremely important office, I ventured to suggest that he would have done better as Lord President of the Duchy; whereupon came the swift reply, "Not at all; he has a right to one of the £5000 a year places."

Lord Hartington became Under-Secretary for War in April 1863, and spent the next three years in the creditable, but unexciting, discharge of official duty. Lord Palmerston died in October 1865, and was succeeded by Lord Russell, who thus resumed the Premiership after thirteen years. Early in the Session of 1866 he promoted Hartington to be Secretary of State for War. "He thus, at the age of thirty-three, entered the Cabinet as one of the chief officers of State." So it fell out that the Edinburgh student who, in 1810, had responded to the toast of "The Houses of Russell and Cavendish—may they ever be united in the cause of Freedom," was now able to unite them by the closest of political bonds. The chief business of the Session of 1866 was the Reform Bill, which, by lowering the franchise in towns, would have added 400,000 new voters to the electoral body. Hartington, as in duty bound, spoke in favour of the Bill, and amazed his friends by making a poetical allusion. But, in spite of this unwonted effort, the Bill was defeated, and the Government resigned. "Hartington now found himself, much to his pleasure, free for all too short a space from official duties."

The Tory Reform Bill of 1867, which had for its

avowed object to "dish the Whigs," did not "dish" Hartington, who was a convinced supporter of the extension of the franchise to the artisans. In 1868 he spoke and voted for Gladstone's Resolution in favour of disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church, and in the following autumn he had to pay the penalty. Hitherto he had never been forced to contest his seat, but had simply walked in. Now Gladstone's attack upon the Irish Church had aroused bitter hostility in Lancashire, and Hartington had to fight for his life. His cousin, Lord Granville, wrote, with the characteristic cheerfulness of the onlooker, "This contest is the best thing that could have happened to you. It stirs your blood, airs your vocabulary, and adds much to your popularity in the country at large." But it ended in defeat—a new sensation to Hartington, who admitted that he "didn't like it."

The result of the appeal to the country was a majority of a hundred for Gladstone and Disestablishment. Disraeli resigned and Gladstone became Prime Minister for the first time. He desired to reinstate Hartington in his old place as Secretary of State for War; but Hartington had no seat in the new Parliament, and there was an awkward hitch. Hartington declined to be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but accepted the office of Postmaster-General, which was offered to him on the condition that he obtained a seat in Parliament. A Welsh member obligingly retired, and Hartington got in

after a contest. But still he was not happy. To be Postmaster-General after being Secretary of State for War was a descent in official dignity, and the transfer had not been very flatteringly effected. "I am not quite pleased about it," he wrote to his father, "and don't feel sure that I have done right."

The office thus rather grudgingly accepted was exchanged two years later for the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, which was held by Hartington till the Liberal Government came to an end in 1874. He thus was party to all the great reforms which signalized that memorable period—the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the first Irish Land Act, the abolition of Purchase in the Army, the arbitration on the Alabama, Compulsory Education, the Establishment of the Ballot, and the abortive attempt to create an Irish University which was to reconcile all religious creeds by the singular device of not teaching metaphysics, ethics, or modern history.

It is impossible to suppose that all these reforms were congenial to Hartington. Indeed, his biographer tells us that he was "a reluctant convert" to the Ballot. He himself says that he found the Irish Land Act "a hard morsel to swallow"; and his correspondence, all through those five years, shows frequent signs of unrest, coming to a head, now and then, in a hint of resignation. Nor was he on very happy terms with his chief. "This plain-minded Whig nobleman, educated at Cambridge University,

honestly endeavoured to follow this great man through the bewildering phases of his strange career; but there was not much sympathy between the two men." In one respect, and that an important one, they were, fortunately, in complete harmony. Hartington, as became a Whig, was a tenacious supporter of the rights of property; and there was no stauncher opponent of "collective ownership" than the son of the corn-merchant of Leith and Liverpool. Gladstone was always inclined to pay an even exaggerated homage to the claims of rank; he held that a young aristocrat who forsook (even partially) the amusements proper to his age and class, in order to devote himself to the public service, was entitled to the warmest admiration; and he had, from first to last, a sincere respect for Hartington's capacity and character. But the two men could never get on together. Again and again, as this record shows, Hartington misunderstood his chief's language, misconstrued his motives, misapprehended his designs. The two men had little enough in common, even in the sphere of opinion, but nothing in the sphere of policy and method. Hartington had the plainest, simplest, most direct mind in the world; governed his life by common sense, and was wholly impervious to sentiment, emotion, and rhetoric. Gladstone's intellect, rapid and piercing, was dominated by passion; all his opinions were articles of faith; he always believed that words, if sufficiently multiplied, could undo facts; and he had an un-

bounded power of self-deception. Mr Holland applies to him the saying of St Augustine: *Quod vult, non quod est, credit qui cupit errare.*

That with temperaments so contrariant, and opinions, in many respects, so dissimilar, the two men worked together without open rupture for ten years, proves in Gladstone a certain magnanimity with which he was not always credited; and it shows in Hartington the truly Whiggish habit of sticking, at any cost, to the Party. By slow degrees, the Whigs had come to admit that the Party included some Radicals; but they considered themselves by very much the most important part of it, and it was sacred in their eyes. To "keep the Party together," to avoid ruptures, to compose dissensions, and to present an unbroken front to the Tories, had always been the Whig policy; and Hartington, a Whig to the backbone, stuck to his Party and to the Government, through endless vicissitudes; not indeed without secret qualms and timely threats, but without a word or deed which would give the Tories occasion to exult. To a man of his nature and habits, retirement into private life would at any moment have been an unspeakable relief; but he took office, and held it almost to his life's close, because he "felt the true feudal doctrine that great property and social position are only rightly held on tenure by public service."

The Liberal Government had for some time been visibly declining in public favour, when, in January 1874, Gladstone announced a dissolution.

The result was a Conservative majority. Gladstone and his colleagues resigned, and Disraeli became Prime Minister. All this had been to some extent expected, though not by Gladstone; but what had not been expected—what now upset everyone's calculations—was that Gladstone announced that he could not continue to lead the Liberal Party. He would appear occasionally during the approaching session, but beyond that he would not pledge himself. His own account of the arrangement was: "For 1874 there was a sort of compromise, without prejudice. As having a title to some rest, I was not a very regular attendant, but did not formally abdicate." The formal abdication came in January 1875, and then the Liberal Party, amid much heart-burning and confusion, approached the election of a leader in the House of Commons. The last words are important, for Gladstone always insisted that he resigned his trust to Lord Granville, and that therefore Granville was the leader of the Liberal Party as a whole. But the leadership in the Commons was a much more vital matter. Practically the choice lay between Hartington and Forster; and the real difficulty was to induce Hartington, if the choice should fall on him, to accept the post. He "did not think he could endure the toleration he would have to put up with from the Radicals," and "nothing would induce him to have his name put up in opposition to Forster." Eventually Forster declined to be nominated, and

at a meeting of Liberal Members of Parliament Hartington was chosen without a division. So his fate had found him, and there was no escape.

The new Leader was now forty-two years old. He had sat in the House for eighteen years; and no man of a corresponding age and Parliamentary position had made so few speeches. He regarded his future with something less than his habitual equanimity. He wrote to his father: "How I shall get on, Heaven only knows"; but a strong word of encouragement came from the quarter best qualified to give it. "Those," wrote Gladstone, "who are now choosing you will be perhaps surprised—certainly pleased—when they come to know by experience the quantity of available material, pith, and manhood that is in you."

To lead the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, with Gladstone sitting as an independent member at one's side and prepared to chip into the debate at any moment, was indeed an alarming task; but Hartington was sustained by the consciousness that every Whig, in or out of Parliament, wished him well, and relied on him to overrule the extreme men, such as Fawcett and Dilke, and their frequent allies, the Irish Home Rulers. During the sessions of 1875 and 1876, he found his task rather easier than he expected. He conducted the regular business of opposition with moderation and good sense; the Radicals, though they murmured, did not rebel; and Gladstone kept silence even from good words, though

we cannot doubt that it was pain and grief to him. But this halcyon calm did not last more than two years, and then it was interrupted by a tempest which completely broke up the weather.

In the autumn of 1875 an insurrection of the Christian subjects of the Porte had broken out in Bulgaria. The Turkish Government had suppressed the insurrection, and had then indulged in a hideous orgy of massacre and outrage. When the rumour of these reached England, public indignation woke spontaneously; but Hartington was not the man for the emergency. His mind worked very slowly, and he had a morbid dread of enthusiasm and exaggeration. His sympathies were on the right side, but he seemed unwilling to avow them. The feeling of the Liberal Party demanded prompter action and more emphatic speech; and what it demanded Gladstone supplied. He flung himself into the crusade against Turkey with a vigour which, even in his prime, he had never displayed. In Parliament, on the platform, in the public Press, in private correspondence —wherever he could make his voice heard—he thundered against the Turk, the Tory, and the *Times*. "He believed that he was leading the sound-hearted people of this country to fight in the cause of freedom against the allied powers of darkness—the spirit of Judaism incarnate in Disraeli, the spirit of ancient Rome acting through the Vatican, the spirit of Islam embodied in the Sultan, and the spirit of Imperialism latent in the English

aristocracy. He believed himself to be God's instrument." So says Mr Holland, and shows us that Hartington and the Whigs generally did not share that belief. With excellent self-command, Hartington jogged along; but as 1877 and 1878 went by, he felt increasingly that he was being brushed aside from his titular leadership. A few Whigs doggedly supported him, but three-fourths of the Liberal Party, and all its fighting and adventurous element, were sworn to Gladstone's standard. Hartington's discomfiture reached its height in the winter of 1879, when Gladstone made that celebrated progress through Midlothian which marked the climax of his career. Gladstone had now, whether he intended it or not, resumed the actual leadership of the Liberal Party; and Hartington, who never encouraged himself in illusions, thought that the time had come to resign an office which had ceased to be a reality. Had he been left to his own devices he would certainly have taken this step, but his Whig allies and his Party-whips implored him to hold his hand. It was felt that the Liberal Party would have a better chance of victory at the General Election, which was impending, if it were united under one flag, than if it approached the polls with the rival cries of "Gladstone" and "Hartington." The Chief Whip sagaciously observed that "those who follow Mr Gladstone will all join him in following Hartington, whereas there are many who call themselves Moderate Liberals, but who would not move a finger to support

Mr Gladstone." These counsels prevailed, and Hartington, true as usual to the Party, consented to remain at his post of thankless duty.

Parliament was dissolved on the 24th of March 1880, and at Easter the Liberals returned with a majority of 100 over Tories and Home Rulers combined. Lord Beaconsfield resigned without meeting the new Parliament, and on the 22nd of April Hartington, in obedience to Queen Victoria's command, went down to Windsor. As controversy has sometimes arisen about what actually ensued, it is best to cite Hartington's own account of it, given to the present writer in 1892.

> The advice which Lord Hartington gave to the Queen from first to last was that H.M. should send for Mr Gladstone, and consult him as to the formation of a Government, and that, if he should be willing to undertake the task, she should call upon him to form an Administration. Lord H. had, up to that time, had no communication with Mr G. on the subject, and did not know what his views as to returning to office might be. With the Queen's permission, Lord H., on his return from Windsor, informed Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville, but no other person, of what had passed between H.M. and himself, and neither Lord H. nor any other person is at liberty now to make those communications public. From the time when Lord H. was first sent for to Windsor to the time when Mr G. was sent for by the Queen, Lord H. neither saw nor communicated with any of his friends or former colleagues, except Lord Granville and Mr Gladstone.

Since those words were written, a full account of what passed between the Queen and Hartington has been given, on Hartington's relation, in Gladstone's *Life*. We now know the Queen desired him to

ascertain whether he was right in his belief that Gladstone would not act in a Ministry except as Prime Minister. The answer was exactly what Hartington foresaw, and next day he returned to Windsor, this time accompanied by Granville. They reported Gladstone's reply to the Queen's enquiry, and jointly advised that she should send for Gladstone and ask him to form a Government. Her Majesty consented; the statesmen returned to London, and before dinner that evening Gladstone had kissed hands and was for the second time Prime Minister of England. In describing these events to the present writer, twelve years after they occurred, the Duke of Devonshire said: "I declined what I felt was an impossible task, with Gladstone occupying an irresponsible position outside the Government. But, if I had consented, I should have had no difficulty in forming a Cabinet. Harcourt was very anxious to join." Mr Holland says: "Hartington, who had a real distaste for leadership, was forced to undertake it in 1875, because Gladstone then had persuaded himself that he no longer desired to lead. He was deprived of the rewarding honour, to which no man can be absolutely indifferent, of being Prime Minister, because Gladstone had recovered from his illusion."

In the Administration now formed, Granville took the Foreign Office and Hartington the India Office, though he would have preferred the Governor-Generalship of India. On the 2nd of May 1880, Archbishop Tait, describing the annual dinner of

the Royal Academy, says: "Gladstone was sitting between his two tame elephants, Granville and Hartington." One of the two was tame indeed; but the other had reserves of resistance in his nature which before long were roused into activity.

"Lord Hartington," says his biographer, "began his new term of administration in a mood neither joyous nor sanguine"; and yet for the next three years things went tolerably well. The Afghan War was brought to an end, and Hartington defended the evacuation of Kandahar in one of the most powerful speeches which he ever made. "We go away now because we do not want Kandahar, and because we have no right to be there." That was the Whig all over. No sympathy with glittering policies, no false shame about imaginary loss of "Prestige"; but simply reason and justice. We do not want Kandahar; therefore it is foolish to stay. We have no right to be there; therefore we ought to go. On the 6th of May 1882, the long tragedy of Irish discontent culminated in the murders in the Phœnix Park. Hartington had stoutly supported Forster, the Chief Secretary, in his demand for coercive powers; and, since the Act of 1881, which gave those powers, was soon to expire, he was anxious for a new and stronger Crimes Act. But he felt that it was time to release the political suspects, including Parnell, whom Forster had summarily imprisoned under the expiring Act. He took very much the same line as he had taken about Kandahar. "When the moment arrived when

we could no longer say that their continued detention was required for the safety of the country, at that moment we were not only justified, but absolutely compelled, to agree to their release." Forster resigned; and two days after this speech was delivered, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had been appointed to succeed Forster as Chief Secretary, was foully murdered when attempting to save the Permanent Under-Secretary, Mr Burke, from a gang of assassins armed with surgical knives. All England sickened and shuddered at the crime; but the stoicism of Hartington's nature stood him in good stead. His brother had been murdered, his father's old age rendered desolate, and a united family shattered; but these things made no difference to public policy. After his brother's murder he was no more hostile to Ireland than before. He had always believed that the abolition of known grievances and the firm administration of law were our main duties in Ireland; and the tragedy of the 6th of May was powerless to dislodge him from that position.

At the end of 1882 there was a rearrangement of ministerial places, and Hartington went back to his old seat at the War Office. So began the least successful, and, one would think, the least agreeable period of his life. Alexandria had been occupied by our forces in the previous July; and now Hartington became responsible for that long series of perversities, blunders, and self-contradictions which was called our military policy in Egypt. For the crowning

and most tragical folly of all—the despatch of General Gordon—Hartington, as Secretary of State for War, had, of course, a special responsibility. But it was a venture so extraordinarily unlike the prosaic and businesslike methods in which his soul delighted, that his part in it is inexplicable. When it was done, and repentance was all too late, one of the Ministers who had concurred in it said: "We were proud of ourselves yesterday—are you sure that we did not commit a gigantic folly?" Gordon left England for Khartoum on the 18th of January 1884. He was killed on the 26th of January 1885. The whole of the intervening year was spent by Hartington in fruitless and belated endeavours to mend the error; to accomplish the purpose for which Gordon had been sent, and to save the hero's life. But his mental slowness, his extreme deliberation in making decisions, and the fact that he was working in a divided Cabinet, hampered him at every step. It is a miserable history as regards all concerned; but Hartington emerges from it with neither less nor greater credit than can be claimed for Gladstone or the rest of his colleagues.

Gladstone's second Administration was terminated by a defeat on an amendment to the Budget, on the 8th of June, 1885. "Probably no man in the Liberal Government was more relieved by its termination than was Lord Hartington, and he must have enjoyed more than usually, this same week of June, the Ascot races. . . . Ascot Week is a good moment for release."

True, and horse-racing is a truly Whiggish recreation. He had now left behind him for ever the embarrassments which attend on the effort to "ride two horses at once," *i.e.* to serve in a Whig-Radical combination. From this point on events may be hastily summarized. Parliament was dissolved in November, and the General Election resulted in a tie between Liberals (of all shades) and Tories *plus* Parnellites. In December, Mr Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was announced. When Parliament met in January 1886, Gladstone promptly defeated the Tory Government by the aid of the Irish vote; and on the 1st of February he became Prime Minister for the third time, and addressed himself to the task of framing a plan of Home Rule. Of course, he asked Hartington to join him, and, equally of course, Hartington declined. It was useless to press him with abstract considerations about the greater or lesser amounts of local self-government which can be allowed to exist under central control. All those pribbles and prabbles, though they delight theorists and constitution-mongers, and sedentary persons who look at politics through study-windows, failed signally to touch the realities of the situation. "We do not mean the same thing," said Hartington to a busybody, who pleaded the merits of "Autonomy"; and he decided to remain outside. "No Risks" had ever been the motto of the Whigs; and Hartington had no mind to face the enormous risk which fascinated Gladstone. There can be no need to recapitulate the events of

the summer of 1886. Their concrete result is known to all men. Gladstone appealed to the country for its judgment on Home Rule, and received an answer which he did not expect. He said to the present writer: "I was assured by the experts that we should sweep the country." But, in spite of the experts, the result of the election gave a majority of 110 against Home Rule. Gladstone retired; and Lord Salisbury, gracefully recognizing the enormous part which Hartington had played in the defeat of Gladstone's policy, recommended that he should become Prime Minister at the head of a Coalition Government. But here, again, the Whig stepped in. Hartington saw that, if he became head of a Government which must rely for its main support on Tory votes, those Unionists who remained Liberals would probably fall away from him. The Liberal resistance to Home Rule would devolve on Mr Chamberlain and his friends, whose position would shortly become untenable, and the Liberal Party as a whole would soon become identified with Home Rule. Thus, for the second time, Hartington declined the crown of a statesman's reasonable ambition. Yet one more such chance remained. At the end of 1886 Lord Randolph Churchill's sudden resignation threw the Unionist Party into most perplexing confusion. Lord Salisbury offered to surrender the Premiership, and wished Hartington to take it. The Queen wrote strongly in the same sense; but the considerations which governed his refusal in the previous summer

governed it again. After it was settled, he doubted if he had "done right." His biographer has no doubt that he did wrong, and closes the episode with this question: "Has any other Englishman refused three times to be First Minister of the Crown, or is this a 'record'?"

The next few years were uneventful. Hartington continued to offer an opposition of rock-like solidity to the policy of Home Rule, which monopolized Gladstone's later years; but the controversy became, year by year, less exciting. In 1891, he succeeded his father in the Dukedom of Devonshire, and in the following year he married "his most intimate friend of nearly thirty years," the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. In 1893, he made a powerful speech in moving the rejection of Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill. The Bill was thrown out by 419 votes to 41, and, as Cromwell said, "not a dog barked." Gladstone, who had become Prime Minister for the fourth time in 1892, retired finally in 1894, and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery, whose Administration lasted for fifteen months. In June 1895, he was beaten on a snap-division in the House of Commons, and was succeeded by Lord Salisbury. "Now from even the most sanguine breast had vanished the hope of a reunion of the Liberal Party on the basis which had existed before Home Rule came up"; and Hartington accepted the post of Lord President of the Council in the new Administration. That Administration lasted through all the miseries of the

South African War and the Khaki Election of 1900, and was still in full vigour when, in 1903, Mr Chamberlain startled England by proclaiming the revival of a Protectionist policy. The controversy is still with us, and its leading incidents are fresh in remembrance. For our present purpose, it is only necessary to say that Hartington, Whig in all things, was pre-eminently Whig in his loyalty to Free Trade. He was no dogmatist. He rather distrusted abstract speculation in Political Economy, as in every other department of thought; and, at the insistent bidding of his colleague—for Mr Chamberlain had joined the Tory Government at the same time as himself—he honestly re-examined the old arguments for and against the new policy, and came to the definite conclusion that it was bad. His judgment was shared by some of his colleagues. For defending Free Trade, Mr Ritchie, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord George Hamilton were made to resign, and the Duke ought to have followed them. But here again his fatal slowness intervened. "Both merits and defects of the original character tell more decidedly towards the end of a man's career, like the bias in a bowl, as the dynamic force decreases." The Duke's innate slowness became a "lethargic habit," and made it increasingly difficult for him to keep pace with the movements of other minds. He was also, on his own showing, rather deaf; and it is not unnatural to surmise that, during Cabinet discussions, his thoughts sometimes travelled from the arid regions of finance

and commerce to the more cheerful scenes of sport and society. Perhaps, when his body was in Downing Street, his mind was at Newmarket. But, whatever was the cause of his delay, the Duke did not resign when those who held with him resigned or were driven. The situation was further complicated by the fact that Mr Chamberlain also resigned, in order that he might have full liberty to prosecute the policy of "Fiscal Reform," and the Duke judged it best to remain; but his decision "left him in a tormenting state of mind." "He felt that the Ministers who had resigned must think that he had not stood by them, for his explanations did not satisfy his own keen sense of honour and loyalty." On the 1st of October Mr Balfour made a public speech, which so defined his attitude towards Tariff Reform that the Duke perceived at last the parting of the ways. He resigned on the 2nd of October, and his resignation probably did as much to secure the victory of Free Trade as any single action throughout the whole campaign.

Thus ended the Duke's career; and surely it was an ending which well became "The Last of the Whigs." He lived to see the triumph of Free Trade at the General Election of 1906, but it was accompanied by other incidents less pleasing to him. "Campbell-Bannerman," he wrote, "seems prepared to go any lengths, and Asquith, Haldane, and Co. will do nothing effectual to stop him." *Tempus abire.* The end came suddenly, though not without some

previous signs of failing health, on the 24th of March 1908. His last words were: "Well, the game is over, and I am not sorry."

"Throughout his political career his attitude was that of a man refusing to be hurried." Such is Mr Holland's epitome of the Duke's record, and it strikes the distinctive note of Whiggery. In 1883 the late Lord Cowper, himself a graceful ornament of the Whig Party, wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*: "I am not much in favour of Democracy, and I particularly dislike the feeling that we are doing anything very rapidly." Exactly so. He who refuses to be hurried gets left behind; and the dislike of doing anything, however excellent it may be, very rapidly, leaves the doing of it to other and less timid hands. It fared thus with the Whigs. "Until 1886 the word 'Whig' was still in common use to denote a connexion loosely bound together—the moderate Liberals, led by the chiefs of certain families of long standing. Since 1886 the word has been used in a purely historical sense, while 'Tory' has still a living meaning." The Whig Party, as a concrete reality, "had a history of as nearly as possible 200 years"; and the last survivor of it was the eighth Duke of Devonshire.

III

THE FIRST LORD COLERIDGE

THIS is a pleasant book,[1] but, if the Stars and Stripes will forgive me, I am going to use Mr Yarnall merely as the recipient of Lord Coleridge's confidences. It is of Coleridge that I wish to write, and my wish is prompted by considerations partly personal and partly general. On general grounds, it is good to praise famous men, and to revive their memory when it seems to be fading: on personal grounds, I have often wished to say a word about Lord Coleridge, whom I greatly admired, and who, when I was a young man, treated me with distinguished kindness. His opinions I did not always share, and his actions I sometimes regretted; but on some great issues of Freedom and Humanity we were in close sympathy, and his mental gifts attained, in my judgment, to the altitude of genius.

The correspondence which supplies me with my text begins on "St Mark's Day, 1856." John Duke Coleridge was now thirty-five years old, and was still —as his way of dating his letter shows—under the influence of the Tractarian Movement. From that

[1] *Forty Years of Friendship* (Macmillan & Co.).

influence, as the years went on, he passed into a kind of misty Latitudinarianism, except in so far as a personal devotion to Cardinal Newman and "dear Mr Keble" kept him loyal to his earlier ideals. "To me," he wrote in 1891, "Newman remains, on the whole, far the greatest man I ever knew, and I have known Wordsworth and Mr Gladstone."

In Coleridge's case the usual law of political development was suspended. Trained in Tory traditions, and beginning life as a Liberal-Conservative of the Gladstonian type, he developed, with increasing years and accumulated honours, into a hardened Radical. From first to last, through all phases and permutations, he retained a singular independence of judgment; he saw a good deal more in the world to decry than to extol; and when the critical mood was on him, he spoke his mind with an engaging freedom. When he trounced the early poems of his intimate friend, Matthew Arnold, the aggrieved poet wrote: "My love to J. D. C., and tell him that the limited circulation of the *Christian Remembrancer* makes the unquestionable viciousness of his article of little importance. I am sure he will be gratified to think that this is so." Faithful are the wounds of a friend; and, when Coleridge's critical judgment was offended, no mawkish tenderness stayed his hand. Thus, when this correspondence begins, his mood was to rebuke Ruskin. "I have been," he said, "and still am, a great admirer of his. My life has been made more happy and more interesting in many ways by him." But, in

spite of that circumstance, candour compels the following sentence: "I was at Oxford with him, and I know what sort of a scholar he was. I am very fond of Greek and Latin, and have kept up my acquaintance with them as well as I can, and *I am sure* that, on all matters of classical literature, he is as ignorant as he is arrogant. In England we are so ignorant of Art and Nature too, and so apt to be led after any man who is a bold self-assertor, that it is more important than perhaps appears to examine with some severity the claims of any man who sets up to guide us." That task of severe examination was one from which Coleridge never weakly shrank, whether the subject was art, or literature, or politics. "Bismarck is a thorough blackguard," and Carlyle "an ill-conditioned man." Forster's speeches "did not raise his character." The great Lord Derby "was not an honourable man." "The base idolatry of such a man as Lord Palmerston disgusts and disheartens me." Macaulay he considered "a grossly overrated man, and, as a *poet*, really not to be named." He "knew too many distinctly unhandsome things" of Bishop Wilberforce to be "tolerant" of him. Bunsen's books "were naught, and his conversation most unattractive." Lord Campbell "lied, no doubt, and malignantly," about his rival Lyndhurst. Coleridge's "old friend Salisbury" was debauched by Disraeli, "till he took to imitating the worst Dizzy qualities, with none of the wit and *bonhomie* that made one like Dizzy in spite of oneself." As to Froude, Coleridge was even more

vigorous. "I know that the truth is not in him. I do really believe him to be physically incapable of speaking it. . . . I cannot even like his style, which seems to me like himself—*i.e.* false and affected." "Browning almost always, and not seldom the great Alfred himself," gave us, instead of poetry, "rough notes and embryos of thought." "*Locrine*, I am told, was telegraphed to America in its entirety, and it must be very unlike anything I ever read of Swinburne's if a line of it was worth such trouble." Coleridge had moved much in ecclesiastical circles, and affirmed that "perfect integrity of thought and expression was a very rare thing in a Bishop"; while an American prelate, mercifully unnamed, struck him as being "a poor, vain snob as ever I came across." Lowe "took his eloquence wholesale from De Tocqueville, and in office was a failure." Gladstone was the one man in the political world whom Coleridge honoured and followed; yet even here he could perceive defects. "I have known him since 1847, and have long been aware of the *fault*—in geological phrase—which runs through his character. He is one of the greatest, and, at the same time, one of the strangest, men I ever knew. . . . He does not like strong men, and, like many Kings of Men, he is a little the worse for flattery."

Coleridge's Radicalism, to which I referred above, consisted in great part of hostility to existing institutions. He was the only man in great station whom I ever found bold enough to criticize "The Fountain

of Honour." To Prince Albert he attributed "a sordid love of money"; and I have heard him draw comparisons between George IV. and a later Prince, enormously to the advantage of the former. If Coleridge thought little of kings, even lower was his estimate of aristocracy. The vulgarity of a northern duke who filled a Gothic castle with the fittings of an Italian palace moved his eloquent disgust. "The dominant class in England I thoroughly dislike." A general depreciation of property was no great mischief "if it brought down the high looks of the proud a little." No American, he said, could "tell to what an extent it emasculates and deadens us—this aristocratic influence and the snobbishness which it engenders." In 1858 he writes: "I want to see property divided and entails destroyed, hereditary privileges — not hereditary honours — abolished." Twenty-eight years later he writes: "I do think that Feudalism is at last doomed, and that the sham splendours, and real miseries, which always follow in its train, are doomed with it, and that is some comfort for the future."

At the period when the correspondence with Yarnall begins, the controversy about American Slavery was nearing its final and decisive stage. Coleridge writes with becoming indignation against the "Peculiar Institution" and all its works and ways. Of an American clergyman who justified it he says:—

> This wretched man has, I suppose, all his life asserted that he really believes that God Incarnate sanctioned fathers selling

their children into prostitution, and masters considering their fellow men and women as beasts to breed from.

When John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, was put to death, Coleridge writes :—

I cannot measure words about this matter. The execution of that gallant old man was an act of utterly unnecessary, and therefore of wicked and disgraceful, cruelty, and . . . shows that slavery is bringing the slave-holding gentlemen of America to the level of barbarous and savage tribes.

But here again Aristocracy rears its detested head. In 1862, he writes :—

If anything could deepen the detestation I feel for the character and influence of our English aristocrats, it would be the shameless manner in which they have rejoiced at the misfortunes of America. . . . But I am apt to lose my temper and my judgment when I think of this magnificent country and this grand people, dominated by squires and peers who can be, and are daily, guilty of just so much insolence to us all as they think it safe to exhibit.

After this indignant outburst against the system under which he lived, Coleridge goes straight to a characteristic confession. "Of course, all this vehement democracy is for home consumption (where, by the way, it sometimes rather disconcerts my dear, good old father) and will not be put forward in public." He was just preparing to enter Parliament, and he did so, under Palmerston's leadership, in 1865. He was re-elected as a Gladstonian in 1868, and became, in rapid succession, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chief Justice of England. Of his own

professional qualifications he always spoke disparagingly, and he said that the profession itself, "except the actual excitement of conflict," was "thoroughly uncongenial" to him. He accused himself of "want of law, indolence, and merely surface discharge of duties which did not interest him." He "always worked with a melancholy sense of inadequacy and inferiority." When he was made Solicitor-General, he said, "I don't like office at all, but a man cannot do in these things as he likes"; but when he was promoted to the Attorney-Generalship, he remarked philosophically, "One may as well be on the top round as the top but one, and I am glad to lead the profession before I am fifty." When he ascended to the Bench he pronounced that he was "a very poor performer," and when he became Lord Chief Justice of England, he "had a feeling of unfitness for his great office, which was at times almost disabling." And yet, again, in 1886:—

> I have never liked my profession; and the practice of it, which, even with the excitement of advocacy, was barely interesting, is now positively repulsive. I am eager to get away, and be replaced by someone who will do it better.

But he died Lord Chief Justice eight years later.

In 1883 Coleridge wrote to Yarnall: "Gladstone, I believe, will give up public life before many months are over." Other Liberals thought the same, and were always suggesting the precise moment at which their leader's retirement might most conveniently be effected; but they little knew their man. In 1885

Gladstone was returned for Midlothian by an enormous majority of the newly-enfranchised voters, and in December the world knew that he had become a convert to Home Rule. Coleridge was one of the many whom this disclosure seriously perturbed. All his antecedent sympathies were with Ireland. In 1868 and 1869, in the debates on Irish Disestablishment, he had depicted the horrors of English tyranny in Ireland in his most successful orations. In 1886 he wrote, "Centuries of wicked misrule cannot be undone in twenty years," and he hoped that Home Rule might be a way out of difficulties; but he denounced "the detestable cruelties which the Irish are guilty of towards anyone who in any way exercises any right displeasing to them," and "was thankful he was not in the Ministry which had to deal with these things." After the Home Rule Bill had been defeated in the House of Commons, and the Home Rule policy rejected by the nation at the General Election, he wrote, with reference to Gladstone, who was now driven into Opposition: "I believe he is right; but I also believe that the deep distrust and dislike he has inspired into some of the leading men of his own Party will make his policy impossible till he has left the stage of politics."

In 1887 there is a slight change of tone:—

> I believe Gladstone will win, and what is just and right will be done by the British democracy. Whether in this or that particular Gladstone is wise, I will not say—very likely not; but in substance he is perfectly right. I do think that the Party

have a good deal to complain of at his hands. His change—at least the declaration of it—was far too sudden, and he was too unbending at first in his refusal to listen to compromise.

In 1893 he voted for the second Home Rule Bill, and his conclusion on the whole matter was this:—

I have been a Home Ruler long; but it was to me always a counsel of despair. We were well thrashed the other night in the House of Lords. But there is such a thing as *overdoing*, and it is a tolerable proof that the House of Lords cannot claim to represent the country, when the majority is ten to one.

The complete independence of judgment which Coleridge manifested at a time when the Liberal Party, as a whole, was hypnotized by Gladstone's influence, is the more remarkable because he had long been a Gladstonian. When Gladstone first contested the University of Oxford, Coleridge had been secretary to his Committee. In Parliament Coleridge was a zealous supporter of Gladstone's policy. From Gladstone he received the four great offices which he successively held, and in 1874 Gladstone made him a peer. After the Liberal defeat of that year Coleridge wrote of him as "the greatest, noblest, purest, and sincerest public man of the century," and was so much disgusted by the "lightness and ingratitude" of the Liberal Party that, "except for Gladstone's sake, I would have declined the peerage, and turned my back on public life for ever."

This is a hard saying. When Coleridge wrote it he was only fifty-two years old. If I read him aright, the *in honoribus complacentia* (which some great saints have noted in themselves) was not absent from his

character. Nor can I conceive that a man so keenly interested in human life and action would have been happy in complete withdrawal from the world. It is true that he repeatedly accuses himself of "laziness" and "indolence"; and I can well believe that it needed some strong stimulus to make him a hard worker. But that stimulus was supplied, partly by the honourable desire to provide for his own household, and partly by an ambition of which he seems to have been scarcely conscious. His intellect was the most flexible and adaptable of implements, and he used it with a consummate ease which must have made even "drudgery," if not "divine," at any rate enjoyable. What he may have wanted in law and logic was made good by rhetoric and persuasiveness; and the arts and graces of the Bar were not discarded when he mounted the Bench.

The correspondence before us deals very lightly with the professional side of Coleridge's life, and leaves absolutely untouched his gift of oratory; yet in the great debates of 1866 and 1867, 1868 and 1869, he held his own with the foremost speakers in Parliament; his voice was pure music, and his voice-production so perfect that he seemed to be speaking in one's ear.

I have been struck by the frequency with which in the correspondence Coleridge dwells on his "bad spirits" and "desponding" temper. That he felt acutely the pressure of great sorrows is only to say that he was human; and, when life was going well,

he seemed to live in perpetual sunshine. He had good health and great position; an assured place among the most eminent men of his generation; a circle of friends not numerous indeed, but devotedly attached; and a never-failing source of enjoyment in the follies and foibles of mankind at large. The duties of his office did not seem to sit heavily on him, and the moment they were laid aside he passed instinctively into a kind of σχολή such as an Athenian citizen would have enjoyed. The brutal sports of the field were repulsive to a nature which shrank from pain; and, like the Apostle, he held that bodily exercise "profiteth little." But Literature and Society, Nature and Art, all appealed to him with equal force; and he could turn from one to the other with equal enjoyment. First and foremost, he was a man of letters; saturated in the scholarship which Eton taught, but keenly alive to all that is beautiful in modern literature. His special devotion was to Wordsworth, whom he read, continuously and systematically, year in, year out. "He is *the* poet of English literature since Milton, and κατ' ἐξοχήν *the* poet for busy men." Coleridge delighted in "tuney" music; loved literature and understood it; knew all the best pictures in Europe, and held Turner to be "the greatest landscape-painter who ever lived." To the study of Nature he brought, as became Wordsworth's disciple and Arnold's friend,

> A heart
> That watches and receives.

The subject invites expansion, but considerations of space, if of nothing else, forbid. A single word will suffice for my summing-up. It has been my fortune to know many great men, in various senses of the word "great"; but of all that distinguished company the most interesting was Lord Coleridge.

IV

HENRY LABOUCHERE[1]

"WHEN the Grand Old Man goes, our leader must be Le-bowcher." This fervent utterance of a convinced Radical, somewhere about the year 1882, supplies me with a fitting text.

My task, undertaken at the Editor's bidding, is not easy. The account of Mr Labouchere which appeared in *Truth* immediately after his death was so clear, so full, and so well-informed, that it puts subsequent writers at a disadvantage. I cannot pretend to write Mr Labouchere's early history, or to describe his habits in private life; nor can I even profess to have ever been an intimate friend. My connexion with him was purely fortuitous; it was confined to the House of Commons, and began with the new Parliament of 1880. The saying which I have inscribed at the head of this chapter sufficiently indicates the position which, quite early in the life of that Parliament, he acquired in Radical circles out of doors. Inside the House we saw a different side of him, and the contrast between the Labouchere of the

[1] Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

House and the Labouchere of the platform was at once amusing and instructive.

As a Harrow boy of fifteen, I had admired the gay audacity with which, at the General Election of 1868, the democratic Labouchere upset the apple-cart of official Whiggery in Middlesex, though he lost his own seat by doing so; and it may be that some allusion of mine to that "unchartered freedom" first commended me to his kindly regard. At any rate it is certain that from April 1880 onwards he always showed himself to me in his most accessible and obliging aspect. I will speak first of some slighter traits, and will then pass on to matters more important.

"The Christian Member for Northampton" (as he delighted to call himself in contrast to his colleague Mr Bradlaugh) was not, at the time of which I speak, much known in general society. His social day was over, and I cannot suppose that he regretted it.

He was the oracle of an initiated circle, and the smoking-room of the House of Commons was his shrine. There, poised in an American rocking-chair and delicately toying with a cigarette, he unlocked the varied treasures of his well-stored memory, and threw over the changing scenes of life the mild light of his genial philosophy. It was a chequered experience that made him what he was. He had known men and cities; had probed in turn the mysteries of the Caucus, the Green-room, and the Stock Exchange; had been a diplomatist, a financier, a

journalist, and a politician. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that his faith—no doubt originally robust—in the rectitude of human nature and the purity of human motive should have undergone some process of degeneration. Still, it may be questioned whether, after all that he had seen and done, he really was the absolute and all-round cynic that he seemed to be. The palpable endeavour to make out the worst of everyone—including himself—gave a certain flavour of unreality to his conversation; but, in spite of this drawback, he was an engaging talker. His language was racy and incisive, and he spoke as neatly as he wrote. His voice was pleasant, and his utterance deliberate and effective. He had a keen eye for absurdities and incongruities, a shrewd insight into affectation and bombast, and an admirable impatience of all the moral and intellectual qualities which constitute the Bore. He was by no means inclined to bow the knee too slavishly to an exalted reputation, and he analysed with agreeable frankness the personal and political qualities of great and good men, even they that sat on the Liberal Front Bench. As an unmasker of political humbug he was supreme, but his dislike of that vice often led him into unreasonable depreciations. I well remember the peroration of Mr Gladstone's speech in introducing the Irish Land Bill of 1881; and I think it deserves to be reproduced:—

As it has been said that Love is stronger than Death, even so Justice is stronger than popular excitement, stronger than the

passions of the moment, stronger even than the grudges, the resentments, and the sad traditions of the past. Walking in that light we cannot err. Guided by that light—that Divine light—we are safe. Every step that we take upon our road is a step that brings us nearer to the goal, and every obstacle, even although for the moment it may seem insurmountable, can only for a little while retard, and never can defeat, the final triumph.

When the orator sat down we streamed into the Lobby, each man saying to his neighbour: "Wasn't that splendid?" "The finest thing he ever did!" "What a thrilling peroration!" "Yes" (in a drawl from Labouchere), "but I call it d——d copybook-y."

I have spoken of the flavour of unreality which was imparted to Labouchere's conversation by his affected cynicism. A similar effect was produced by his manner of personal narrative. Ethics apart, I have no quarrel with the man who romances to amuse his friends; but the romance should be so conceived and so uttered as to convey a decent sense of probability, or at least possibility. Labouchere's narratives conveyed no such sense. Though amusingly told, they were so outrageously and palpably impossible that his only object in telling them must have been to test one's credulity. I do not mind having my leg pulled, but I dislike to feel the process too distinctly.

These arts of romantic narrative, only partially successful in the smoking-room, were, I believe, practised with great effect on the electors of Northampton. Labouchere was never happier than in describing the methods by which he had fobbed off some inconvenient enthusiast, or thrown dust in

the eyes of a too curious enquirer. His accounts of his dealings with his constituents had, I suppose, a good deal in common with his experiences as President of a South American Republic or Commander of a Revolutionary force; but they were extremely entertaining. He used to declare that he had originated the honorific title of "Grand Old Man," and his setting of the scene was as follows: Mr Bradlaugh had been expelled from the House, and straightway went down to Northampton for re-election, his colleague, "the Christian Member" for the borough, accompanying him. What ensued at the first meeting may be told as Labouchere used to tell it. "I said to our enthusiastic supporters: 'Men of Northampton, I come to you with a message from the Grand Old Man (cheers). I went to see him before I left London; I told him of my errand here; and he laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, in his most solemn tone: 'Bring him back with you, Henry; bring him back.' That carried the election." I daresay it did; and the picture of Mr Gladstone fondling Labouchere and calling him "Henry" can never be obliterated from the mental gaze of anyone who knew the two men.

There was a good deal of impishness in Labouchere's nature. He was of the family of Puck, and "Lord! what fools these mortals be!" probably expressed his attitude towards his fellow-creatures. But it was noticeable that his impishness never degenerated into rudeness. There is as clear a difference between

gentlemanlike fun and vulgar fun as between champagne and swipes. Labouchere was a gentleman to the backbone, and had all the courtesy which one would have expected from his antecedents. I remember that, in the stormy days of January 1881, when the Prime Minister and the authorities of the House were obliged to extemporize rules against disorder, I happened to be crossing New Palace Yard in company with Mr Herbert Gladstone. We met Labouchere, who chirped, in his cheeriest manner: "Well, has the tyrant made any fresh attack on free speech to-day?" Herbert Gladstone passed on, and Labouchere said to me, with genuine concern: "He can't have thought I meant his father, can he? Of course, I was thinking of the Speaker." It was interesting to see that he seemed to shudder at the bare notion of having been unintentionally rude.

I remember Mr Gladstone, in one of his odd fits of political speculation, asking if I thought that there was even one man in the House of Commons, however Radical he might be, who would vote for unwigging the Speaker. I, rather obviously, suggested Labouchere, and Mr Gladstone replied: "Yes, possibly; but that would be from freakishness, not from conviction." No powers of divination could have ascertained what Labouchere really believed; but I think it was easier to know what he really enjoyed. I suppose he enjoyed his wealth—most people who have it do so—but chiefly, I should think, on rather impish

grounds. It was an acute delight to him in early days to know that he was bound to inherit the wealth of his uncle, Lord Taunton, a high-dried Whig who detested his eccentricities. He took pleasure in saying to casual acquaintances, "You know that my sister married the Bishop of Rochester," for he felt the incongruity of the fate which had made him brother-in-law to Bishop Thorold, the primmest, correctest, and most stiffly starched of all the Anglican episcopate. Litigation always seemed to delight him, less for the objects contested than for the opportunity which it gave him of scoring and surprising; and I am sure that I do him no wrong when I say that he found a peculiar zest in buying a freehold house in Old Palace Yard, and thereby impeding the schemes of Mr H. Y. Thompson for creating a National Valhalla. I feel certain that he thoroughly enjoyed the proprietorship of *Truth*, and not less the reputation (which we are now told was erroneous) of being its editor. I myself believe, though some of his obituarists deny, that he had a genuine sympathy with all victims of cruelty, fraud, and injustice, and found a real pleasure in the immense service which *Truth* did in unmasking impostors and bringing torturers to justice.

Labouchere made *Truth*, and, in one most important respect, *Truth* made Labouchere. I do not refer to anything in the way of profit or of consideration which it may have brought him: he was placed by the circumstances of his birth in a position where

such things neither make nor mar. I refer to his political career. I do not know whether, when, as a young man, he flitted in and out of Parliament, he cherished any serious ambitions. I doubt if he had them even when he became M.P. for Northampton. But the events of the Parliament of 1880 brought him rapidly to the front. His valorous championship of Bradlaugh gave him a peculiar position at a moment when the public mind was violently agitated by panic-fears of Atheism. He stood for religious freedom when many of its sworn adherents ran away; and on all the points of old-fashioned Radicalism (before Socialism affected it) he was as sound as a bell. Hence the cry of the London democrat: "Our leader must be Le-bowcher." Before that desirable consummation could be reached, the Liberal majority of Easter 1880 melted like last year's snow. The Tories took office. The General Election of 1885 did not displace them, but in February 1886 Mr Gladstone, having squared the Irish members, came back to office.

Labouchere's position was now difficult and tantalizing. His party was in power, and the way seemed clear for some radical reforms on which Liberals had long set their hearts. But Mr Chamberlain, and some of the Radical group with whom Labouchere had acted, declined to accept Home Rule, left the Government, and created Radical Unionism. If they voted against the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, it would almost certainly be thrown out, and the

Government would follow it into retirement. Here was, indeed, a perplexing situation, and it forced Labouchere into action which must certainly have been uncongenial to him. Four days before the vital division, when argument on either side was exhausted and everyone had decided on his course, Labouchere, writing on behalf of a large body of Liberal M.P.'s, addressed to Mr Chamberlain an earnest appeal, imploring him either to vote for the second reading or at least to abstain. He pointed out that a second General Election within seven months would be a serious matter for Liberals, and he remarked that a General Election without Mr. Chamberlain (then at the height of his popularity) on the Liberal side might lead to a Whig-Tory or Tory-Whig Government, which "would relegate to the dim and distant future" those measures which they had so long and so ardently desired. To this appeal Mr Chamberlain naturally replied that he and his friends would be stultifying themselves if, after all they had said and done, they were at the last moment to abstain from giving effect to their convictions. "I admit," said Mr Chamberlain, "the dangers of a General Election at the present time; but I think the responsibility must in fairness rest upon those who have brought in, and forced to a division, a Bill which, in the words of Mr Bright, 'not twenty members outside the Irish Party would support if Mr Gladstone's great authority were withdrawn from it.'"

I must believe that, when Labouchere penned the

appealing document, he had his tongue in his cheek. The simple souls in the constituencies, and the not much wiser ones who had just entered Parliament, may have dreamed that Mr Chamberlain, having staked his whole career on a decisive act, would shrink from it at the last moment for fear he should embarrass the Liberal Party; but Labouchere, I feel certain, had no such illusions. Yet the incident was not without its effect. The championship of Bradlaugh was now over, for Bradlaugh was in the House to look after himself. Henceforward Labouchere was one of the most persistent, and, through *Truth*, one of the most powerful, advocates of Home Rule, and a highly resourceful counsellor in all the plots and stratagems which made the political history of 1886–92.

It was at this period of storm and stress that Sir Frederick Bridge, who was one of Labouchere's neighbours in Westminster, was moved to utter his thought in song. The poem appeared in *Punch*, and is reprinted here by the special permission of the proprietors of that journal:—

LABBY IN OUR ABBEY

Tune—"Sally in our Ally"

Of all the boys that are so smart
There's none like crafty Labby;
He learns the secrets of each heart,
And he lives near our Abbey;[1]

[1] Mr L. resided in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

There is no lawyer in the land
 That's half so sharp as Labby;
He is a demon in the art,
 And guileless as a babby.

For Arthur Balfour, of the week
 By far the very worst day
Is that dread day that comes betwixt
 A Tuesday and a Thursday;[1]
For then he reads his vile misdeeds
 ("Unmanly, mean, and shabby")
Exposed to view in type so true
 By penetrating Labby.

Our Ministers and Members all
 Make game of truthful Labby,
Tho' but for him 'tis said they'd be
 A sleepy lot and flabby;
But ere their seven long years are out[2]
 They hope to bury Labby;
Ah! then how peacefully he'll lie,
 But *not* in our Abbey.

What Sir Frederick Bridge wrote jestingly, Labouchere—for once in his life—took seriously. There can be no doubt that by this time he had formed a definite ambition of political office. During the six years of Tory ascendancy he fought incessantly, with tongue and pen, for the Liberal cause, and he reckoned confidently on being included in the next Liberal Cabinet. But he had reckoned without his host. The Parliament which had been elected in July 1886 was dissolved in June 1892. The General Election gave Gladstone a majority of 40 all told. He became Prime Minister for the fourth time, and formed

[1] Mr Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and *Truth* was published on Wednesday.

[2] A reference to the Septennial Act.

his last Cabinet. But he did not find a place in it for Labouchere. Before he submitted his list to the Queen, he had received a direct intimation that he had better not include in it the name of the editor of *Truth*. On this point her Majesty was reported to be "very stiff." Whether that stiffness encountered any corresponding, or conflicting, stiffness in the Prime Minister I do not know; but for my own part I believe that "the Grand Old Man" acquiesced in the exclusion of "Henry" without a sigh or struggle.

Displeased by the issue of events, Labouchere took a mild revenge. He printed in *Truth* some severe strictures on Mr Gladstone's new Administration—partly because it was too Whiggish—and illustrated them with a hideous cartoon, in which all we who had accepted office were caricatured. Participating in these rebuffs, and surprised by my friend's lapse from amenity, I wrote Labouchere a letter of remonstrance, which proved about as efficacious as his own appeal to Mr Chamberlain six years before. This was his answer:—

Aug. 24, 1892.

MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Never be drawn. Let a licentious and scurrilous Press say what it likes, and sit tight. . . . My Radicalism goes to the utter destruction of the aristocracy. So, of course, I call attention to young patricians, and compare them with those children of the people, Cobb and Channing.[1] This is involved in being on the side of destruction.

Yours sincerely,

H. LABOUCHERE.

[1] H. P. Cobb, M.P. for South-East Warwickshire, and F. A. Channing, M.P. for East Northamptonshire (afterwards Lord Channing).

Thus Labouchere's political ambitions came to an end, unsung indeed, but, I fear, not unwept. Very soon he developed a new scheme for the employment of his powers, and pursued it with the most untiring industry. He wished to be made Ambassador at Washington, and he wished it with an insistence which people who knew him superficially would scarcely have expected. Lord Rosebery was at the time Foreign Secretary; and, if it be true, as I have seen it stated, that he was one of the very few people whom Labouchere hated, I think the reason might be found in the correspondence of 1892–94.

In later years my communications with Labouchere were few and far between. It happened that towards the end of the year 1906 I had occasion to write to him for some information about a foreign question. He immediately replied, and then turned to current politics:—

I find it very comfortable being out of Parliament, and reading in the papers what they do—or don't do—in the H. of C. Our pawky friend C. B. seems to be very popular. I am a Radical, but it strikes me that he will . . . create a reaction if he yields so much to the ultra-Labour men of the —— type on social issues, particularly if "Joe" remains an invalid, and the Conservative Party can free itself of his fiscal "reforms." As for the Education Bill, I do not love Bishops, but I hate far more the Noncon. Popes. Either you must have pure Secularism in public schools, or teach religion of some sort; and, altho' I personally am an Agnostic, I don't see how Xtianity is to be taught free from all dogma, and entirely creedless, by teachers who do not believe in it. This is the play of Hamlet without Hamlet, and acted by persons of his philosophic doubt.

So, at least for once in his life, Labouchere was on

the same side as the Bishops, and in that good company we may leave him.

P.S.—If in one passage of this chapter I have borrowed from my former self, let me plead Lord Morley's excuse: "A man may once say a thing as he would have it said, δὶς δὲ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται—he cannot say it twice."

V

A CABINET OF MINIATURES

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH[1]

THE Duchess was Lady Louisa Jane Hamilton, the third daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn and sister of the present Duke and of Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., Lord George, Lord Frederic, and Lord Ernest Hamilton, Harriet Lady Lichfield, the late Lady Durham, the late Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, Lady Winterton, Lady Blandford, and Lady Lansdowne. She married the Duke of Buccleuch (then Lord Dalkeith) on 22nd November 1859, and had six sons and two daughters. Her eldest son was accidentally killed while deer-stalking in 1886. Her other sons were Lord Dalkeith, Major Lord George Scott, Colonel Lord Henry Scott, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., and Captain Lord Francis Scott, and her daughters were Lady Hampden and Lady Constance Cairns.

The Duchess of Buccleuch had the charm of perpetual youth, and it was difficult for those who only a few years ago mourned the death of her wonderful

[1] Louisa, Duchess of Buccleuch, died on the 16th of March 1912.

mother, the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, to realize that "Tiny" (to use the Duchess of Buccleuch's pet-name) had passed the ordinary bounds of human life. Lord Beaconsfield drew in *Lothair* a portrait of the daughters of the house of Hamilton, in which their external and superficial characteristics were cleverly depicted. It was true of more than one of them that, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, "the bright maiden woke one morning and found herself famous," for the world welcomed each successive daughter as she entered society with a warmth which was due in part to the popularity of her parents, but in greater part to her own gifts and graces. Few sets of sisters have been so universally liked and admired, and none have better deserved the good fortune which awaited them, or were more perfectly fitted to the positions which they were called to fill.

This was peculiarly true of the Duchess of Buccleuch, who, in spite of the youthfulness which in her case was so wonderfully prolonged, was, in the best sense of the phrase, a "lady"—and a very great lady—"of the old school." Her habits and way of life, her modes of thinking and acting, were those of a more dignified age than our own. She abhorred all the friskiness and riskiness, all the craving for notoriety, all the disregard of convention, which in later years had become fashionable. She knew instinctively the wisdom of the principle which bids an aristocracy "hide its life"; and, though she was ready on fit occasion to display the splendour and stateliness which

her position demanded, the life which she loved was the life of home and family and friendship. But, with the dignity which came natural to her, and with the social reserve which commended itself to her taste, she combined that bright humour, that love of fun and pleasantry and innocent mirth, which she had inherited, through her mother, from Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, and more remotely still, from Jane, Duchess of Gordon.

In one respect, and in one only, Louisa Duchess of Buccleuch departed from the traditions of her youth. She had been reared in a school of Evangelical religion which impinged on Presbyterianism; and in her parents' pew at Dr Cumming's church in Crown Court she was accustomed in early youth to hear the end of the world predicted and the wickedness of the Papacy exposed with alarming eloquence. But the lively oracles of "the Kirk and Covenant" made no permanent impression on Louisa Hamilton; and, first as Lady Dalkeith and afterwards as Duchess of Buccleuch, she was a loyal and consistent member of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

No notice of the Duchess, however brief, would be complete without a reference to the tragic death of her beloved son, the late Lord Dalkeith, which, though it could not avail to darken or depress so fine a spirit, yet left a trace of pensive tenderness which gave the crowning beauty to her character.

It remains to add that the Duchess was an intimate friend of the Royal family, particularly of Queen

Victoria. She was Mistress of the Robes in Lord Salisbury's and Mr Balfour's Administrations from 1885 to 1886, from 1886 to 1892, and again from 1895 to 1901. She was retained in office by Queen Alexandra on the accession of King Edward, and she remained as Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra in the present reign. She was extremely fond of children, taking, even down to the last few days of her life, a great delight in giving them pleasure. She was also widely charitable, and she will be greatly missed by philanthropic agencies at Dalkeith and Edinburgh.

Lady Lindsay

A few words are due to the memory of this much-loved friend, who died on 4th August 1912. Blanche FitzRoy was the only surviving child of the Right Honourable Henry FitzRoy, M.P., First Commissioner of Works in Lord Palmerston's Administration, by his marriage with Hannah Meyer, sister of Baron Lionel de Rothschild. She married in 1864 Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., of Balcarres, by whom she leaves two daughters.

From her father, a man of great ability and culture, Lady Lindsay inherited the power of writing good English; from her mother, the taste for music. She speedily became a very proficient pianist, and had a light and delicate touch and a great charm of execution. She was a favourite accompanist of Joachim

and Mme. Norman Neruda. It was, perhaps, a dangerous experiment to desert the piano for the violin, but the latter instrument gave her unfailing delight, and she spent long hours in learning to master its difficulties. She not only became a very fair executant, but also a composer, and worked with indefatigable energy at harmony and counterpoint. From her earliest years she had illustrated her stories and poems by the aid of her facile pencil, and showed an extraordinary neatness and delicacy in her designs. As she grew older she began to paint in water-colours, and acquired great skill in copying the fine work of some of the Italian masters. Her colouring was beautiful and her rendering always thoroughly artistic. She was untiring with her brush, and devoted to her art.

When the Grosvenor Gallery was first started under the auspices of her husband, Sir Coutts Lindsay, she gave it the best of her powers, and by her social gifts as well as her artistic taste she helped to make it a success both in the world of fashion and art. She lived in a circle of artistic and literary activity. She cared little for the ordinary amusements of what is called society, but delighted to surround herself with men and women distinguished by genius and accomplishments. Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Watts, Burne-Jones, and Leighton were among her intimate friends, and her acquaintance with artists was unusually wide. Indeed, every artist recognized in her a kindred spirit, for a love of beauty and a knowledge of its manifestations were among her most

conspicuous gifts. She was a true "æsthete" before the word "æstheticism" became fashionable, and was one of the first women in London to dress, or drape herself after artistic models in form and colour, and to make her rooms unconventionally beautiful. She had an intimate knowledge of Italian painting, and a passionate love of Italy, more especially of Venice, which she was never tired of revisiting. Her little book of verses, called *From a Venetian Balcony*, is sold at Venice almost as a guide-book. In later years she gradually abandoned both music and painting, and devoted herself to literature. She wrote short stories, novels, essays, addresses, and several volumes of poetry. Her verse was marked by fluency, facility, a sensitive ear for melody and cadence, and a wistful sadness. A poem of hers, called "The Christmas of the Sorrowful," struck an absolutely fresh note in the concert of Christmas song, and attained a wide popularity.

For a long series of years she issued every quarter a booklet of meditations enriched with extracts from prose and verse, which she called *Green Leaves*. These "Leaves," gathered from the wide field of her literary knowledge and skilfully adapted to various phases of human sorrow, travelled far and wide, and reached from the hospitals of London and the provinces to India and the Antipodes. The many sorrows that had assailed the bright spirit of the writer had given her a key to saddened hearts.

Although essentially an artist by temperament,

Lady Lindsay had a great capacity for practical affairs; indeed, she was most thorough in every work that she undertook. Both in Scotland and in England she interested herself in the arrangement of her gardens, and acquired a great deal of information about practical horticulture. She loved colour and beauty, and was formed for enjoyment. Her power of repartee, her sense of humour, her love of pure fun had, in the old days, made her the centre of a joyous and distinguished circle. She delighted in entertaining her friends, to whom she was an excellent hostess, and, in spite of delicate health, she was unflagging in her efforts to amuse and interest her guests. A long illness, following upon an accident, withdrew her for some time from all social life, and made it difficult for her to resume her former occupations; but, in spite of physical weakness and much discomfort, she continued to work untiringly for many years, until of late ill-health, bravely endured, began to tell upon her spirit more heavily than she would own. To the last she was deeply interested in a beloved little grandson, and clung to the care of her devoted daughters, who came as ministering spirits to comfort and sustain the mother whom they worshipped.

Keenly as she could suffer, she could also look forward with hope, as she tells us in the pages of her *Green Leaves*:—

> And if everything about us and concerning us seems black and sad, let Hope enter into our hearts and cheer our sadness. The darker the night, the brighter shines the beacon. Yet some-

times the night is unutterably dark; we cannot see a step forward; we are altogether hopeless. Then let Patience hold up Hope's lamp for a few moments; Hope is probably close behind her, and will come back to us at the very first word, the very first entreaty.—*Green Leaves*, Christmas, 1909.

One of her oldest friends—"C. B."—writes thus:—

Her love of truth, her hatred of all shams and pretences, her high sense of honour, and her strong and determined will, all conduced to a very remarkable personality. But, knowing her as I did, I feel that she would love best to be remembered for the constancy and warmth of her affections, even more than for the gifts with which she had been so richly endowed.

Her own words may aptly close this notice:—

OF REMEMBRANCE

Methinks that you'll remember, when I die,
Not some brave action, nor yet stately speech—
Though sheltered lives to these sometimes may reach—
But just a turn of lip, a glance of eye,
A trivial jest, a laughing word, a sigh,
A trick too strong to cure, too slight to teach,
Scarce noticed, haply mocked by all and each—
Now a full source of tears you'd fain defy.

Ah, do not weep! The traveller, having come
From mountain heights, cares naught for drifted snow,
Nor rock, nor branch, as record of the day:
But plucks a gentian blue and bears it home,
Safe in his bosom—I would have you so
Keep one sweet speck of love at heart alway.

Mrs Pascoe Glyn

On 22nd August 1912 there passed away, at the age of seventy, Mrs Pascoe Glyn, who for many years worshipped at St Barnabas', Pimlico, and gave to that parish a full measure of devoted service. Mrs

Glyn was the daughter of Captain William Amherst Hale, and was born in Canada, where her father was at that time serving with his regiment. In 1861 Mrs Glyn became the second wife of the Hon. Pascoe Charles Glyn, sixth son of the first Lord Wolverton and uncle of the present peer. He was a partner in the banking house of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., and a member of the Council of the English Church Union, and sat as a Liberal for East Dorset.

Though educated in the rigid Protestantism of Canada, Mrs Glyn soon found her way, by a kind of natural affinity, into the ranks of the High Anglican party, then passing from its Tractarian to its Ritualistic phase. In this matter she was entirely at one with her husband, who, from his Oxford days, had been a staunch adherent of the Movement, and was closely allied with St Barnabas', Pimlico. In the riots of 1850 Pascoe Glyn was one of the laymen who defended St Barnabas' Church, by physical force, against the Protestant mob; throughout his life it was his favourite place of worship, and he was one of its most generous benefactors. It was, therefore, with a peculiar pleasure that he saw his young and beautiful wife throw herself, with self-sacrificing ardour, into the active work of the parish. Under the supervision of the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, then a curate of St Barnabas', Mrs Glyn took a district in a slum which is now abolished, and worked in it with excellent judgment as well as zeal, until she and Mr Glyn moved their home into the country. Through

this early association with St Barnabas', Mrs Glyn was brought, at the very beginning of her married life, into close relations with the Rev. G. Cosby White, and those relations continued to the end.

Feeling a keen interest in the work of reclamation, she early attached herself to the House of Mercy at Clewer, and her associateship dated from 1865. As years went on she became interested in the higher education of Church women, and she was a hard-working member of the Council of Lady Margaret Hall. One of her last acts of generosity was to give a large sum towards the provision of a Chapel for the Hall; and among "the almsdeeds which she did," her liberality to the London house of the Cowley Fathers, and more recently to the Sisterhood of Reparation in St Alphege's Parish, Southwark, should not be forgotten.

Some sixteen years ago, Mr and Mrs Glyn, who had for some time been living in the country, returned to London, and established themselves at No. 14 Eaton Square, thus renewing their old familiarity with St Barnabas'; but by this time Mr Glyn's health had begun to fail, and for several years all Mrs Glyn's energies were absorbed in the task of attending to his wants till he died in 1904. Admirable as she was in all the relations of life, it was as the ministering wife of a suffering husband that she excelled.

Her own health had been by nature remarkable; but it began to give way about twelve months ago. When she passed away, one who knew her most

intimately wrote, "a beautiful soul was transferred to Paradise." A *Requiem* Eucharist was celebrated at St Barnabas' on Monday morning, 26th August, and the interment took place at Brookwood.—R.I.P.

Mrs Vaughan

Catherine Vaughan, daughter of Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and wife of the Master of the Temple, was one of the most original women of her time. In personal appearance she closely resembled her brother Dean Stanley, to whom she was devotedly attached, though she always loudly professed her detestation of his theology. The resemblance between brother and sister was not merely physical; they had the same intellectual vivacity, the same wide range of interests, the same literary taste, the same faculty of graphic and picturesque expression. But Mrs Vaughan had certain qualities which her brother did not share. She had an exceedingly keen sense of humour, a perception of the ridiculous in other people which she was at no pains to conceal, and a startling emphasis and vehemence of speech. Dr Vaughan, on the other hand, masked a mordant satire under the guise of more than feminine delicacy; and nothing could be more entertaining than the conflicts of wit which not seldom took place between this truly eminent husband and wife—each of whom, be it remembered, had with good reason a most genuine respect for

the other's powers. Mrs Vaughan, whose birth and education had accustomed her to a society at once aristocratic and intellectual, never acquired the apostolic art of suffering fools—or snobs—gladly; and her palpable contempt for commonplace and pretention prevented her from being popular with those among whom her husband's official duties threw her. Her famous gatherings "under the pear tree" in the Temple were, it must be admitted, rather curiously assorted; and she used to describe with infinite glee how a bluff Yorkshire servant whom she brought with her from Doncaster repelled some Indian princes from the tea-party to which she had invited them, saying, "I wasn't going to let any of them black musicians come here when they wasn't wanted." But in spite of undeniable peculiarities, Mrs Vaughan was deeply loved by a narrow circle of intimate friends who had in their own experience proved her essential kindness, her keen sympathy, and the depth and fervour of her spiritual life. She always had wretched health, which compelled her to live a rather wandering life, but her delicacy of constitution was counterbalanced by untiring energy. She was exemplary in the discharge of parochial and extra-parochial works of mercy, and only last year fulfilled what she called "the dream of her life" in a first visit to Rome and Pompeii. Mrs Vaughan was fond of music, and was certainly above the average of amateurs in water-colour drawing; but her real delight was in books. She was an indefatigable

letter-writer, and her letters, cherished by many friends, will be her best memorial. I am not aware that she ever published anything with her name, but she compiled a book of religious extracts called *Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days*, a volume of selections called *Words from the Poets*, and an excellent abridgement of Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, under the title of *The Bible in the Holy Land*.

Adelaide Procter

A quotation which I lately made from "a poetess whom no one in the present day remembers" brought me a shower of questions. "Do you mean Mrs Hemans, or Mrs Sigourney, or Mrs Browning? Are you quoting Miss Jean Ingelow or Miss Emma Tatham? Or are you inventing, as Scott and George Eliot invented; forging a rhyme to suit your purpose and then crediting it to 'Anon' or 'Old Song'?" But one or two correspondents have shown themselves more faithful to early loves, and have said, "Do let us hear a little more about Miss Procter." With all my heart; and we will begin with her beginnings.

Bryan Waller Procter was born in 1787 and died in 1874. He was a schoolfellow of Byron at Harrow, and Byron described him as "Euphues" in *Don Juan*—

> Then there's my gentle Euphues, who, they say,
> Sets up for being a sort of moral Me—
> He'll find it rather difficult some day
> To turn out both, or either, it may be.

To be a Byron is a fate not conceded to two men in a generation; but to be moral is, happily, an easier ambition, and Bryan Procter, under his pen-name of "Barry Cornwall," contributed two hundred intensely moral poems in the *Literary Gazette*, edited Shakespeare, expurgated Jonson, biographized Lamb, and "selected" Browning. I should imagine that his tragedy of *Mirandola*, his tale of *Marcian Colonna*, and his description of *The Flood of Thessaly* have long since perished; but most people remember his buoyant verses on the sea—

> The sea! the sea! I love the sea,
> For I was born on the open sea.

As a matter of fact, he was born at Leeds, and his wife was inhuman enough to murmur this mendacious ditty in his ears when he lay tossing in livid agony between Dover and Calais. Mrs Procter was, as may be inferred from this incident, a woman of much sprightliness and vigour. She was born in 1799, was a friend of Keats and Shelley, visited Harrow Speeches in Byron's company, kept a Sunday *Salon* for half a century, and lived till 1888.

The literary tastes of this remarkable couple were not transmitted to their only son, who became an Indian general, but were bestowed in double measure on their daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter, who was born in 1825 and died in 1864. Her love of poetry was so precocious that, before she could write, she made her mother copy her favourite pieces into a tiny album, concerning which Dickens said: "It

looked as if she had carried it about as another little girl might have carried a doll." This love of poetry increased with increasing years, but she concealed her ambition in the way of authorship even from her nearest relations. Like most young writers of that period, she began by contributing, anonymously, to the *Book of Beauty*; and in 1853 she made a bolder plunge. *Household Words*, afterwards re-named *All the Year Round*, was then edited by Dickens; and, as Dickens was an intimate friend and a frequent guest of Mr and Mrs Procter, it might have been natural for Adelaide Procter to base her appeal to the editor on grounds of friendship. But she chose a more independent line. "If," she said, "I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers." She therefore assumed the pen-name of Miss Mary Berwick, addressed her letters from a circulating library, and sent a poem to *Household Words*. It was accepted, published, and praised; Miss Berwick was asked to send some more, and soon became a regular contributor, showing herself "remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable." In December 1854, Dickens, going to dine with Mr and Mrs Procter, took with him an early proof of his Christmas number, and remarked, as he laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty

poem by a Miss Berwick. Next day he learned that his unknown correspondent "Miss Berwick" was his young friend Adelaide Procter; and thenceforward she published in her own name. The total body of her work is small, and it is almost entirely comprehended in *Legends and Lyrics* and *A Chaplet of Verses*. She had, beyond question, a sincere vein of poetic feeling. She saw life and nature in their beautiful and pathetic aspects, and she had the gift of fluency and the knack of easy metre and satisfying rhyme. Her poetry is perhaps slight, and certainly not profound; but it is wholly free from formality, priggishness, and pedantry; it is always pretty, even when it does not quite rise to the height of beauty; and it never torments the ear with a rhyme which is only true to the eye. The prevalent tone of her writing is pensive, and often melancholy; and she was, in the best sense of a word too often used as censure, a sentimentalist. It is, I suppose, through this quality of sentimentalism that so many of her poems became popular songs. "The Lost Chord" has, perhaps, had its day, but when sung by Antoinette Sterling to a popular audience, it used to stir a deep and wholesome emotion. Of the same type were "Three Roses," from which I quoted, "Sent to Heaven," "Angels' Bidding," "In the Wood," and a dozen more. "Sentimentality" is a synonym for affectation; but sentiment is one of the great realities of life, and, when it is uttered in fluent and harmonious verse, it takes men captive even in spite

of themselves. Sentimental Adelaide Procter certainly was, but Dickens has left it on record that to imagine her gloomy or despondent would be a curious mistake. "She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humour. Cheerfulness was habitual with her; she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. . . . She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling, noble nature."

Some poets there have been, and poetesses too, who made their divine vocation an excuse for neglecting, and even despising all human duties. Not of that loathsome crew was Adelaide Procter. Her bright and tender spirit was the joy of her home; and out of doors she laboured even beyond the limits of her strength in the social service of humanity. "Now it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now it was the sheltering of the homeless; now it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden underfoot; now it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now it was all these things at once." She spent her health and her earnings in establishing and tending a "Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor," and commended it in words of burning sympathy. "We have all known that in this country, in this town, many of our miserable fellow-

creatures were pacing the streets through the long, weary nights, without a roof to shelter them, without food to eat, with their poor rags soaked in rain, and only the bitter winds of heaven for companions. . . . It is a marvel that we could sleep in peace in our warm, comfortable homes with this horror at our very door."

Poverty and privation were not the only forms of suffering which appealed to Adelaide Procter. Her experience in works of rescue and reclamation taught her to look back from the evil to its cause, and she saw this cause, or a great part of it, in the unemployment of women. Lord Brougham's favourite creation, "The British Association for the Promotion of Social Science," made her a member of a committee to enquire into this subject, and she joined herself to Miss Emily Faithfull in promoting the employment of women as compositors, and edited the first-fruits of that movement—a volume of prose and verse set up in type by women, and called in honour of the First Woman in England, *Victoria Regia.*

The briefest notice of Adelaide Procter must take account of her religion, for every line she wrote was steeped in it. She had fallen early under the influence of the Oxford Movement, and the deeds of martyrs, the ministries of saints, the fruits and flowers of the cloistered life, were themes on which she always loved to dwell. She wrote several hymns which found wide acceptance, and, with regard to one of these—

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light,—

a staunch Evangelical, Bishop Bickersteth, said: "This most beautiful hymn touches the chord of thankfulness in trial as perhaps no other hymn does, and is thus most useful for the visitation of the sick." She was one of the distressed Anglicans who followed Manning and Dodsworth in the exodus of 1851, and for the remainder of her life she was a devoted daughter of the Church of Rome. Much of her most effective poetry is inspired by the devotional practices with which she now became familiar; and the only note of strong indignation which I can recall in all her writings was evoked by the doings — or what she believed to be the doings—of "The Irish Church Mission for Converting the Catholics." She heard that, at a time of famine, the Irish peasants were bribed with doles to change their religion, and she bursts into indignant protest. The Protestant Church, securely, as it seemed, established and richly endowed, ministered only to a handful of the population; and in this passionate outburst we feel the working of the spirit which, not ten years later, delivered Catholic Ireland from the yoke of an unjust ascendancy. The poet is addressing England—

Partakers of thy glory
We do not ask to be,
Nor bid thee share with Ireland
The empire of the sea.
.

Take, if thou wilt, the earnings
Of the poor peasant's toil,
Take all the scanty produce
That grows on Irish soil,
To pay the alien preachers
Whom Ireland will not hear,
To pay the scoffers at a creed
Which Irish hearts hold dear.

All this England may do, and yet leave Ireland not mortally wounded; but to attack her spiritual faith through her bodily privations, this is, indeed, to deal a felon-blow.

Curs'd is the food and raiment
For which a soul is sold;
Tempt not another Judas
To barter God for gold.

Lord Kimberley

Time out of mind the Wodehouses of Kimberley had been the leaders of the Tory Party in Norfolk, waging an age-long conflict with the Cokes of Holkam, who headed the Whigs. For these services Sir John Wodehouse, Bart., M.P., was created a peer, as Lord Wodehouse, in 1797, and he carried on the campaign till his ninety-fourth year. His son, the second Lord Wodehouse, died in 1846, and was succeeded by his grandson, John Wodehouse, who lived to become Lord Kimberley. This John Wodehouse was born in 1826, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, where he obtained a First Class in Classics. Succeeding to his grandfather's title and estates in

his twentieth year, he horrified the Tory world by announcing that he was a Liberal, and from that time till the day of his death the Liberal Party counted no stronger, more loyal, or more active adherent. Such a recruit to the Liberal army was not likely to be neglected, and Lord Wodehouse was soon made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Before he was thirty he was sent by Lord Palmerston as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to St Petersburg. In 1864 he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and, as a recognition of the skill and courage with which he administered that country during the first outbreak of Fenianism, he was created Earl of Kimberley in 1866. When Mr Gladstone formed his first Administration in 1868, Lord Kimberley became Lord Privy Seal, and he was a member of each Liberal Administration till his death, filling successively the offices of Secretary of State for the Colonies, Secretary of State for India, Lord President of the Council, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was a rare record of official experience.

The ignorant always spoke of Lord Kimberley as "an old Whig." He was essentially a Utilitarian Radical of the Benthamite type; a convinced believer in popular institutions, a genuine lover of political and religious freedom, and a zealous Free Trader. Wherever the Liberal Party marched he was in the van, and increase of years brought no abatement of his reforming zeal. As an administrator he was ex-

ceptionally vigorous and decisive, always courteously receptive of advice, but essentially a man of his own counsel; weighing all arguments, but deciding for himself. He was thoroughly convinced of his own opinions, and incapable of doubt, uncertainty, or conflicting views. He was a wonderfully rapid worker, yet withal extremely thorough—overlooking nothing, neglecting nothing, scamping nothing; but always master of his own time, and never hurried, preoccupied, or overweighted. He was a sound scholar of the old Eton type, and thoroughly well read; but perhaps his most remarkable accomplishments were in the direction of modern languages, which he spoke with a fluency which rivalled that of his English speaking—and that was not saying a little. Fluency was, indeed, one of his most remarkable attributes, whether on the platform or in society. At a public dinner, he would eat, drink, and talk with the best, till the moment when the chairman called upon him; and then he would break off in a sentence, dash off a speech without an instant's hesitation; and when the speech was ended, would drop down into his chair and resume his truncated conversation. He never made use of notes, and was, stenographically tested, the most rapid speaker of his time.

Though Lord Kimberley liked society and enjoyed it, and had of necessity lived much in London, he was essentially a country gentleman — profoundly versed in all that pertained to the management of rural property, a good horseman, a brilliant shot, and

in his younger days one of the finest tennis-players in England. In private life he was one of the most generous, kindest, and most affectionate of men, incapable of meanness or rancour, eagerly active in all benevolent work, singularly happy in his home, and rejoicing in the happiness of others. In his twenty-second year he married a beautiful and charming wife, and her death (in 1895) was a blow from which even his buoyant nature never recovered. He died on the 8th of April 1902.

Lord Gladstone

Anyone who should stumble on an Eton photograph book filled between 1866 and 1872 would very likely notice the picture of a pretty little boy, with wide, surprised eyes, curly hair, and a very open cricket-shirt — a kind of "Infant Samuel" of the Playing Fields. The child there depicted is Herbert John Gladstone, born in 1854, and named after his father's friend, the illustrious Sidney Herbert. He was a very strong and a very unprecocious boy—at once the pet and the provocation of his brilliant tutor, "Billy Johnson." "Tuppence Gladstone" was his nickname, in playful allusion to an additional impost recently levied by his father; and "Tuppence, you're bird-witted," was the remonstrant outcry of the impatient Tutor when the boy's large eyes wandered through the pupil-room window, and his chirpy but irrelevant answers showed that his thoughts had sped their flight to the practice-nets or the "Wall."

At eighteen Herbert Gladstone left Eton — a pleasant-looking lad, a man in strength, a child in heart, walking the plain path of duty

With conscious step of purity and pride.

He had already made one decision which showed that under an almost babyish exterior he concealed a manly power of self-discipline. The example of his father and two elder brothers would have naturally disposed him to Christ Church, but he deliberately avoided that "favoured school of learning and larking," and entered University College, because he believed that he would be able to read more steadily at a small and quiet college than amid the manifold distractions of "The House." As an undergraduate Herbert Gladstone led a retired and regular life. His character and conduct were always above reproach, and he was loved by intimate friends; but he did not lay himself out for general popularity. His favourite amusements were cricket, shooting (when he could get a day in Bagley Wood), and music. He was not demonstrative of his opinions, but was understood to be, as became his name, a Liberal in politics, and "a moderate High Churchman." He read steadily but, as he did everything, unostentatiously, and it is no disparagement to his excellent abilities to say that when, in the summer of 1876, he obtained a First Class in History most people were surprised. It was rumoured at the time that he had made a great impression on the examiners by an

essay on the Moral Obligation of Treaties, and that this paper was the result of some conversation with his father about the diplomatic aspects of the Eastern Question, just then bursting into prominence.

Immediately after taking his degree, Herbert Gladstone was appointed Lecturer in History at Keble College by the Warden (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), who had married his cousin, Lavinia Lyttelton. And now all looked as if he had settled down to the uneventful life of an Oxford don. He worked hard at his lectures and was an active and useful tutor, but he lived very much the same sort of retired life which he had lived as an undergraduate, and took no prominent part in the contests and interests of the University. Those years, 1876–79, were eventful years. The Bulgarian Atrocities came to a head, and were followed by the Russo-Turkish War (in which Lord Beaconsfield endeavoured to enlist England on the wrong side), the reign of Jingoism and Imperialism, the Congress of Berlin, and the shoddy triumph of "Peace with Honour." The 16th of July 1878 was the culmination and the catastrophe of Lord Beaconsfield's career. Two years before, Mr Gladstone had emerged from his retirement and had become the protagonist in the great controversy between Turk and Christian — barbarism and civilization—and now he became candidate for Midlothian, and threw all his amazing energies into the task, as he said, "of counter-working the purposes of Lord Beaconsfield." Never

was the Liberal host so splendidly led. No one could live through those years without feeling the *certaminis ardor*—the glow and rush of battle—and a son of Mr Gladstone who remained unmoved by the all-pervading passion would indeed have been a moral miracle, or even a "moral monster." So the fascination of the Eastern Question touched Herbert Gladstone in his quiet rooms at Keble, and drew him out on to the stormy sea of politics.

At the General Election in 1880 he stood as Liberal candidate for the undivided county of Middlesex. His appearance in the field was late and sudden. He had no time for special preparation or equipment. He had never made a speech in his life. Not in "Pop" at Eton, not at the Union at Oxford, not even at a wedding breakfast or a cricket-supper had he ever opened his lips; yet it was the deliberate opinion of a critic so little disposed to eulogy as Robert Lowe that, as regarded form and style and manner, Herbert Gladstone spoke as well as his father at the same age. He had an unlimited fluency and a voice of music. Mr Gladstone's feeling about his son's candidature was deliciously expressed in a letter to Sir Algernon West:—

> Tell Herbert, if you see him, he is constantly in my mind, and I am so delighted, though not surprised, to hear that he has done well in speaking. . . . Experience has shown that you judged well and wisely in encouraging him to stand. Had I been on the ground my heart might have failed me, but I would not have stood in his way. The accounts of him give me intense joy but no surprise. *I think his face is worth a thousand votes.*

In spite of that advantage Herbert Gladstone was beaten by something over 3000. But his performance had made a most favourable impression, and he was the son of the new Prime Minister, just then at the very zenith of his fame and power. Mr Gladstone had been doubly returned for Leeds and Midlothian. He elected to sit for Midlothian, and on the 8th of May 1880 his place at Leeds was filled by the election of his son Herbert, who continued to represent that place until he was raised to the Peerage in 1910.

Lord Gladstone's political career is too recent and too well known to need recapitulation. Nor is this the occasion for an estimate of his character and gifts. It is enough to say that he is one of those rare spirits who have learned to "bring those dispositions which are amiable and lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth, and so to be politicians as never to forget that they are gentlemen."

Lord Wolverhampton[1]

When Mr Gladstone (who was not quite at his happiest on a social occasion) was laying the foundation-stone of the National Liberal Club, he damped the ardour of his audience with this depreciatory comment on clubs at large: "Speaking generally, I should say there could not be a less interesting occasion than the laying of a foundation-stone of a club in London. For, after all, what are the clubs

[1] Henry Hartley, first Viscount Wolverhampton, died on the 25th of February 1911.

of London? I am afraid little else than temples of luxury and ease." No doubt those words, though they have a disparaging sound, fairly describe the prime purpose of a club. For "luxury" read "comfort" with efficiency and moderate prices; and you have the first use of a club. Add "ease"—freedom from the worries of home or family, and liberty to say what one thinks—and you have the second. A third, and certainly not less important, is the exchange of gossip. This is what Pennialinus means, when writing his London letter in the *Drumble Dictator*, he says that "the clubs to-night are full of excitement about Mr Popkin's rumoured resignation"; or, "The report that the German Emperor, disguised as a nigger minstrel, has been found spying on the beach at Brighton, is widely discredited at the clubs." A fourth use of, at any rate, some clubs is study; and at the Athenæum or the Reform Club, the library is as much frequented as the billiard-room or the dining-room.

Now, it happens that Mr Fowler, Sir Henry Fowler, Lord Wolverhampton — to give him his successive designations—and I belonged to the same club, and I am asked to describe his club-life. This forces me to consider him in relation to all these foregoing points, and, after a careful survey, I am bound to say that he did not seem to touch life at any of them. I will take them one by one. Luxury certainly did not appeal to him, though "comfort," "efficiency" and "moderate prices" may have done so. He liked, if I remember aright, the kind of food which

Sir Henry Thomson considered to be the root of all our national evils—"plain roast and boiled." Temperate to a fault, he drank one glass of sherry in a bottle of soda-water, and looked none the more cheerful for it. But "efficiency," as meaning a joint in good cut and a punctual waiter, suited him, and "moderate prices" suit us all. Of "ease" in a club he had no notion. Perhaps he had enough or too much of it at home. Anyhow, he bustled into the club as a solicitor might bustle into his office, or a stockbroker into "the House," looking as if he were oppressed by a thousand cares and as if every moment were precious. I don't think he ever lounged, or sat back in a deep arm-chair, or fell into that fitful slumber which so irritates the man who is on the watch for the sleeper's paper. No—he came to the club with definite objects in view—to get his luncheon, to read the evening paper, or to look up something in a book of reference. There seemed to be nothing superficial about his reading: whatever he read, he read it with concentration and thoroughness and for a practical purpose. The lively oracles of Hansard, and the bound volumes of the *Times* were objects of his fervent study, for in them he could find material for those crushing reminders in which political speakers delight: "What did Mr Balfour say in 1885?" "Such sentiments come strangely from the Duke of Devonshire, who, when Lord Hartington, etc., etc." He neither smoked nor played billiards, nor took a hand at the whist-table. My memory does not connect

him with the library, but I feel sure that, if he ever went there, it was to read a political memoir, or Mr Herbert Paul's *History of Modern England.* Again, he never came to the club for gossip. If he chanced to meet a friend, he was willing enough to talk; but his talk could not be called gossip. It was substantial, business-like, and serious. Of private and personal matters he never spoke, except to announce that his health required the window to be shut, or to whisper a word of honest pleasure in some recent performance of his gifted family. But the bulk of his talk was political, and then indeed it was not serious only but lugubrious. According to Fowler, everything was for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds. If the Liberals were out of office, they would remain out for a long time to come. "The extreme men were playing the mischief. Compromise" (which he himself adored) "was out of fashion, and common sense had fled to Jupiter and Saturn." If, by way of a change, the Liberals were in office, disaster was always impending. "The by-elections were going against us. The majority on the last division was alarmingly small. The *Skibbereen Eagle* had a most mischievous leader, and its effects would spread far beyond Skibbereen. The whole thing was rotten" (this with indescribable emphasis), "and when we went to the country, some of us would be unpleasantly surprised." If there were any elements of joy in the political situation, Fowler, when addressing his fellow-clubmen, kept

them locked in his own bosom. In general society, in his own house, or even in the House of Commons, he would be cheerful and chatty, but he left those qualities behind him (perhaps as feeling they would be out of place) when he crossed the threshold of the "Sarcophagus." To him a club was no "temple of luxury and ease," no bureau for the exchange of jokes and rumours. Dr Johnson defined a club as "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." He would have pronounced Fowler not a "clubable" man, and would, I fear, have detested his typically Nonconformist virtues of seriousness, strenuousness, and unremitting industry.

THOMAS ELLIS[1]

Dear Tom Ellis! Even at this sad moment it seems impossible to call him by any more formal name. Of him it was true, if it ever was true of any human being, that to know him was to love him. His appearance, expression, voice, manner, address—all were attractive. Everyone who met him, even seldom and casually, felt kindly towards him, and if circumstances brought one more closely into contact with him kindness became affection. He was in a supreme degree one of nature's gentlemen. Delicacy, refinement, consideration for the feelings of others, absolute freedom from "pushfulness" and self-assertion, perfect courtesy which knew nothing of

[1] Thomas Edward Ellis, M.P. for Merionethshire, died April 5, 1899, in his 40th year.

social distinctions—all these qualities were congenial in Tom Ellis. His warmth of heart, his generous temper, his eager, lively sympathy with his friends and their concerns, could be neither simulated nor mistaken. He had all the "picturesque sensibility" of the Celtic temperament and that inborn love of natural and literary beauty which Matthew Arnold long ago indicated as the characteristic of the true Welshman. Patriotism was with Ellis a passion. He never was so thoroughly happy, so completely at home, as when he was handling some political or social theme which touched the national aspirations of his beloved Principality. But with the loftiest ideals of patriotism he combined in an unusual degree a sane and sober judgment of practical possibilities. Indeed, nothing was more remarkable than this practical bent in a mind so finely attuned to the poetry and romance of racial idealism. Politics, as Bacon said, is of all studies the one most immersed in matter, and when Mr Ellis became Chief Whip of the Liberal Party there were some of his friends who doubted whether so exalted and so imaginative a mind could be chained to the commonplace and tedious mechanism of a laborious, and in some respects, a sordid office. Never were doubts more completely dispelled by the event. Ellis threw himself into the work of his new duties with a whole-hearted devotion which really left him no proper leisure for rest or recreation, and the nervous energy which often accompanies a frail organization enabled

him to work at a level of speed and of thoroughness which might well have broken down a man of ten times greater strength. And now the end has come with startling suddenness. The sun has gone down at midday, with every circumstance of domestic pathos to deepen the gloom. Ever since I heard of my friend's death two hours ago there have been ringing in my ears those exquisite words of Divine eulogy: "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word and hast not denied My name. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of My God, and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him My new name."

Walter Wren

Mr Walter Wren, widely known by his success in preparing candidates for the Indian Civil Service, died at his residence in Powis Square on the 5th of August 1898, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr Wren was educated at the Grammar School of his native place, Buntingford, in Hertfordshire; at Elizabeth College, Guernsey; and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was a contemporary of Sir Walter Besant and of "C. S. C." His career was a conspicuous and almost unequalled instance of triumph over physical difficulties. An accidental injury in his school-days resulted, while he was an undergraduate, in spinal disease. He was obliged to leave off reading for honours and to content himself with a pass-degree. The disease made rapid progress, and he became permanently

crippled. For many years of his life he lived night and day on an inclined couch, being wheeled from one room to another and never going up or down stairs. To the end of his days he could not walk without the aid of two sticks, and the spinal disease set up a variety of internal mischiefs. Yet in spite of a physical condition which would have seemed to most men an absolute bar to effort, he set himself resolutely to make his fortune. He established himself in London and took pupils for all examinations. It was soon recognized that he had some special qualifications for a teacher. He excelled in discerning a boy's capacity, in forcing him to concentrate on the particular subject for which he was fitted, and in making him master thoroughly whatever he professed to learn. Superficiality and pretension were Mr Wren's special aversions. The *minimum* of subjects and an absolute knowledge of them were the principles which he instilled into his pupils. Thus he was the exact opposite of what is commonly known as a "crammer." It was his well-founded boast that whatever a pupil of his professed to know he knew. His methods of preparing for examinations, whether for the Universities, the Army, or the Civil Service, were soon justified by results, and before long he had so firmly established his reputation that he was able to "specialize" in preparing for the Indian Civil Service, and in that particular branch of his business he had practically no rival. In 1869 he passed sixteen men into the Indian Civil Service,

and this rate of success was maintained to the end. Of late years increasing infirmity had made it impossible for him to do more than give a general superintendence to his business; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his personal efforts and absolute knowledge of what was required for the Indian Civil Service examination had made "Wren's" one of the most permanent institutions of the educational world. Apart from education, Mr Wren's keenest interest was in politics. He was a Radical of the most uncompromising type, and a vigorous speaker and writer on behalf of the causes in which he believed. He was returned for the Borough of Wallingford at the General Election of 1880, but was unseated on petition. He afterwards contested Wigan and North Lambeth; but it became evident to his friends that the amount of exertion required by public life was more than he could safely make. His own extraordinary pluck made him the last to realize this truth, and, failing to re-enter the House of Commons, he became representative of Bethnal Green on the first London County Council. During the last few years of his life he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time on the south coast, and in spite of all that could be done by medical skill and the devotion of his family, his strength ebbed away under a combination of maladies. The end came tragically, for he was seized by a paralytic attack just as he was starting from his house to attend the marriage of his daughter to his colleague

and successor, Mr T. M. Taylor. He lived only eight days after the seizure. He will be sincerely regretted by the friends who knew his sterling merits, and not least by his former pupils, in whose fortunes he took a fatherly interest. Far beyond the circle of friendship, his career will be remembered as a standing proof that no amount of infirmity and disease can prevent a clear intelligence and a strong will from making life honourable, prosperous, and useful to the world.

Westcott and Lee

When that exceedingly weak-kneed Seeker after Truth, Robert Elsmere, found his faith shaken by his sceptical squire, he said in his most lachrymose tone: "It often seems to me that I might have got through, but for the men whose books I used to read and respect most in old days. The point of view is generally so extraordinary limited. Westcott, for instance, who means so much nowadays to the English religious world, first isolates Christianity from all the other religious phenomena of the world, and then argues upon its details."

Perhaps the truth was that poor Robert had never understood his former oracle—and to that extent I can sympathize with him. When Liddon was Canon of St Paul's and Westcott Canon of Westminster, the former, writing to a friend at Christmas, said: "London is just now buried under a dense fog; this is commonly attributed to Dr Westcott having opened his study-window at Westminster"; and, when an

admiring disciple inscribed a book of vague divinity to Westcott, Liddon remarked: "This is the kind of book which a little fog writes and dedicates to the Great Fog." If anyone wishes to test the aptness of the nickname, let him consult one of Westcott's Commentaries for the interpretation of some difficult or disputed passage, and then he will assuredly find himself in the thick of "darkness visible." It has been well said that "the effect of Westcott's style is to make you feel that it does not matter where you begin or where you leave off." You wander on interminably, through a beautiful but bewildering haze. But the obscurity of his style was even more perplexing in speech than in printed words. After all, when one is puzzled in reading, one can turn back and read again, and weigh, and ponder, and faintly discern a possible sense. But in the rapidity of spoken utterance there is no chance of such return, and one's mind keeps panting after the elusive thought, if indeed there is any thought to pursue. There is a story, so life-like that it must be true, of a pupil who came to Westcott with an exceedingly difficult passage from St John. Westcott, who had made the Fourth Gospel the subject of a very special study, poured out words of explanation mystical and beautiful even beyond his wont. When he had made an end of speaking, the pupil gratefully exclaimed: "Thank you very much, Dr Westcott; you have made it perfectly clear to me." But the Professor recoiled with a shudder from the

unwelcome praise, pressed his hands over his eyes and murmured, "Oh, I hope not! I hope not!"

Westcott had, in early life, been touched by the social enthusiasms of the Chartists, and he lived to become President of the Christian Social Union. His Inaugural Address to that society has been thus described:—

> None of us who were present can ever forget it. Yet none of us can ever recall, in the least, what was said. No one knows. Only we know that we were lifted, kindled, transformed. We pledged ourselves; we committed ourselves; we were ready to die for the Cause; but, if you asked us why, and for what, we could not tell you. There he was; there he spoke; the prophetic fire was breaking from him; the martyr-spirit glowed through him. We, too, were caught up. There was nothing verbal to report or to repeat. We could remember nothing except the spirit which was in the words, and that was enough.

Westcott was a pupil of the famous Prince Lee at Birmingham, Senior Classic in 1848, Fellow of Trinity, and from 1852 to 1870 an Assistant Master at Harrow. He was an exquisite scholar, to whom not merely every word, but every inflection and every accent, was vocal with delicacies of meaning. Thus in supervising the composition—Greek, Latin, and English—of the Sixth Form he was peculiarly at home; but in the rough-and-tumble of daily contact with a herd of unscholarly boys he was conspicuously and even painfully ill at ease. His friends rejoiced when he was transferred from these uncongenial surroundings to a Canonry at Peterborough and a Professorship at Cambridge; yet at each of these turns his habitual vagueness dogged his steps. At Harrow he had preached a sermon imploring us boys,

when we grew older, to revive the ascetic life in the Church of England, and enforcing his appeal by reference to St Benedict, St Antony, and St Francis. From later discourses it appeared that these prospective monks were to be married, and to live with their wives and families in a "Cœnobium." At Cambridge, as Professor of Divinity, Westcott seemed unable to arrive at any direct decisions; no resolution or manifesto could ever quite satisfy the fastidiousness of his judgment. As one of the greatest authorities on the text of the New Testament, he was of course a member of the Company of Revisers; but, when arguments were closely balanced on a question of a reading or a version, he never could be induced to vote, but ran into the corner and hid his eyes till the decision was attained. In every relation and transaction of life, he was hampered by that intellectual idiosyncrasy of which his obscure style was the outward expression.

But towards the end of his life his character seemed to receive, almost in an instant, an absolutely new direction. In 1890 he was unexpectedly called to the strenuous See of Durham. All his friends were filled with misgiving. How would the frail and pensive student, the fastidious scholar, the rapt prophet, the mystical dreamer, bear himself amid the rough and practical realities of the great industrial district of which he was to be Chief Pastor? Amid crowding and urgent problems, the clash of capital and labour, and "the strife of tongues," would he ever be able to

make up his mind, or, having made it up, to express it intelligibly? These questions soon answered themselves, as much to the amazement as to the delight of his friends. "The scholar's indecision was flung away, and he proved to have convictions that could be put into direct and practical shape on every kind of matter, and with the utmost rapidity. He proved perfectly able to handle all the immediate problems with surprising efficiency." Nothing could have been better than the way in which he timed his action in the great Coal-Strike. He refused to prescribe a solution, for that would have been obviously out of his range as Bishop; but he got the opposing parties into separate rooms at Auckland Castle, and mediated between the two camps till peace was secured.

Personal asceticism had always been one of Westcott's most marked characteristics. Even at Harrow, his pupils realized that he practised the most rigid self-denial, eschewed all forms of indulgence and display, and spent his whole time at his desk or on his knees. Asceticism—its efficacy and its beauty—had been the inspiring idea of his sermons on the Monastic Life, and on that strange "Cœnobium." "We used to be told," said one of his children, "that in the Cœnobium no one would have two helps of pudding, and we dreaded it accordingly." Westcott lived as he taught; he ate sparingly; he wore his clothes till they were threadbare; and, when he became a Bishop and the unwilling owner of a carriage, "he crept into it as if it was a hearse." The feudal splendours of Auck-

land Castle fairly appalled him; but "his misery at its splendour yielded, as he discovered how great were the possibilities of making that splendour a public possession." It was typical of his Episcopate over the coal-pits that the famous park of Bishop Auckland, which once held its deer and its hounds, was used by him as a resting-home for exhausted pit-ponies, against whose hard usage in the pit he constantly pleaded. The whole story of Westcott's life in Durham illustrates the magical power of practical responsibility to rouse dreamers and theorists from speculative reverie, to clarify obscurity, and to transmute vagueness into decision.

After so much that is excellent has been recorded, it is sad to remember that, just at the close of life, Westcott lapsed again into a condition of mental obscurity, in which black seemed to assume the character of white, and darkness to be a synonym for light. There was no subject on which he had been more intense, more eloquent, or more impressive than International Peace.

> None who heard him on that high theme can ever forget it. He felt that Christianity, with its prophetic conception of the variety of Nations building up the body of the one complete Humanity, had laid the true grounds for universal Peace. It had carried the ideal of Nationality forward into the fulness of a complex Internationalism, in which all Nations suffered by the wounding of any one Nation, and for which the weakest and smallest Nationality had its proper contribution to make.

That is vastly fine; but, when, two years before Westcott's death, Mr Chamberlain and Lord Milner

and the capitalists who manipulated them, plunged England into the South African War and crushed two small Republics, the Prophet of Peace was foremost to bless the unhallowed enterprise. Strangest of all the inconsistencies in a long, and in some ways beautiful, career was this concluding negation of International Righteousness and Christian Ethic.

Having spoken so far of the pupil, I am led to add a word about the master.

James Prince Lee was the son of Stephen Lee, Secretary and Librarian of the Royal Society, and was born in London in 1804. He was educated at St Paul's School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1829. By common consent he was among the best Greek scholars of his time—some said he was the very best; and to scholarship, at once profound and graceful, he added a singular gift for teaching such boys as were willing to learn. From 1830–38 he was an Assistant Master at Rugby under Dr Arnold, and in the latter year he was elected to the Head Mastership of King Edward's School. To have trained Westcott, Lightfoot, and Benson, even if no other names were added, was such a distinction as few schoolmasters attain.

As a Head Master he was very great, though by no means faultless. His temper was wayward, his discipline was severe, and he had no mercy for idlers or dunces; but over his more intelligent pupils he exercised a peculiar fascination. Archbishop Benson

wrote: "We recognized magnificent power, wide interests, large sympathy, inexhaustible freshness, stern justice, and, above all, invincible faith in the laws of thought and in the laws of language." Bishop Westcott said: "He enabled us to see that scholarship is nothing less than one method of dealing with the whole problem of human existence, in which Art and Truth and Goodness are inextricably combined." That saying savours of Westcott's characteristic mysticism; but Lightfoot, a man of plainer mind, wrote more intelligibly: "I have sometimes thought that, if I were allowed to live one hour only of my past life over again, I should choose a Butler lesson under Lee." A school-master who could interest a boy in the *Analogy* must indeed have had a genius for teaching. Well might another pupil write: "It is, I think, quite impossible for a stranger, or perhaps for anyone except a Birmingham pupil, to understand the complete devotion and affection which some of us felt towards him."

The See of Manchester was created by Act of Parliament in 1847, and the old Collegiate Church became the Cathedral of the new See. Who was to be its first Bishop? Lord John Russell had become Prime Minister in 1846. He was one of the best of men, but he was a Whig all over in his dislike of active churchmanship; and, now that the Church, aroused by the Oxford Movement, had woke from her long slumber, and was beginning to reassert her spiritual claims, he was seriously, and rather quaintly, alarmed. The appointment to the new

See of Manchester gave him an opportunity of showing his quality, and he was not slow to use it. In October 1847 Lancashire heard with astonishment and indignation that its first Bishop was to be a Birmingham school-master, who had never done a stroke of parochial work, whose views of religious truth were completely unknown, and who was reported to be a favourite of Prince Albert—no recommendation in orthodox eyes. A useless resistance to the appointment was set on foot, and some of the opponents, in their eagerness to discredit the Prime Minister and his nominee, roundly accused Dr Lee of habitual intemperance. The Bishop-designate was forced to vindicate his character in a court of law, where it was proved that what had been represented as inebriety was really the result of laudanum taken as a remedy for neuralgia. It was an unfortunate beginning to an episcopate likely, on other grounds, to be unpopular; and it may very well be that a sense of injustice warped the new Bishop's mind and contracted his sympathies. "As a school-master," wrote Dean Vaughan, "he was wonderful. As a Bishop he attempted despotism, and the despotism of Bishops is incongruous and out of date." One of his clergy says: "He kept us at a distance, and treated us like schoolboys; an autocrat he certainly was." And in 1858 Bishop Wilberforce wrote, after a visit to Lancashire: "Lay defence organizing against the oppression of the Bishop of Manchester."

The Bishop lived in state and bounty at Mauldeth Hall. He was surrounded by a splendid library, and a great collection of works of art illustrating the classical studies which were his real life. Daily he rolled into Manchester in his carriage, with servants in purple liveries, and transacted his business and received the clergy at a dismal office in St James's Square. At his palace he exercised a most splendid hospitality (which the clergy seldom shared), and his whole way of living and ruling was such as would have become a Cardinal of the Renaissance. "In stature he was a little above the middle height. His head was shapely and intellectual, covered with crisp, curly hair, giving him the appearance of an old Roman patrician. If anything could give dignity to the 'magpie' costume of Victorian Bishops, it would be the way in which Bishop Lee put it on, or rather, had it put on for him by his valet, and the way he wore it over his full silk cassock, and his shoes and silver buckles." He very seldom preached, but when he did his sermons were remembered; for he was an accomplished orator, though less at home in the pulpit than on the platform. In speaking he planted himself firmly on his feet, and advanced or receded a step or two when he emphasized a word or a sentence, his action being limited to his right hand. His mouth was firm and finely shaped, with lips which curved, sarcastically or approvingly, according to the mood of the moment; and his strict observance of the rule—"Take care of the

consonants, and the vowels will take care of themselves"—made his voice audible in the largest buildings. One of his characteristics was an intolerance of anything short of perfection, and this extreme fastidiousness of taste restrained him, in spite of his wealth of learning and accomplishment, from publishing anything beyond two Charges and two Sermons. To a friend who remonstrated on this waste of power, he said with a fine dignity: "I do not think that my thoughts will perish with me, for there are some who will not, I believe, forget what they have learnt from me."

Lee's health was always unsound, and he bore an increasing burden of painful illness "more like a Stoic than a Martyr." Yet he laboured incessantly at the duties of his office; not rushing about the diocese like Bishop Wilberforce, but ruling it from his library like the bishops of an older day. If he ruled with a rod rather than with a Pastoral Staff, it was because he was still at heart a school-master. The most noted memorial of his episcopate was the number of new churches which were erected while he was Bishop. He consecrated the first of these on the day on which he was enthroned, and the last, the 130th, within a week of his death. He was a scholar, a humanist, and a profound student of the text of the New Testament; but he was not a theologian; nor, in spite of his episcopal character, did he regard men or things from an ecclesiastical point of view. He exerted his organizing and

oratorical powers to the utmost in helping to establish the Manchester Free Library, and he bequeathed his own magnificent collection of books to Owens College. He was sorely displeased when both his daughters married clergymen, and the only reason that could be assigned for his displeasure was his dislike of clergymen as such. "Of one thing we clerics were fully aware, and that was that we had no chance of an interview as long as any laymen were waiting."

Throughout life Lee was, partly by his own fault, misunderstood, and often cruelly misrepresented. He seemed a student, a pedagogue, a secular prince, —anything rather than a Christian clergyman. Yet those who knew him most intimately bore the most strenuous testimony to his spiritual earnestness. When someone disparaged him, Archbishop Benson said: "To him I owe all that I was or am or ever shall be. He was the greatest man I have ever come within the influence of—the greatest and the best. You see how people are misunderstood." There, perhaps, spoke the exuberant devotion of the grateful pupil, but, nevertheless, the testimony is impressive. When the Bishop was nearing his latter end, he said to an intimate friend: "There is only one word which I should wish to have upon my gravestone," and he added, with a smile, "It is a Greek word, of course." It was the one word which the Authorized Version expands into the victorious saying, "The trumpet shall sound."

The Bishop died on Christmas Eve 1869, and was buried in the churchyard of Heaton Mersey. The friend who suggested this sketch writes:

> This morning I observed the excellent condition of the granite block which covers the Bishop's grave. It bears in addition to his name and dates and mitre the one word from 1 Cor. xv. 52, engraven in Greek capitals. Although the grave is close to the principal entrance to the church, I was surprised to find that neither an elderly woman placing flowers on an adjacent tomb, nor the school-children, knew the Bishop's resting-place.

I do not think there was much occasion for surprise.

A friend has disinterred from an old scrap-book the following lines, which appeared in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, shortly after the death of Bishop Prince Lee. They were cautiously prefaced by the statement that the writer was neither a Radical nor a Dissenter:

> Here lies a Right Reverend Father in God,
> Who ne'er spoiled his children by sparing the rod,
> Who took not his pattern from Him who, when living,
> Was merciful, large-hearted, meek, and forgiving;
> But, preferring in strife to work out his salvation,
> Made quarrels and scolding his Christian vocation;
> And, in mind of the pedagogue's narrowest span,
> Held the birch the sole nostrum for governing man.
> Would you edit a book, without learning or brains?
> You have only to study his "Barrow's Remains."
> Are you seeking your posthumous venom to spill?
> You cannot do better than copy his will.

Henry Kingsley

A lady writes: "I do not remember that you have ever told us anything about Henry Kingsley; although, from references to characters in his books,

I think you must be a lover of this delightful and almost forgotten novelist. Do tell us something about him. . . . One can hardly know too much about the Kingsleys." To this challenge I respond with great goodwill; for Charles, George, and Henry Kingsley were indeed a noteworthy trio of brothers, and with two of them I had enough of personal acquaintance to give me a special interest in their writings. "We are," said Charles Kingsley in 1865, "the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at the age of seventy-nine, my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl."

In this distribution of hereditary gifts, it is not difficult to see which fell to the lot of the third son—Henry—who was born in 1839 and died in 1876. Of "practical and administrative power" he had absolutely none; but he had a wiry and active body, unbounded energy and pluck, and a keen love of romantic adventure. His early home was the Rectory House of Chelsea, close to that wonderful old church which all Americans but not all English people know, "where the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters." When living at Chelsea Rectory, he went, as a day-boy, to

King's College School, and from thence he was transferred in 1850 to Worcester College, Oxford. "At the University," writes his contemporary, Sir Edwin Arnold, "he did nothing commensurate with his great natural abilities (for I consider him quite the equal in genius of his eldest brother Charles). He gave himself to athletics and social life; being always generous, manly, and of an inner temper nobler than his external manners. He was one of the best scullers on the river, and, for a wager, ran a mile, rowed a mile, and trotted a mile within fifteen minutes."

In 1853 he went down from Oxford without a degree, and set out for the Australian gold-fields in search of fortune. But fortune did not come, and he enlisted in the Mounted Police—a service for which his pluck, activity, light weight, and love of horses exactly fitted him. Unfortunately, however, he was obliged, in the way of official duty, to attend a public execution, and he left the police in disgust; but not without having accumulated a mass of material which he afterwards turned to excellent account. During this expatriation he ceased to communicate with home; but in 1858 he suddenly reappeared in England, settled himself in a cottage at Eversley, where his brother Charles was Rector, and, to the astonishment of his family, became a novelist. Twelve volumes of his work face me as I write. In 1864 he married, and moved to Wargrave, in the Valley of the Thames. "He was the kindest and

most chivalrous of men," said one of his neighbours. "Perhaps more emphatic in conversation than I could comfortably respond to," adds a lady. "A bright-eyed, pleasant-looking fellow," says a contemporary, "a trifle under the medium height, with the carriage of an athlete, a light-weight champion, or a crack rider in an artillery regiment." In 1869 he went to Edinburgh, and undertook the editorship of the *Daily Review*. The experiment was disastrous, and in the following year he abandoned the editorial chair to act as war-correspondent in the Franco-German campaign. He was present at the Battle of Sedan, and is said to have been the first Englishman to enter Metz. In 1872 he returned to England, and resumed his literary work; but his health soon failed, and he died in his forty-seventh year at Cuckfield, in Sussex, where he lies buried.

So much for Henry Kingsley's history. What of his writings? It is easy enough to criticize them. As Dryden said of Elkanah Settle, "his style was boisterous, and his prose incorrigibly lewd." Half his books were pot-boilers. He did not always write grammar, and he was constantly "mugging to the gallery," taking liberties with his reader, and obtruding his own personality. All this, and more, may be urged in disparagement, and yet, when all is said and done, he had the one essential gift for novel-writing —he could make a plot. As soon as we have got into his stories, we want to know how they will end. His heroes and heroines are real men and women,

and we follow their fortunes with eager interest till the last chapter lifts us into triumph, or (and this more frequently) abandons us to dejection.

Let us take the principal stories one by one. *Geoffrey Hamlyn* made Henry Kingsley's fame. When he wrote it he was still reeking of Australia —indeed, the ground-work of it had been laid before he set sail for England. "Alone among our novelists he has focussed for us the early life of a new country, the first building-up of a great commonwealth." *Geoffrey Hamlyn* describes the loves and fortunes and lives and deaths of a company of neighbours who emigrated from Devonshire and established themselves three hundred miles south of Sydney, when Van Diemen's Land was still a penal settlement. Bush-ranging plays a leading part in the narrative of their adventures; and the escape of Sam Buckley and his sweetheart from the bush-rangers' gang is one of the most thrilling episodes in fiction. One cannot read it without holding one's breath, and hearing the tramp of the marauders' horses as they near the spot where the fugitives are concealed. With this fine tale one may link some portion of *Ravenshoe*, and the whole of *The Hillyars and the Burtons* which begins with a Dickens-like account of life in Chelsea in the forties, and then transfers itself to New South Wales. In both hemispheres Kingsley is writing his auto-biography, and this book is to me the most interesting that he ever wrote.

The main interest of *Ravenshoe* is altogether

different, and, in some of its mysterious involutions, it seems infected with the morbid fear of Romanism which Henry Kingsley may have imbibed from his brother Charles. The glory of the book is the description of the Battle of the Alma, and I have heard soldiers say that Charles Ravenshoe's memory of the charge is exactly true to life in similar conditions.

> Charles was sixth man from the right of the rear rank of the third troop. He could see the tails of the horses immediately before him, and could remark that his front-rank man had a great patch of oil on the right shoulder of his uniform. . . . Charles would have given ten years of his life to know what was going on on the other side of the hill. But no. There they sate, and he had to look at the back of the man before him; and at this time he came to the conclusion that the patch of grease on his right shoulder was the same shape as the map of Sweden. A long, weary two hours was spent like this, and then the word was given to go forward. . . . Charles saw only the back of the man before him, and the patch of grease on his shoulder; but ever after, when the battle of the Alma was mentioned before him, Charles at once began thinking of the map of Sweden.

In *Austin Elliot* Henry Kingsley lapsed into the didactic vein, and the book is principally an exposure of the misery and shame which grew up under "the accursed system of the Duello." In *The Harveys* he deals similarly with Spiritualism. In *Silcote of Silcotes* he conducts us lovingly through the Valley of the Thames and the sands of Bagshot, to unexpected conclusions at Turin and Genestrello. *Stretton* is a fine tale of schoolboy-friendship and woman's love, culminating splendidly in the Indian Mutiny.

Valentin is the story of Sedan, told from a strongly anti-French point of view.

In all these books Kingsley was more or less describing what he had seen and known. In *Mademoiselle Mathilde* he makes a sudden plunge into French history, and gives a good picture of expiring Feudalism and the part which it played in preparing the Revolution. His friends ought to love this book, if only because he loved it. "Of all the ghosts," he said, "which I have called up in this quaint trade of writing fiction only two remain with me, and never quit me. The others come and go, and I love them well enough; but the two who are with me always are the peak-faced man Charles Ravenshoe and the lame French girl Mathilde."

What is the charm of Henry Kingsley's writing? As I said before, he had the power without which style, dialogue, analysis of character, description of scenery, and all the rest are nothing worth—the power of constructing a plot. Then, again, though his writing was almost insolently careless and faulty, yet here and there it burst into passages of vivid eloquence. He had a rich though unregulated humour, and a closely observant eye for Nature, both in her softer and in her stormier aspects. The loss of the *Titanic* sent me back to the description of a storm in *Our Brown Passenger*; and, when I collated that description with the loss of the *Wainoora* in *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, I felt

that the tragedy of the sea had seldom been more powerfully presented than by Henry Kingsley.

> Where was the *Wainoora*? . . . From the wild shore, from the wilder sea, from the coral reef and sandbank, from the storm-tossed sailor, or from the lonely shepherd on the forest-lands above the cruel ocean, no answer but this—she had sailed out of port, and she never made port again. A missing ship, with the history of her last agony unwritten for ever.

Another charm of Henry Kingsley's writing is to be found in its actuality. I do not mean that his characters are always lifelike, or his situations always probable; but one feels, as one reads, that he wrote what he felt. Lady Ritchie, than whom there is no more delicate critic, notes this characteristic. "He seems to have lived his own books, battered them out, and forced them into their living shapes; to have felt them and been them all: writing not so much from imagination as from personal experience and struggle."

Although Kingsley lived what is called a wild life, and knocked about the world in all sorts of rough company, his writing from first to last is unstained by a moral blot. Everything that he wrote is pure and upright and manly; and where he handles a distinctly religious theme, as in the scene in the Rajah's dungeon where Jem Mordaunt is preparing himself for death, we feel the touch of personal conviction. Lady Ritchie, who visited him in his last illness, has described the naturalness and simplicity and courage with which he faced the end.

Perhaps in those last days he remembered his own premonitory words in *Ravenshoe*.

In the long watches of the winter night, when one has awoke from some evil dream, and lies sleepless and terrified with the solemn pall of darkness around one—in such still dead times only, lying as in the silence of the tomb, one realizes that some day we shall lie in that bed and not think at all: that the time will soon come when we must die.

Our preachers remind us of this often enough, but we cannot realize it in a pew in broad daylight. You must wake in the middle of the night to do that, and face the thought like a man—that it will come, and come to ninety-nine in a hundred of us, not in a maddening clatter of musketry as the day is won; or in carrying a line to a stranded ship, or in such glorious times, when the soul has mastery over the body: but in bed, by slow degrees. It is in darkness and silence only that we realize this; and then let us hope that we humbly remember that death has been conquered for us, and that, in spite of our unworthiness, we may defy him. And, after that, sometimes will come the thought—Are there no evils worse even than death?

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild[1]

Everyone who has ever stayed at Waddesdon will agree that Baron Ferdinand Rothschild excelled as a host, had a true delight in entertaining, and cultivated a special attention to each guest's tastes and wishes. The present writer once had a slight but significant experience of this attention. The first time he stayed at Waddesdon he had some difficulty in sleeping, owing to the early incursion of the morning sun. The host discovered this, and when next the sleepless guest visited Waddesdon every bedroom in the huge house

[1] Baron Ferdinand James Rothschild died on the 17th December, 1898.

had been furnished with shutters. Waddesdon Manor, though not very beautiful, is an astonishing creation. Twenty-five years ago it was a bare hill rising almost perpendicularly out of the great grass vale of Aylesbury.

Hunting in the vale with his cousin's staghounds, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild took it into his head to ride to the top of this hill, which was almost precipitous, and survey the scene. Once at the top he found a wonderful view, extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach. The pastures of Buckinghamshire lay on one side. On another the woodlands of Oxfordshire clustered round cornfields. The white chalk range of the Chilterns bounded the view in one direction; in the other the eye could faintly discern the spires of Oxford. It was a case of love at first sight. The estate belonged to the Duke of Marlborough, who was very willing to sell, and in 1874 it passed into Baron Ferdinand's hands. He immediately began engineering works on a gigantic scale, levelling the summit till its hollows and hummocks became a wide and even plateau, drawing corkscrew roads round the hill so as to make the approach possible for horses, and carrying stone and wood from the bottom to the top of the precipice for the construction of the "lordly pleasure-house" which was to be. In due time it arose, a vast French château, with a central tower and turrets at the four corners, all carved out of a dazzlingly white stone. The most astonishing work, however, was not the building but

the planting; £40,000 a year was laid out for several years in bringing full-grown timber trees from distant parks and woodlands and drawing them to the top of Waddesdon Hill. Each tree travelled upright in a separate cart, and the sight of this arboreal procession moving at a foot's pace along the lanes of Buckinghamshire recalled irresistibly the Scripture vision of "men as trees walking." When bantered by his friends on the enormous expense of thus transplanting full-grown forestry, the Baron used to say that he had bought a bare hill because at the moment when he wanted a country house there were no ready-made places in the market. If he had waited two years the bad times would have set in and he would have been able to buy a wooded estate and plant his new house among old trees.

As it was, he was forced to make a new place look old—a difficult task even for skill and capital. The contents of the house were of fabulous value, and unusual luck, combined with prodigious wealth, had enabled Baron Ferdinand to form an unsurpassed collection of Gainsboroughs, together with several Romneys and Sir Joshuas of great merit. The fountains, gardens, and glass-houses were also of unusual scale and beauty, and elicited a well-deserved compliment from Queen Victoria, who was induced by Princess Louise to make a day's excursion from Windsor to Waddesdon.

Baron Ferdinand was not a great talker, but he loved good conversation, and, like Lord St Jerome

in *Lothair*, he supplied the audience for his more loquacious guests. He had great knowledge of art and of that borderland between art and furniture which our fathers called *virtu*. He was also an accomplished linguist and had a special knowledge of French memoirs. He was a most public-spirited landlord, and by the exercise of a paternal despotism transformed a squalid village into an earthly paradise of health and beauty. Better than all, he was a warm, faithful, and generous friend. He is sincerely mourned, and will be long remembered.

The Wilberforces

The Wilberforces spring from a place called Wilberforce, or Wilberfoss, in the East Riding. In the eighteenth century they were established in business at Hull, and there William Wilberforce, famous as the Emancipator, was born. Having inherited ample wealth, he parted with his father's business as soon as he was twenty-one, and made his choice for politics. As an undergraduate at Cambridge he had been famous for the beauty of his singing voice, and the same organ stood him in good stead when he abandoned singing for speech-making. In 1780 he was elected M.P. for Hull; and though his body was so small and frail that "he looked as if a breath could blow him away," he was at once recognized as a power in politics. His melodious voice, his grace of gesture, and his expressive play of

features, make him a most attractive speaker, whether on the hustings or in the House; and these qualifications, added to the fact that he was the intimate friend of Pitt, seemed to mark him out for a great political career. In 1784 he was returned for Yorkshire, as a staunch supporter of his Prime Minister-friend, and his political advancement seemed more than ever a certainty; but there was a change at hand which altered the whole complexion of his life. Let it be told in his own words. Down to this time, his life had been "not licentious, but gay," and yet something was amiss.

> Often while in the full enjoyment of all that the world could bestow, my conscience told me that in the true sense of the word I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy, but the thought would steal across me—"What madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that when eternal happiness was within my grasp!"

In brief, he underwent an old-fashioned conversion; and, as a result of it, he "devoted himself, for whatever might be the term of his future life, to the service of his God and Saviour."

His conversion showed itself in very practical forms. He gave up card-playing, of which he had been very fond. He took to early rising, and did his best to fast, but found it difficult on account of his physical frailty. He stripped himself of luxuries; spent a great deal of his time in prayer, and in the study of the Bible; and was a regular and most devout communicant.

For a brief space he thought of abandoning politics and seeking Holy Orders, but was dissuaded from that course by the famous Evangelical, John Newton, who insisted that Parliament was the appointed sphere of action for a man so conspicuously endowed with Parliamentary gifts and opportunities. He therefore returned to his work in the House of Commons with greater zeal and a more determined purpose than before; and, foreseeing the offers which his intimacy with Pitt made almost inevitable, he resolved within himself never to accept either office or a peerage. Henceforward his life was dedicated to the unrewarded service of humanity.

In 1797 he published a book which at once became famous. It is called "A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious Systems of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity." It is a grave and tender appeal to consciences deadened by conventionality. It reminds them of the great realities of life and death, sin and repentance; it insists that a faith, where genuine, always supposes repentance, and abhorrence of sin; and it calls on them "faithfully to adore that undeserved goodness which has awakened them from the sleep of death, and to prostrate themselves before the cross of Christ with humble penitence and deep self-abhorrence." The book from first to last is eloquent of personal experience. It won the warm admiration of Edmund Burke. It ran through fifty editions, and it established its writer as the lay leader

of Evangelical Religion. Wilberforce was evangelical in the best and highest sense. He was no Calvinist, but proclaimed universal redemption. He appealed throughout to "the Holy Scriptures, and with them, the Church of England." He believed in baptismal regeneration, and loved a cheerful Sunday. Above all, his religion was essentially practical. He worked the causes which were then most unfashionable—Christian missions, the circulation of the Bible, the suppression of vice, the mitigation of the criminal code, and popular education; above all—and on this achievement his fame eternally rests—the abolition of the slave trade.

The horrors of the "Middle Passage" had already been brought before public notice by Granville Sharp; and in 1787 a group of men whose hearts were touched by divine indignation formed the first committee for the suppression of the slave trade. Wilberforce became the parliamentary leader of the movement, and in 1788 he induced Pitt to espouse the cause—a notable triumph of persuasive power. In 1789 Pitt moved his resolution in favour of abolition; but the moment was not propitious for humanitarian reform. France was in the throes of revolution; men's minds were fixed on the dangers which impended over England; and all the energy of the Prime Minister's majestic mind was absorbed in the task of safeguarding the kingdom against foreign and domestic foes. At such times of crisis, moral causes fare badly, but Wilberforce and his friends were men not easily

daunted. In 1792, in 1796, and again in 1804, they carried a bill for abolition through the House of Commons, and in each year it was defeated in the Lords. But no disappointments and no delays could damp the ardour or slacken the efforts of the abolitionists. Throughout all those dark years Wilberforce's motto was: "This one thing I do." He worked for the cause nine hours a day, scarcely stopping for his meals. Sometimes he was writing all night. He roused a spirit of intercessory prayer for his object among all his evangelical connexion, and at the same time conducted a public agitation up and down the country. Almost the last written words of the great John Wesley were addressed to the young reformer:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be an *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but, if God be for you, who can be against you? Oh, be not weary of well-doing. Go on, in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before you. That He, who has guided you from your youth up, may continue to strengthen you in this and in all things, is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant, JOHN WESLEY.

These words were written in 1791, but sixteen years of arduous fighting and diligent labour and uncomplaining endurance had to pass before the consummation of Wesley's hopes. The Act abolishing the slave trade passed into law in 1807, and "the

whole House of Commons rose to cheer the member for Yorkshire, by whose devoted toil this great triumph of mercy had been achieved."

It is interesting to enquire, rather more particularly, the nature of the gifts which enabled William Wilberforce thus to inscribe his name on the roll of the benefactors of humanity. Pitt said that of all the men he knew, Wilberforce had the greatest power of natural eloquence. Burke said the same, though he had only known him in the early stages of his career. Lord Brougham testified to "the inspiration which deep feeling alone can breathe into spoken thought." In Wilberforce the gift of persuasion was blended with a turn for sarcasm, which, as a rule, was sedulously controlled, but those who heard it long remembered his reply to a scoffing opponent who had taunted him with a facetiousness not in keeping with his religious profession: "I submit that a religious man may sometimes be facetious; and I would remind the Hon. Member that the irreligious do not necessarily escape being dull." To these gifts he added another not less valuable to a Parliamentarian. "If there is anyone," said Canning, "who thoroughly understands the tactics of debate and knows exactly what will carry the House along with him, it is certainly my Honourable friend." His high character and absolute freedom from self-seeking gave his words a moral weight more impressive than even eloquence; and, in his later years, Sydney Smith declared roundly that he "could do anything

he liked with the House." Such as he was in public life, such also he was in private. Madame de Staël, after making his acquaintance, said that she had always heard that Mr Wilberforce was the "most religious man in England," but she had never before known that he was also the most agreeable. "No one," said another admirer, "touched life at so many points." "He always," said a third, "had the charm of youth." When once the slave trade was abolished, the friends of humanity determined to abolish slavery itself. After moving, in 1824, for total abolition, Wilberforce said, "I have delivered my soul." Age and infirmity were increasing on him, and he retired from Parliament, leaving what remained of the fight to younger and stronger men. At a public meeting of his supporters in 1830 he said: "The object is bright before us; the light of Heaven beams on it, and is an earnest of success." The anticipation was justified. In the session of 1833 the first Reformed Parliament passed the Act which abolished slavery, and "the Father of the movement lived just long enough to bless God that the object of his life had been attained." He died on 29th July 1833, and the two Houses of Parliament followed his body to its resting-place in the Abbey. This is the inscription on his monument:—

For nearly half a century a member of the House of Commons, and, for six Parliaments during that period, one of the two representatives for Yorkshire. In an age and country

fertile in great and good men, he was among the foremost of those who fixed the character of their times; because, to high and various talents, to warm benevolence, and to universal candour, he added the abiding eloquence of a Christian life.

Eminent as he was in every department of public labour, and a leader in every work of charity, whether to relieve the temporal or the spiritual wants of his fellow-men, his name will be ever specially identified with those exertions which, by the blessing of God, removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade, and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery in every colony of the Empire: in the prosecution of these objects he relied, not in vain, on God; but in the progress he was called to endure great obloquy and great opposition. He outlived, however, all enmity, and in the evening of his days withdrew from public life and public observation to the bosom of his family. Yet he died not unnoticed or forgotten by his country; the peers and commons of England, in solemn procession from their respective Houses, carried him to his fitting place among the mighty dead around, here to repose, till, through the merits of Jesus Christ, his only Redeemer and Saviour (Whom in his life and in his writings he had desired to glorify), he shall rise in the resurrection of the just.

William Wilberforce the Emancipator had four sons—a second William, M.P. for Hull; Robert, a philosophical theologian of high repute; Henry, an accomplished man of letters; and Samuel, 1805–73, successively Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop of Winchester, who has been called "the Remodeller of the Episcopate." It was said of the Emancipator that he was the only man in England who had three sons first-class men at Oxford, and of those three incomparably the most brilliant was Samuel. It was in him that his father's special gifts of persuasive oratory and social charm were most conspicuously reproduced; and it was

through him that the genius of the Emancipator was transmitted to the third generation. Speaking in the House of Lords in 1853, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce paid this filial tribute:—

> I deem it to be my greatest boast to be sprung from one who, gifted with the vastest opportunities, with the friendship—the close friendship—of England's greatest Minister, the highest powers, the most commanding social position, used them all for no personal aggrandizement, and died a poor commoner—a poorer man than when he entered public life; and leaving to his children no high rank or dignity, according to the notions of the world, but bequeathing to them the perilous inheritance of a name which the Christian world venerates.

A great name is indeed a "perilous inheritance"; but assuredly it suffered no disparagement in the person of Samuel Wilberforce. "He was one," said Mr Gladstone, "of the three men I have ever known who had the greatest faculty for public speaking. Who can count the numbers — they are not in hundreds, they are not in thousands, they are in hundreds of thousands—who in every part of this country listened from time to time to the tones of that silvery voice, sometimes like a murmuring brook, sometimes like a trumpet-call?" "In society," said Lord Carnarvon, "he shone and sparkled beyond anyone I have ever known; but, even in that respect, he was not so remarkable as he was for devotion to his work." Archbishop Tait, who had constantly been brought into collision with him, spoke enthusiastically of his "social and irresistibly fascinating side, as displayed in his dealings with society"; and paid this noble tribute to his public virtues:—

If it be ambition to be conscious of great powers and talents, carrying a heavier responsibility than is borne by many, and to have a great desire to use those powers and improve those talents for the service of Him who gave them, then I doubt not that he was ambitious; but it is a noble and holy ambition, which deserves no censure and needs no defence.

The statesman Lord Carlisle thus described his eloquence: "He made a speech of two hours, combining the qualities of his father, Macaulay, and Ezekiel, which produced immense effect. His voice and delivery are exceedingly good." Lady Lyttelton, who was governess to Queen Victoria's elder children, wrote in her diary: "I never saw a more agreeable man; and, if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me, and lead me to Juggernaut; so it is hard if all those who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later. He never parades, or forces forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of his mind—talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian." "No one," wrote the late Canon Overton, "no one can ever forget the magical effect of his presence—like the coming of spring to a winter landscape; his thrilling confirmation addresses; the brilliant wit of his conversation; the inimitable tones of his wonderfully modulated voice; the fascination of his look and manner." Dean Burgon wrote thus about his friend's grave amid the Surrey downs: "None but those who knew him will have the faintest conception what an exquisite orator, what a persuasive preacher, what a faithful bishop—in every private relation of life what a

truly delightful person is commemorated by the stone which covers the grave of Samuel Wilberforce."

These quotations read in connexion with what goes before will have shown the transmission of exactly the same qualities from the first to the second generation. I now approach the third. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce had four sons. The fourth, his "Benoni," as he loved to call him—for Mrs Wilberforce died when the boy was born,—is the present Archdeacon of Westminster and Chaplain to the Speaker. In his case the intimacy of a close friendship seals my lips; and I turn to his next elder brother. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, sometime Vicar of Seaforth and successively Bishop of Newcastle and of Chichester, was born in 1840 and died in 1907. Of his character, perhaps the most salient feature was strenuousness, but this was combined with a full share of the qualities which had been so conspicuous in his father and grandfather. Before he had been two years in Holy Orders he was preaching sermons of which a competent critic said: "They were some of the very best I ever heard, and the good material was coupled with a perfect delivery." Five years later, Mr Gladstone, whose father had built and endowed St Thomas's, Seaforth, wrote thus to Ernest Wilberforce: "If you would take this church, it would be a true delight to me to present you to it; first, as the son of your great and dear father, who seems even now at my hand (nor should I exclude the still more venerable memory of your grandfather).

Secondly, from all that I have heard of you in the work of the Holy Ministry." The offer was accepted, and Wilberforce's work at Seaforth is not yet forgotten. He was seen at his best in a house where bereavement, sorrow, or anxiety had crossed the threshold—there the hereditary gifts of sympathy and compassion came into play,—but he was also excellent in the pulpit, and super-excellent on the platform. "I can hardly say," wrote one of his hearers, "what was his greater power. Sympathy was *strong*—very evidently strong. His earnestness was a great point. His clear ringing tones carried conviction of his sincerity; and there were beautiful strains of eloquence, particularly in description of those natural beauties in which his soul delighted."

"The familiar Wilberforcian tones" were promptly recognized by those who remembered his father, and also "the true Wilberforce well of feeling." "A chip of the old block" was the homely comment of Bishop Jacobson. "The Queen told me that you reminded her of your father in voice, only less studied," was the report of Dean Wellesley after a sermon at Windsor. From Seaforth Ernest Wilberforce was summoned to take charge of a mission among the great towns of the Winchester diocese, which had been established in memory of his father; and Bishop Harold Browne, in offering the post, claimed "a Wilberforce for the Wilberforce Mission, with the zeal and tongue of a Wilberforce." "Inspiration," said another, "will come

from your father's dear memory, sympathy from troops of your own friends."

The call to Winchester was dutifully accepted, but a more momentous change was at hand. The see of Newcastle was created in 1882, and Mr Gladstone invited Ernest Wilberforce to be its first bishop. "I earnestly hope that you may carry far onwards into a second century the unbroken association of your honoured name with the history of the Church of England, and that you may add largely to the records of the noble services of your father and your grandfather."

Northumberland unlocked its strong and loving heart to what it called "the open sesame of your father's name." "That name was in itself enough to secure a hearty welcome in the North of England, where his father's untiring labours and magnetic eloquence were still fresh in the memories of churchmen, and where his grandfather's devotion to the cause of the slave was unforgotten by Englishmen of every creed and party." Of his purely spiritual power, as evinced at ordinations, confirmations, and in more private ministries, this is not the place to speak, but his magnificent work for the cause of Temperance can never be forgotten. The Treasurer of the Church of England Temperance Society wrote:—

> There will always remain with me the memory of his charming personality, and his eloquent efforts for the promotion of habits of temperance, for the reformation of the intemperate, and for the removal of the causes which lead to intemperance.

The present Duke of Northumberland said, "You have completely mastered the peculiarities of us Northerners." The present Lord Grey referred with relish to the "episcopal tobacco and good company" which, when the day's work was done, he had enjoyed in the Bishop's company; and Bishop Creighton, then vicar of Embleton, described him (though a staunch teetotaler) as "a born boon-companion—his father's son."

After thirteen years of extraordinary labour in Northumberland, the Bishop's constitution, originally of abnormal vigour, began to show sign of wear and tear; and in 1895 he accepted from Lord Salisbury translation to the see of Chichester. There exactly the same qualities of energy, eloquence, and practical sagacity manifested themselves in his diocesan administration; and some unfortunate disputes about the anise and cumin of ritual gave peculiar scope for the exercise of his great gift of sympathy. One of the clergy wrote, after a visit to the Palace at Chichester: "Your kindness to me personally this last week will not be readily forgotten." Another said: "I can never tell you all that your sympathy and kindness have been to me and to my wife. I had no idea that it was possible to be on such delightful terms with one's diocesan." After the Conference of Anglican Bishops in 1907, one of the American prelates wrote: "No bishop of the Anglican communion treated me with more consideration and gracious hospitality." One of the

doctors who attended him in a sudden and dangerous illness wrote: "He was so patient, so grateful for the little we were able to do for him. He seemed to me to have such a very great personal charm. I shouldn't think that a man like him could ever have had a single enemy."

It is time to end. We have traced through three generations the marked qualities of eloquence, sympathy, social pleasantness, and spiritual devotion —surely a notable illustration of heredity; and perhaps the hereditary gifts are not yet exhausted. Bishop Ernest Wilberforce left a numerous family; and of them the present Dean of York once wrote: "They are dear children, and I only wish that their good and honoured grandfather could have seen them."[1] That grandfather was the Emancipator's son; so here we touch the fourth generation of a family which for a hundred and thirty continuous years has served England with soul and speech.

Joseph Hume

One must go to the provinces for news of what is happening in London. In this bewildering city no one knows his next-door neighbour. One may wake up any morning to discover that Professor Dingo, of European reputation, has lived and died in one's own street, or that the most colossal crime has been hatched in the mews just round the corner. The

[1] One of these "dear children," Mr Victor Wilberforce, is now a chief light of the motor-cycling world.

provincial papers disclose these secrets; and great was my astonishment when I lately read an announcement that Mr A. O. Hume, the leader of the Liberal Party in Dulwich, who has presented South London with a herbarium at Norwood, is a son of Joseph Hume, the famous reformer. What excited my interest in this announcement was not the "herbarium," for I must confess that collections of dried flowers leave me cold; but the discovery that I am living within three miles of a son of a man whose political achievements began when George III. was King, and who had laid the foundations of his fortunes before the eighteenth century had ended.

Joseph Hume was born in 1777 and died in 1855. His father was a tradesman at Montrose; but the son preferred science to shopkeeping, and qualified as a surgeon. In 1796 he obtained an appointment in the service of the East India Company, and sailed for India. On the voyage the purser fell sick; Hume took over his duties, and discharged them so well that the Company transferred him from marine to civil employment. He threw himself with ardour into the study of Oriental languages, and acquired them so thoroughly that he was made an interpreter, and in that capacity transacted a good deal of delicate and important business between the Company and the native powers. Those were the grand old days when proconsuls became nabobs, and the humblest officials in the service of the Company had frequent opportunities of indulging in the pastime of "shaking the

pagoda tree." By 1808 Hume, who, no doubt, like Clive, was astounded at his own moderation, had put by £40,000—no great sum indeed, but enough for his immediate object, which was to enter the House of Commons. Willing the end, he willed the means, and, returning to England, he proceeded to buy one of the two seats which the borough of Weymouth then possessed. The transaction was perfectly deliberate, straightforward, and business-like. Hume drew his cheque, and the Free and Independent Electors of Weymouth undertook to return him for two Parliaments. He was duly elected at a by-election in January 1812, but, a dissolution occurring in the following November, the vendors of the seat declined to fulfil their bargain, whereupon he brought an action for breach of contract, and recovered half his money. In 1818 he regained a seat in Parliament, this time for the Montrose Burghs, and he represented in turn Middlesex, Kilkenny, and again Montrose. He was a Radical of the deepest dye, and for thirty years was the recognized leader of the Radical group in Parliament. Charles Greville, surveying the first Reformed Parliament from the point of view of the cultivated worldling, thus analyses the composition of the new House: "There exists no *party* but that of the Government; the Irish act in a body under O'Connell, to the number of about forty; the Radicals are numerous, restless, turbulent, and bold—Hume and Cobbett and Roebuck, bent upon doing all the mischief they can, and incessantly active; the Tories

without a head, frightened, angry, and sulky; Peel without a party, prudent, cautious, and dexterous, playing a deep waiting game of scrutiny and observation"—as one reads the analysis it strikes one that 1832 was not so very unlike 1912.

Through all this time of storm and stress Hume worked hand and glove with O'Connell, who provided him with the seat at Kilkenny when Middlesex turned him out; and the alliance of English Radicalism with Irish Nationalism evoked, then as now, sarcastic comments. To Sydney Smith, who was a Whig to the backbone, the combination of "Joseph and Daniel," as he called them, seemed fraught with mischief, and he repeatedly implored his leader, Lord John Russell, to offer a more vigorous resistance to "Joseph and his brethren" of the Radical persuasion.

It has always been the portion of Radicals to be dreaded and dispraised by the bigwigs of the Liberal Party, and yet all the while to be tracing the path of advance along which, a few years later, the whole party advanced to victory. This was as true of Joseph Hume as in later days of Bright and Cobden, of Mr Chamberlain and Mr Lloyd George. In 1834, amid universal derision, he attacked the Corn Laws as producing artificial starvation, and declared for repeal. In 1835 he forced the attention of the House to the treasonable conspiracy which was masquerading under the name of Orangeism. He laboured for the extension of the suffrage, for the establishment of the ballot, and for the reform of the ecclesiastical

revenues. He moved for the abolition of sinecures and of flogging in the army. In the queer slang of the day (for which see the second chapter of *Nicholas Nickleby*) he "went the extreme animal" with Tom Duncombe and J. T. Leader, but his special devotion was reserved for financial reform. It was at his suggestion that the word "Retrenchment" was inserted between "Peace" and "Reform" in the official motto or war-cry of the Liberal Party; and on all questions pertaining to finance, revenue, expediture, and the like, he was the most pertinacious and unsparing of critics. So thorough-going and business-like was his criticism that he kept a private staff of clerks entirely occupied in watching, even in its minutest details, the financial conduct of each successive Government; and whenever a vulnerable point was detected Hume swooped down on it like a hawk on a partridge. He was commonly reported to have served on more Committees than anyone else who ever sat in Parliament, and to speak "longer and oftener and worse" than any one of his contemporaries. His marked peculiarities of diction, tone, and pronunciation gave abundant cause for merriment among those who disliked his reforming zeal, and one of his most frequent phrases—"the tottle of the whole"—became a stock-instance of Parliamentary humour. It was characteristic of him that he was the first man to open his lips in the first Reformed Parliament, and by his discourse on that occasion drew from his ally O'Connell the friendly criticism that he "would have

been an excellent speaker if only he would finish a sentence before beginning the next but one after it."

Hume's pertinacity in debate is well illustrated by his behaviour to Macaulay on the second reading of the India Bill of 1853 (signalized by Bright's great oration—No. I. in his *Collected Speeches*). It had been arranged that Macaulay, who was then in failing health, should speak early in the debate, but Hume moved the adjournment of the debate and so got Macaulay's place. "Everyone who could venture to remonstrate with the Member for Montrose on so delicate a subject entreated him not to stand between Macaulay and his audience; but Hume replied that his own chest was weak, and that his health was as important as that of any other person, that he knew just as much about India as Macaulay, and, in short, that speak he would. The House had very little compassion on an invalid who had been on his legs six times within the last ten days and who now spoke from the resumption of the debate till dinner-time."

To one of Hume's innumerable Committees on financial abuses a curious sequel was attached. This particular Committee was to enquire into the salaries of Ministers of State, which, in Hume's opinion, were grossly excessive. The first witness called was the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, and when Hume put the question, "Do you think that the First Lord of the Treasury is overpaid?" Lord John replied, "Well, all I can say is that I am not at all a rich man, but, till I was Prime Minister, I never was in

debt." This reply created some sensation, and Lord John's eldest brother, the Duke of Bedford, immediately placed £10,000 to his credit at Messrs Vere's bank (I choose that noble name from the British peerage because I mean to convey that Lord John's bank had social connexions of the highest). At the following Christmas Lord John was paying a visit to his brother at Woburn Abbey, and the Duke, who had received no acknowledgment of his gift, asked, "Well, Johnny, does your account look any better this quarter?" And Johnny replied, "I never look at it. Messrs Vere's clerks are all young gentlemen, and they make so many mistakes in their arithmetic that it is no good looking at their figures." This has always struck me as one of the quaintest instances of *non sequitur*.

VI

A FORGOTTEN PANIC[1]

FRIDAY, 13th September 1867, was the last day of the Harrow holidays, and I was returning to the Hill from a visit to some friends in Scotland. During the first part of the journey I was alone in the carriage, occupied with an unlearnt holiday-task; but at Carlisle I acquired a fellow-traveller. He jumped into the carriage just as the train was beginning to move, and to the porter who breathlessly enquired about his luggage he shouted, "This is all," and flung a small leathern case on to the seat. As he settled himself into his place, his eye fell upon the pile of baggage which I had bribed the station-master to establish in my corner of the carriage—a portmanteau, a hat-box, a rug wrapped round an umbrella, and one or two smaller parcels—all legibly labelled

G. W. E. RUSSELL,
Woodside,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

After a glance at my property, the stranger turned to me and exclaimed, "When you have travelled as

[1] Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

much as I have, young sir, you will know that, the less the luggage, the greater the ease." Youth, I think, as a rule resents overtures from strangers, but there was something in my fellow-traveller's address so pleasant as to disarm resentment. His voice, his smile, his appearance, were alike prepossessing. He drew from his pocket the *Daily News*, in those days a famous organ for foreign intelligence, and, as he composed himself to read, I had a full opportunity of studying his appearance. He seemed to be somewhere between thirty and forty; of the middle height, lean and sinewy, and, as his jump into the train had shown, as lissom as a cat. His skin was so much tanned that it was difficult to guess his natural complexion; but his closely cropped hair was jet-black, and his clean-shaved face showed the roots of a very dark beard. In those days it was fashionable to wear one's hair rather long, and to cultivate whiskers and a moustache. Priests and actors were the only people who shaved clean, and I decided in my mind that my friend was an actor. Presently he laid down his paper; and, turning to me with that grave courtesy which when one is very young one appreciates, he said: "I hope, sir, that my abrupt entry did not disturb you. I had a rush for it, and nearly lost my train as it was. And I hope what I said about luggage did not seem impertinent. I was only thinking that, if I had been obliged to look after portmanteaus, I should probably still be on the platform at Carlisle." I hastened to say, with my best

air, that I had not been the least offended, and rather apologized for my own encumbrances by saying that I was going South for three months, and had to take all my possessions with me. I am not sure that I was pleased when my friend said: "Ah, yes; the end of the vacation. You are returning to college at Harrow, I see." It was humiliating to confess that Harrow was a school, and I a schoolboy; but my friend took it with great composure. Perfectly, he said; it was his error. He should have said "school," not "college." He had a great admiration for the English Public Schools. It was his misfortune to have been educated abroad. A French lycée, or a German gymnasium, was not such a pleasant place as Eton or Harrow. This was exactly the best way of starting a conversation, and, my boyish reserve being once broken, we chatted away merrily. Very soon I had told him everything about myself, my home, my kinsfolk, my amusements, my favourite authors, and all the rest of it; but presently it dawned upon me that, though I had disclosed everything to him, he had disclosed nothing to me, and that the actor, if I rightly deemed him so, was not very proud of his profession. His nationality, too, perplexed me. He spoke English as fluently as I did, but not quite idiomatically; and there was just a trace of an accent which was not English. Sometimes it sounded French, but then again there was a tinge of American. On the whole, I came to the conclusion that my friend was an Englishman who

had lived a great deal abroad, or else an American who had lived in Paris. As the day advanced, the American theory gained upon me; for, though my friend told me nothing about himself, he told me a great deal about every place which we passed. He knew the industries of the various towns, and the events connected with them, and the names of the people who owned the castles and great country-houses. I had been told that this habit of endless exposition was characteristic of the cultured American. But, whatever was the nationality of my companion, I enjoyed his company very much. He talked to me, not as a man to a boy, but as an elder to a younger man; paid me the courtesy of asking my opinion and listening to my answers; and, by all the little arts of the practised converser, made me feel on good terms with myself and the world. Yankee or Frenchman, my actor was a very jolly fellow; and I only wished that he would tell me a little about himself.

When, late in the afternoon, we passed Bletchley Station, I bethought me that we should soon be separated, for the London and North-Western train, though an express, was to be stopped at Harrow in order to disgorge its load of returning boys. I began to collect my goods and to prepare myself for the stop, when my friend said, to my great joy, "I see you are alighting. I am going on to Euston. I shall be in London for the next few weeks. I should very much like to pay a visit to Harrow one day and see

your 'lions.'" This was exactly what I wished, but had been too modest to suggest; so I joyfully acceded to his proposal, only venturing to add that, though we had been travelling together all day, I did not know my friend's name. He tore a leaf out of a pocket-book, scrawled on it in a backward-sloping hand, "H. Aulif," and handed it to me, saying, "I do not add an address, for I shall be moving about. But I will write you a line very soon, and fix a day for my visit." Just then the train stopped at the foot of the Hill, and, as I was fighting my way through the welter of boys and luggage on the platform, I caught sight of a smiling face and a waved hand at the window of the carriage which I had just quitted.

The beginning of a new School-Quarter, the crowd of fresh faces, the greetings of old friends, and a remove into a much more difficult Form, rather distracted my mind from the incidents of my journey; to which it was recalled by the receipt of a note from Mr Aulif, saying that he would be at Harrow by 2.30 on Saturday afternoon, 21st September. I met him at the station, and found him even pleasanter than I expected. He extolled Public Schools to the skies, and was sure that our English virtues were in great part due to them. Of Harrow he spoke with peculiar admiration as the school of Sheridan, of Peel, of Palmerston. What was our course of study? What our system of discipline? What were our amusements? The last question I was able to answer by showing him both the end of cricket and the be-

ginning of football, for both were being played; and, as we mounted the Hill towards the School and the Spire, he asked me if we had any other amusements. Fives or racquets he did not seem to count. Did we run races? Had we any gymnastics? (In those days we had not.) Did we practise rifle-shooting? Every boy ought to learn to use a rifle. The Volunteer movement was a national glory. Had we any part in it?

The last question touched me on the point of honour. In those days Harrow was the best school in England for rifle-shooting. In the Public Schools' contest at Wimbledon we carried off the Ashburton Challenge Shield five times in succession, and in 1865 and 1866 we added to it Lord Spencer's Cup for the best marksman in the school-teams. All this, and a good deal more to the same effect, I told Mr Aulif with becoming spirit, and proudly led the way to our "armoury." This grandly named apartment was in truth a dingy cellar under the Old Schools, and held only a scanty store of rifles (for the corps, though keen, was not numerous). Boyhood is sensitive to sarcasm, and I felt an uncomfortable twinge as Mr Aulif glanced round our place of arms and said, "a gallant corps, I am sure, if not numerically strong. But this is your school corps only. Doubtless the citizens of the place also have their corps?" Rather wishing to get my friend away from a scene where he obviously was not impressed, and fearing that perhaps he might speak lightly of the Fourth Form Room,

even though its panels bear the carved name of BYRON, I seized the opening afforded by the mention of the local corps, and proposed a walk towards the drill-shed. This was a barn, very roughly adapted to military purposes, and standing, remote from houses, in a field at Roxeth, a hamlet of Harrow on the way to Northolt. It served both as drill-shed and as armoury, and, as the local corps (the 18th Middlesex) was a large one, it contained a good supply of arms and ammunition. The custodian, who lived in a cottage at Roxeth, was a Crimean veteran, who kept everything in apple-pie order, and on this Saturday afternoon was just putting the finishing touches of tidiness to the properties in his charge. Mr Aulif made friends with him at once, spoke enthusiastically of the Crimea, talked of improvements in guns and gunnery since those days, praised the Anglo-French alliance, and said how sad it was that England now had to be on her guard against her former allies across the Channel. As the discourse proceeded, I began to question my theory that Aulif was an actor. Perhaps he was a soldier. Could he be a Jesuit in disguise? Jesuits were clean-shaved and well-informed. Or was it only his faculty of general agreeableness that enabled him to attract the old caretaker at the drill-shed as he had attracted the schoolboy in the train? As we walked back to the station, my desire to know what my friend really was, increased momentarily; but I no more dared to ask him than I should have dared to shake hands with

Queen Victoria; for, to say the truth, Mr Aulif, while he fascinated, awed me. He told me that he was just going abroad, and we parted at the station with mutual regrets.

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The year 1867 was conspicuously a year of Fenian activity. The termination of the Civil War in America had thrown out of employment a great many seasoned soldiers of various nationalities, who had served for five years in the American armies. Among these were General Cluseret, educated at Saint-Cyr, trained by Garibaldi, and by some good critics esteemed "the most consummate soldier of the day." The Fenians now began to dream not merely of isolated outrages, but of an armed rising in Ireland; and, after consultation with the Fenian leaders in New York, Cluseret came to England with a view to organizing the insurrection. What then befell can be read in *Lothair*, where Cluseret is thinly disguised as "Captain Bruges," and also in his own narrative, published in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1872. He arrived in London in January 1867; and startling events began to happen in quick succession. On 11th February an armed party of Fenians attacked Chester Castle, and were not repulsed without some difficulty. There was an armed rising at Killarney. The police barracks at Tallaght were besieged, and at Glencullen the insurgents captured the police force and their weapons. At Kilmallock there was an encounter

between the Fenians and the constabulary, and life was lost on both sides. There was a design of concentrating all the Fenian forces on Mallow Junction, but the rapid movement of the Queen's troops frustrated the design, and the general rising was postponed. Presently two vagrants were arrested on suspicion at Liverpool, and proved to be two of the most notorious of the Fenian leaders, "Colonel" Kelly and "Captain" Deasy. It was when these prisoners, remanded for further enquiry, were being driven under a strong escort to gaol, that the prison-van was attacked by a rescue-party, and Sergeant Brett, who was in charge of the prisoners, was shot. The rescuers, Allen, Larkin, and Gould, were executed on 2nd November, and on 1st December Clerkenwell Prison was blown up in an ineffectual attempt to liberate the Fenian prisoners confined in it. On 20th December Matthew Arnold wrote to his mother, "We are in a strange uneasy state in London, and the profound sense I have long had of the hollowness and insufficiency of our whole system of administration does not inspire me with much confidence." The "strange uneasy state" was not confined to London, but prevailed everywhere. Obviously England was threatened by a mysterious and desperate enemy, and no one seemed to know that enemy's headquarters or base of operations. The secret societies were actively at work in England, Ireland, France, and Italy. It was suspected then—it is known now, and chiefly through Cluseret's revelations

—that the isolated attacks on barracks and police-stations were designed for the purpose of securing arms and ammunition; and, if only there had been a competent general to command the rebel forces, Ireland would have risen in open war. But a competent general was exactly what the insurgents lacked; for Cluseret, having surveyed the whole situation with eyes trained by a lifelong experience of warfare, decided that the scheme was hopeless, and returned to Paris.

Such were some—for I have only mentioned a few—of the incidents which made 1867 a memorable year. On my own memory it is stamped with a peculiar clearness.

On Wednesday morning, 2nd October 1867, as we were going up to First School at Harrow, a rumour flew from mouth to mouth that the drill-shed had been attacked by Fenians. Sure enough it had. The caretaker (as I said before) lived some way from the building, and, when he went to open it in the morning, he found that the door had been forced and the place swept clean of arms and ammunition. Here was a real sensation, and we felt for a few hours "the joy of eventful living"; but later in the day the evening papers, coming down from London, quenched our excitement with a greater. It appeared that, during the night of 1st October, drill-sheds and armouries belonging to the Volunteer regiments had been simultaneously raided, north, south, east, and west of London, and all munitions of war spirited

away, for a purpose which was not hard to guess. Commenting on this startling occurrence, the papers said: "We have reason to believe that one of the ablest of the Fenian agents has been for some time operating secretly in the United Kingdom. He has been traced to Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London. It is believed at Scotland Yard that he organized these attacks on Volunteer headquarters, arranged for the arms and ammunition to be transferred by a sure hand to Ireland, and has himself returned to Paris." A friend of mine who had gone up to London to see a dentist brought back a *Globe* with him, and, as he handed it to me, he pointed out the passage which I have just cited. As I read it, my heart gave a jump—a sudden thrill of delicious excitement. My friend Mr Aulif must be the Fenian agent who had organized these raids, and I, who had always dreamed romance, had now been brought into actual contact with it. The idea of communicating my suspicions to anyone never crossed my mind. I felt instinctively that this was a case where silence was golden. Fortunately, none of my schoolfellows had seen Mr Aulif or heard of his visit; and the old caretaker of the drill-shed had been too much gratified by talk and tip to entertain an unworthy thought of "that pleasant-spoken gentleman."

Soon the story of these raids had been fogotten in the far more exhilarating occurrences at Manchester and Clerkenwell which closed the year; and the execution of Michael Barrett on 26th May 1868 (the

last public execution in this country), brought the history of Fenianism in England to an end.

As I looked back on my journey from Scotland, and my walk round Harrow with Mr Aulif, I thought that the reason why he did not arrange for our school-armoury to be attacked was that he would not abuse the confidence of a boy who had trusted him. Perhaps it really was that the rifles were too few and the risks too many.

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The year 1870 found me still a Harrow boy, though a tall one; and I spent the Easter holidays with my cousins, the Brentfords, in Paris. They were a remarkable couple, and, if I were to mention their real name, they would be immediately recognized. They had social position and abundant means and hosts of friends; but, acting under irresistible impulse, they had severed themselves from their natural surroundings, and had plunged into democratic politics. It was commonly believed that Brentford would not have committed himself so deeply if it had not been for his wife's influence; and, indeed, she was one of those women whom it is difficult to withstand. Her enthusiasm was contagious; and, when one was in her company, one felt that "the Cause," as she always called it without qualifying epithet, was the one thing worth thinking of and living for. As a girl, she had caught from Mrs Browning, and Swinburne, and Jessie White-Mario, and the authoress of *Aspro-*

monte, a passionate zeal for Italian unity and freedom, and, when she married, her enthusiasm fired her husband. They became sworn allies both of Garibaldi and of Mazzini, and through them were brought into close, though mysterious, relations with the revolutionary party in Italy and also in France. They witnessed the last great act of the Papacy at the Vatican Council; and then, early in 1870, they established themselves in Paris. French society was at that moment in a strange state of tension and unrest. The impending calamity of the Franco-German War was not foreseen; but everyone knew that the Imperial throne was rocking; that the soil was primed by Secret Societies; and that all the elements of revolution were at hand, and needed only some sudden concussion to stir them into activity. This was a condition which exactly suited my cousin Evelyn Brentford. She was "at the height of the circumstances," and she gathered round her, at her villa on the outskirts of Paris, a society partly political, partly Bohemian, and wholly Red. "Do come," she wrote, "and stay with us at Easter. I can't promise you a Revolution; but it's quite on the cards that you may come in for one. Anyhow, you will see some fun." I had some difficulty in inducing my parents (sound Whigs) to give the necessary permission; but they admitted that at seventeen a son must be trusted, and I went off rejoicing to join the Brentfords at Paris. Those three weeks, 12th April to 4th May 1870, gave me, as the

boys now say, "the time of my life." I met a great many people whose names I already knew, and some more of whom we heard next year in the history of the Commune. The air was full of the most sensational rumours, and those who hoped "to see the last King strangled in the bowels of the last priest" enjoyed themselves thoroughly. My cousin Evelyn was always at home to her friends on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and her rooms were thronged by a miscellaneous crowd in which the Parisian accent mingled with the tongues of America and Italy, and the French of the southern provinces.

At one of these parties I was talking to a delightful lady who lived only in the hope of seeing "the devil come for that dog" (indicating by this term a Crowned Head), and who, when exhausted by regicidal eloquence, demanded coffee. As we approached the buffet, a man who had just put down his cup turned round and met my companion and me face to face. Two years and a half had made no difference in him. He was Mr Aulif, as active and fresh as ever, and, before I had time to reflect on my course, I had impulsively seized him by the hand. "Don't you remember me?" I cried. He only stared. "My name is George Russell, and you visited me at Harrow." "I fear, sir, you have made a mistake," said Aulif; bowed rather stiffly to my companion, and hurried back into the drawing-room. My companion looked surprised. "The General seems put out—I wonder why. He and I are the greatest

allies. Let me tell you my friend, that he is the man that the Revolution will have to rely on when the time comes for rising. Ask them at Saint-Cyr. Ask Garibaldi. Ask McClellan. Ask General Grant. He is the greatest general in the world, and has sacrificed his career for Freedom." "Is his name Aulif?" "No, his name is Cluseret."

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Next day at *déjeuner* I was full of my evening's adventure; but my host and hostess received it with mortifying composure. "Nothing could be more likely," said my cousin Evelyn. "General Cluseret was here, though he did not stay long. Perhaps he really did not remember you. When he saw you before, you were a boy, and now you look like a young man. Or perhaps he did not wish to be cross-examined. He is pretty busy here just now, but in 1867 he was constantly backwards and forwards between Paris and London, trying to organize that Irish insurrection which never came off. England is not the only country he has visited on business of that kind, and he has many travelling names. He thinks it safer, for obvious reasons, to travel without luggage. If you had been able to open that leather case in the train, you would probably have found nothing in it except some maps, a toothbrush, and a spare revolver. Certainly that Irish affair was a *fiasco*; but depend upon it you will hear of General Cluseret again."

And so indeed I did, and so did the whole civilized world, and that within twelve months of the time of speaking; but there is no need to rewrite in this place the history of the Commune.

[The personal part of this narrative is fictitious; the rest is historical.]

VII

THE INNER SIDE OF A TRANSACTION

MR PERCY THORNTON, sometime M.P. for Clapham, has, like the rest of us, published a volume of reminiscences.[1] It is a very pleasant, chatty, and discursive book, ranging over genealogy, sport, athletics, naval history, Harrow, Cambridge, and the House of Commons. I am not attempting to review it, but I am impelled to reveal the inner side of a Parliamentary transaction, which, in its outward manifestations, made an indelible impression on Mr Thornton's mind.

I carefully observed Mr Gladstone during the increasing efforts he made to defy old age and rule over the House of Commons. They said that the Irish question somewhat circumscribed the field of his energies; but one remarkable exception must remain in the memory of everyone present when, on an evening devoted to private members' motions during the 1893 Session, the Prime Minister had undertaken to urge patience and moderation upon those of his supporters who demanded an immediate extinction of the opium traffic between India and China. The reason for the extra exertion was that Mr G. Russell was Under-Secretary for India, and also officially connected with the Anti-Opium Society.

[1] *Some Things we have Remembered* (Longmans).

I only pause to say that I was not connected, officially or otherwise, with the Anti-Opium Society, and I pass on to my narrative.

In fulfilment of a pledge to Ireland, Mr Gladstone devoted the Session of 1893 to the foredoomed Home Rule Bill. The summer was hot; the debates were exciting; the proceedings in Committee engrossed sixty-three sittings, and everybody was more or less exhausted and dispirited. On Thursday, 29th June, the House sat all through the night, discussing Gladstone's motion for closure by compartments, and adjourned at 3.45 on Friday morning. At 12 on Friday we met again for a morning sitting, concluded the debate, and carried the resolution. According to the practice of those days, the House rose at 7, to meet again at 9.

The subject for the evening's debate was, as Mr Thornton says, "The Opium Traffic between India and China." Mr Alfred Webb, M.P. for West Waterford, a Quaker and a Nationalist, had given notice of a motion condemning the traffic, root and branch, and reaffirming a resolution carried in 1891, to the effect that "the system by which the opium revenue is raised is morally indefensible." Mr Webb was, in general politics, a staunch supporter of the Government, but this was a matter of conscience, which overrode all questions of party allegiance. He might, very reasonably, have been allowed to make his motion without opposition from the Government. If he had carried it, nothing very serious would have

happened, for he proposed that a Commission should be sent to India to enquire into methods of repairing the loss to the revenue which the stoppage of the opium-traffic would cause, and things would soon have adjusted themselves. But this view did not commend itself to the Secretary of State for India, Lord Kimberley. That remarkable man was not, as the newspapers always dubbed him, a Whig, but a Utilitarian Radical of the toughest fibre. His mind was clear, direct, and logical in a high degree. Commonsense was his most conspicuous attribute, and with sentiment he could make no terms. His view of the opium question was this: India draws a revenue from the traffic. India is a poor country, and it would be a crime to make her poorer. If anyone can show me a way of raising a fresh revenue equal to that now produced by opium, well and good. But I must know for certain what that alternate revenue is to be, before I consent to sacrifice what we now possess. "A bird in the hand," etc. Of the considerations that weigh with missionaries, preachers, humanitarians, and members of the Society of Friends, he took no account.

As the duty of opposing Mr Webb and his friends would officially fall to me, I urged on Lord Kimberley what I knew of the views of the Liberal Party on the subject; for it seemed likely that, with a majority of forty all told, the Government might be beaten by a combination of Tories and Humanitarians. However, Lord Kimberley, who had never sat in the

House of Commons and was always inclined to hold it cheap, insisted that Webb's motion must be opposed, so far as condemnation of the traffic was concerned, though he was willing that the traffic should be "reduced" and that a Commission should be sent to enquire into the whole question of opium, its uses and abuses, production, and sale. Accordingly, on 28th June, I put down an amendment on these lines to Webb's motion (which was, technically, an amendment to the formal motion, "that the Speaker do now leave the chair,") but I very soon became aware that the proposals of the Government would not satisfy the anti-opium party, and that we must be prepared for a sharp tussle. All Thursday, and the morning session of Friday, were, as I have just stated, engrossed by the fierce debate on Mr Gladstone's motion for closure by compartments, commonly called "the guillotine"; but, during the afternoon of Friday, the Whips reported that the Government would probably be beaten if they opposed Webb's motion at the evening sitting. I held a brief consultation with Mr Gladstone, who, on surveying all the circumstances, came to the conclusion that we had better accept Webb's motion.

But this could not be done without Lord Kimberley's consent. "Will you," said Gladstone, "go across to the House of Lords, explain matters to Kimberley, and ask him to come to my room and talk it over?" So to the House of Lords I went, and Lord Kimberley came down to me at the Bar. When I had delivered

my message, he said, with characteristic directness: "I can't possibly leave the House. We are discussing Home Rule for Scotland, on a motion of Camperdown's, and I am just going to speak. But there is no reason for my seeing Gladstone. Nothing would be gained by discussion. If he accepts Webb's motion, I resign. Pray tell him so, with my kind regards," and bustled back to his seat. Returning to the House of Commons, I delivered my message. Gladstone was not much disturbed. "So," he said, "Kimberley holds a pistol to our heads—in the kindest and most gentlemanlike manner possible, but still a pistol. Well, never mind, we must just fight it. I will come down to the evening sitting, and speak; and now, please bring me any papers or books on the subject which you think I ought to read." Ten minutes afterwards, I left him in his private room behind the chair, poring over blue-books and reports and memoranda, like an undergraduate "mugging-up" for *viva voce*.

Just at seven we carried our "guillotine," and dispersed in search of dinner. Sharp on the stroke of nine, when the House resumed, Mr Gladstone reappeared on the Treasury Bench, with a flower in his button-hole, fresh and cheerful, and evidently full of fight. The question, "That Mr Speaker do now leave the chair," was put, and up rose good Mr Webb to move his amendment. He referred to the Resolution of 1891; he quoted Gladstone's famous speech on opium in 1840; and he dwelt, earnestly and long, on the moral considerations involved in the traffic.

It was a very good speech, and evidently made an impression on the House; but it was marred by one defect. Mr Webb resembled that orator whom the mob at the Eatanswill election recommended to "send a boy home to ask whether he hadn't left his voice under the pillow," and Mr Gladstone, who was extremely deaf, tried in vain to follow the speech. "What is this fellow saying? I can't hear a word —I can't hear a syllable," and gave up the attempt in despair.

Then followed the seconder of the amendment, Sir Joseph Pease, head of a family long and honourably distinguished by its hostility to the opium-traffic, and, if ever there was one, "a man weighted with piety." There was no difficulty about hearing Sir Joseph, who roundly and resonantly backed his brother-Quaker. "We attack to-day, as we have attacked before, the entire revenue derived by India from opium."

Then rose Mr Gladstone, full of candour, amenity, and the desire to make things easy all round. The best plan would be to withdraw the technical motion for getting the Speaker out of the chair. Then Mr Webb's amendment would become a substantive motion, and "My honourable friend near me" (G. W. E. R.) could move his amendment. Then came compliments to Mr Webb. The Prime Minister regretted the physical infirmity which had precluded him from following the honourable member's argument in detail. "I sympathize wholly with the general tone of his remarks, which, I think, tended

to elevate and purify the atmosphere of the House." But some points were vulnerable. Mr Webb had relied on the Resolution of 1891, but that Resolution was founded in great part on the testimony of "experts"; and it was a regrettable fact that "experts" were nearly always wrong, and had been so in various instances, which were now recited with scornful emphasis. As to the question now immediately before the House, the Prime Minister was no partisan. "I do not wish to bind the House. I do not say that the opium-traffic ought not to be extinguished. I wish to keep a perfectly free mind. Before I commit myself to the policy of extinction, I must know how it is to be done." Now he turned to Pease. He respected the honourable baronet's zeal, but questioned his methods. To demand the abolition of a source of revenue, and yet to put nothing in its place, might be an agreeable exercise of philanthrophy but it was not business-like—nay, it was even immoral. Again, we were prescribing for India without ascertaining the wishes of the people prescribed for. Opium had great value as a febrifuge, and it would be wrong to withhold it from those who needed it; though no one would deny that the trade with China had in times past been attended by enormous wrong-doing.

At this point let Mr Thornton resume his tale.

As an effort of denunciatory oratory, shaded by sorrowful regretfulness at the grasping un-Christian conduct of British statesmen in the past, those who were present declared with

one accord that they had never heard any forensic effort comparable. To myself, I must own a revelation was there and then vouchsafed of the foundation whereon was built the immense reputation of the Premier as an orator. . . . Let the reader then judge of the horror and dismay which visibly affected anti-opium enthusiasts when it was discovered that the orator's theme had led him gradually to disclose another side of the shield, or, in modern slang, gradually to climb down. . . . All this time, Sir Joseph Pease kept rising partially in his seat, and declaiming in deprecatory dumb-show with his hands, even once venturing upon a passing ejaculation of an indignant character; whereupon those near the Government benches were astonished to hear a *sotto voce* aside from Mr Gladstone of a simple and unparliamentary character: "Shut up, shut up." This has not found its way into Hansard; but, to such a rebuke, with some addition, had one of the most faithful of Mr Gladstone's supporters to submit.

I cannot vouch for the "simple and unparliamentary" aside, but my mind's eye retains a vivid picture of good Sir Joseph bobbing up and down in impotent wrath while Mr Gladstone emphasized his points with menacing forefinger. I think it was the accusation of immorality that most painfully affected Sir Joseph's conscience.

The obligation of strictness in financial proceedings belongs to a very high morality; and political morals cannot be upheld if financial laxity be allowed to come in and obscure the relationship between liabilities undertaken, and the means proposed for meeting them.

Turning at length from the discomfited Pease, the Prime Minister resumed his most moderate and conciliatory mood. After all, everyone in the House was, to a great extent, agreed. Mr Webb proposed a Commission to India. The Government proposed

the same thing. They desired as keenly as anyone to "reduce" the opium-traffic, but they were trustees for the revenue of India, and they felt that it would be to the advantage of all concerned if there were a full, exhaustive, and scientific enquiry into all the difficult problems with which the question of opium was so closely intertwined. He proposed, therefore, to adopt the amendment of which his honourable friend, the under-secretary, had given notice, and he now begged leave to move it.

When Mr Gladstone sat down Mr George Curzon, who had been Under-Secretary for India in the Tory Government, congratulated him, with evident sincerity, on the forcible argument and wide grasp of a difficult subject which he had displayed in the last hours of a week of tremendous labour. To Mr Curzon succeeded Mr Channing, Mr Naoroji, and Sir James Fergusson; but Mr Gladstone did not stay to listen. "I think," he said to me, "the bottom is knocked out of this; the division will be all right. I shall go to bed"—which he promptly did. When the division came, Mr Webb was beaten by seventy-nine votes; and the victory had been won, single-handed, by a man in his eighty-fourth year. Well might Mr Thornton be lost in admiration.

VIII

OXFORD

I

It is a terrible prerogative of genius to create permanent libels. For the libelled there is no question of damages, nor for any redress at law. Genius has, by some happy but perhaps unconsidered phrase, attached a particular character to a man, a place, or a thing; and, as long as the language is spoken, the character will stick. It is thus with the months. May is no "merrier" than any other month; nay, for gardeners and flower-lovers much less so, for it brings endless disappointments in the way of bitter east winds, parched soil, night-frosts, and ruined gardens. So May acquires from its proverbial epithet a character which it does not deserve; but, on the other hand, October has a grievance. The finest landscape of the Victorian age was labelled "Chill October"; and the epithet bestowed by genius became indelible. No doubt, in those northern regions where Millais loved to stalk and sketch, it was appropriate enough; but, for men of the Midlands and the South, October has always worn

a friendlier guise, and seems to deserve a more exhilarating epithet.

"Bright October" would seem to me a good deal nearer the mark than "chill." Our fathers called October "The Painter's Month." Gamboge and Indian yellow and burnt sienna will supply the prevailing tints, with a splash of vermilion here and there for the mountain ash, and lake for the Virginia creeper; and—above all—cobalt for the sky, which arches over us like a dome of sapphire melting into turquoise. The grass under our feet is still green, and, even after six months' drought, is beginning to be soft. The hedgerows and the woodlands seem decked with amber and topaz and ruby, and the heavy drops of last night's dew flash like a diamond necklace. The south wind blows gently, and to all the sweet smells of earth and vegetation there is added, when we near the abode of men, the winsome odour of brewing. But here memory makes no long stay, pressing on towards the forest of Scotch firs, where the pink bark gives off, under the joint influence of dew and sun, its fascinating fragrance. All round are picturesque scraps of heather and common, the blackberry-bushes all red and yellow in the hedges, and the bilberry bushes underfoot. And presently, through the aisles of the fir-wood, we emerge into a genuine bit of virgin forest, where beech and birch and the gaudy rowan display their strong rivalry of colour. Here come the hounds, winding through the dingle which lies between the forest and the road. The Master is evidently in

high spirits. "Plenty of the animal about, I hope?" "Ah! that's all right." "The hedges must be fearfully blind." "Pretty bad going in some places still," and so on, with seasonable pribbles and prabbles, as we move slowly homeward towards the distant kennels.

.

Hark! that horrid crash. The Duke of Omnium, no friend either to Reynard or to his pursuers, is shooting his covers.

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,

and a much better bird than what the rather maudlin young man in "Locksley Hall" was dreaming of. Well! well! The Duke may be sending me some pheasants later on; so I will keep my opinion of cover-shooting to myself, and will close my ears to the death-shriek of a wounded hare.

All this (barring the hare) is gay enough; but, though October is a month of exquisite beauty, it is wholly free from languor and *dolce far niente*. It does not invite to repose on grass and heather, nor encourage us to lie supine and watch the sailing clouds through the sun-pierced roof of the "nemorous temple." Its peculiar charm is that its very air breathes energy. It inspires even the lazy and the lethargic to bestir themselves, and "lift up their eyes unto the hills." October is at this moment exercising this wholesome spell on every school in England. Cricket, though unduly prolonged by an unnatural season, has ingloriously dribbled out; and football,

the rightful king of the schoolboy's winter, has come to claim his own. The present writer, though trained to play with a "hassock," under all sorts of erroneous rules about "three yards" and "off-side," and taught to call a goal a "base," is not ashamed to say that he would rather see a stoutly-contested fight at Rugby football than any other athletic contest in the world.

But King Football brings with him, I must confess, a suspicion of that quality which Millais expressed in "chill"; and Edward Bowen fixed it in a Harrow song:—

> October brings the cold weather down,
> When the wind and the rain continue:
> He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,
> And braces the languid sinew;
> So, while we have voices and lungs to cheer,
> And the winter frost before us,
> Come chant to the King of the mortal year
> And thunder him out in chorus.

But the frost is not yet, and before it sets in there is time to visit yet another scene where October shows its highest beauty. At Oxford, the blood-red creeper incarnadines towers and cloisters, "making the grey, one red"; and a new generation of "young barbarians," the very flower of English manhood, is entering on its four years of play. As I write, I seem to hear a shriek of angry protest from the villa-dotted "Parks," where the University Reformers mainly have their habitation. "Four years of play?" they cry. "Four years of work, you mean. Four years of anxious toil in the pursuit of culture, or at the

least in practical preparation for careers of active utility. People who talk of 'play' are living in the past. To-day in Oxford we worship the great goddess, 'Efficiency.'" It may be so, and the people who say it ought to know. But as long as Oxford remains what she is, and hundreds of young Englishmen flow into her every October from the Public Schools, I shrewdly suspect that play will make a good stand against efficiency. No less do I suspect that the plausible defenders of ancient abuses will continue to suggest, as they have done from the beginning, that a due attention to the one by no means precludes just participation in the other; and that, in effect, play is the strongest ally of efficiency.

In October 1836 Dr Arnold wrote thus to his favourite pupil, Arthur Stanley, then just returning to Oxford for the autumn Term:—

> Some of my most delightful remembrances of Oxford and its neighbourhood are connected with the scenery of the late autumn; Bagley Wood in its golden decline, and the green of the meadows reviving for a while under the influence of the Martinmas summer, and then fading finally off into its winter brown.

To Oxford-bred ears the name of Bagley Wood suggests something more substantial than the pleasures of landscape. For there the landowners—even the President and Fellows of St John's College—tenderly nurture the helpless youth of the timid pheasant; and, now that he has reached maturity and undergone a worthy death, no doubt they are sending him far and wide to members and friends of

their opulent society. "I presume," wrote Matthew Arnold to his friend Wyndham Slade, "I presume you are blazing away in your ancestral woods. Need I say that I am passionately fond of the Colchic bird? As for me, I shall never look along the deadly tube again, I expect; however, this will be no great blessing for the brute creation, as I never used to hit them." That was very becoming in a poet, who certainly ought to eschew blood-sports; but the majority of one's friends are not poetic; and manly prose is ever prone to pheasant-shooting. George IV., esteemed a great authority on the pleasures of sense, would not have shared Matthew Arnold's devotion to "the Colchic bird"; for he used to say that, if only a barndoor fowl cost as much as a pheasant, everyone would pronounce it a better thing. However, George IV. had impaired a naturally fine palate by the inconsiderate use of Curaçoa and punch; and I am by no means displeased when the Duke of Omnium shows that he has not forgotten old times.

With the Duke of Omnium's Compliments.
Gatherum Castle, Loamshire.
2 Brace of Pheasants. Killed on 6th October.

I detach the label thoughtfully, and lapse into meditation. Simply roasted? A little monotonous, and, if they are artificially fed, likely to be hard. Boiled, with celery sauce? No, that must be kept for February. *En casserole*—well, there is a great deal to be said for that process, because it combines

animal with vegetable food; but, before I commit myself, let me see what Dr Hunter says:—

> Stuff the inside of a cock pheasant with the lean part of a sirloin of beef minced small, and season with pepper and salt. The gravy coming from the beef diffuses itself through the flesh of the pheasant, thereby rendering it more juicy and tender.

This, when compared with the same author's recipe for partridges, sounds rather vapid; so I turn to Dr Hunter's rival oracle, the happily-named Dr Kitchener. But Kitchener apparently sided with his King:—

> The rarity of this bird is its best recommendation. Its flesh is naturally tough, and owes all its tenderness and succulence to the long time it is kept before it is cooked. Until it is *bien mortifiée* it is uneatable. Therefore suspend it by one of its long tail-feathers, and the pheasant's falling from it is the signal of its ripeness and readiness for the spit.

But to eat putrescent food, even when disguised under a French participle, is sheer savagery; so the casserole carries the day.

II

The ugly cry of "efficiency" (which, though it has been adopted by persons so eminently graceful as Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon, must surely have originated with Mr Gradgrind) reaches me from every corner of Oxford. Not only from the strongholds of Balliol and New College, but from the remotest Parks, from the heights of Headington and Boar's Hill, from the agreeable suburb of Summertown, come the clamant voices. "We are

efficient in philosophy." "We are efficient in science." "We are efficient in empire-building." "We are efficient as a school of statesmen." "We are, or are becoming, efficient as a school of medicine." "We train efficient Territorials, who will some day be efficient soldiers; and, if it must be admitted that we are efficient at athletics, that efficiency rather heightens than impairs our efficiency in other departments."

Now I dispute none of these claims. As far as I know they may all be perfectly sound; but I regret to hear them urged. Somehow, to my ear, Oxford and efficiency go ill together. Manchester and efficiency, if you like, or Birmingham and efficiency; or Leeds, or Cardiff. But the name of Oxford suggests to those who love her a more winning idea. To those who love her, I say; for I am well aware that she has her enemies, who murmur against the "Oxford sniff," "the Oxford snigger," and "the Oxford manner" generally; even as I once heard Mr W. E. Forster, that Philistine indeed, say in his wrath about a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, "One could have sworn without knowing it, that he was an Oxford Don." This dislike, though often, as in the instance quoted, based on imperfect knowledge, may yet perhaps point to some peculiarity in the sons of Oxford which marks them off from their fellow-men. What is that peculiarity? Henry Kingsley, himself an Oxford man, had his own idea of it, and also insisted that Chaucer had the same,

and that the type had not changed since the fourteenth century. What, he asked, are the popular opinions about Oxford and Cambridge now? The ideal Cambridge man is plodding, thrifty, quiet, diligent, solemn, wise. The ideal Oxford man is fantastic, noisy, extravagant, and given to practical jokes. Most of the "Joe Millers" for many years were laid at the door of "Oxford students." And then he turns back to the *Canterbury Tales* to show that the types are unchanged. "Compare Allan and John, the Cambridge lads who carried the wheat to Trumpington, with Hendy Nicholas and Soloman, the Oxford lads. . . . Was there ever such a perfect Oxford man as Soloman, with his love for gaudry, and his taste for private theatricals with an easy part and a fine dress?"

Henry Kingsley was a man of genius, and, in my judgment, a great writer of fiction; but surely he missed the mark in his description of the typical Oxford man. (On Cambridge I do not presume to dogmatize.) Let us take the epithets one by one. Is the Oxford man fantastic? Well, perhaps, in some of his opinions, Yes. He lives in a "home," not, as was said in a famous passage, "of lost causes," but of causes which have again and again emerged victorious, when Philistinism and Convention had rejoiced over their discomfiture. But "noisy"? Surely no, except at a bump-supper; and boating conviviality is not confined to Oxford. Noisiness is quite inconsistent with the "Oxford sniff," and the "Oxford snigger,"

and the "Oxford manner" generally. They require for their display an icy calm, and an air which says, as plainly as words could say it, that nothing is really worth much fuss, but, if anything were, it would be the ignorance displayed by the last speaker. Extravagant? If Kingsley was thinking of pecuniary extravagance, his remark would have applied just as well to any other society of men not obliged to work for their living. If he meant literary extravagance—the Corinthian style of utterance,—the memories of Newman and Church and Arnold and Jowett would rise up to contradict him. Yet again, practical joking? Some colour is lent to the allegation by a passage in the first chapter of *Kenilworth* as well as in more modern fiction; but the most successful instances of that abominable pleasantry in our time were perpetrated, one at Cambridge and the other on board a man-of-war. And then, again, "Gaudry" and private theatricals? As to "Gaudry," it is a fact even painfully notorious that the pride of the Oxford undergraduate at the present day is to be dressed as shabbily, as untidily, and as incongruously as possible; and, as to theatricals, why Cambridge had her "A.D.C." and her Frank Burnand forty years before the Oxford University Dramatic Society made the first fame of that admirable comedian who is now Father Adderley.

No. The offence of the "Oxford manner" is not in extravagance or boisterousness, or love of finery, or of showing-off. It is of quite a different kind. It consists,

if I know it, in a calm assurance, a quiet but immovable conviction, never expressed but never forgotten, that Oxford is by far the greatest thing of its kind in the Universe, and that to belong to it, however feeble one's powers, however petty one's attainments, lifts one—

> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call Earth.

Even an Oxford man can conceive that this manner may not be wholly acceptable to those who were reared in other shades; but, if it offend us, let us not reason of it, but regard it, and pass on.

Dismissing manner, and turning to more essential characteristics, what is the idea which Oxford suggests? Is it grace? Is it amenity? Is it the sense for beauty, the hatred for rawness and valgarity? Is it a disinterested zeal for truth, a real desire to see things as they are? Is it a chivalrous devotion to the weaker side? Is it a generous tolerance of opinions which we do not share?

I protest that my ideal of Oxford, and of the typical Oxford man, includes all these attributes; and, where these are present, the character is fairly near perfection, and there is no crying need for efficiency. Not that I would unduly disparage that useful but pedestrian quality. If the Oxford man, as I conceive of him and have tried to describe him—the true Euphues,—can superadd efficiency to his other virtues, he will perhaps be a more valuable citizen; but he will not be a more agreeable member of society. And, if he puts efficiency first among his

aims, and takes it for granted that the more spiritual graces will be added to him, he will find—or rather, perhaps I should say, his friends will find—that Oxford does not impart her richest gifts to those who serve her with a divided devotion.

I suppose there is something impalpable and elusive about the true spirit of Oxford—something which, like the rainbow, one can see, but not grasp. For not otherwise can I account for the fact that, when so many authors have set out to describe undergraduate life at Oxford, not one has succeeded. Henry Kingsley, whom I have already quoted, tried his hand in *Stretton* and *Ravenshoe*, and seems, as I have just said, to miss the mark. Tom Hughes endeavoured to make Tom Brown the schoolboy grow naturally into Tom Brown the undergraduate, but failed through his undue tendency to preach. *Loss and Gain* is a work of genius, but theology never mixes well with fiction. *Hugh Heron* and *Fawcit of Balliol* are perhaps nearer the mark. *Downy V. Green*, which depicts the adventures of a Rhodes Scholar, is excruciatingly funny. *Keddy* dealt with a seamier side of Oxford life; and *The Compleat Oxford Man*, just published, has been described as a "cinema-show" of Oxford up to date. In discussing this theme Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch drops, for once, into what seems like paradox, and affirms that, after all is said and done, "*Verdant Green* marks the nearest approach yet made to a representative Oxford novel." If asked to give reasons for this judgment, he will reply that, in

the first place, *Verdant Green* is youthful and high-spirited—essential qualities in a book which would describe what Lord Houghton called "our favoured school of learning and larking"; and, in the second, because it conveys some sense of the "glamour" of Oxford. "You may argue that glamour is an illusion which will wear off in time. To this I answer that, while it lasts, this glamour is just as much a fact as the *Times* newspaper or St Paul's Cathedral, and until you recognize it for a fact and feature of the place, and allow for it, you have not the faintest prospect of realizing Oxford. Her glamour is for him to catch who can, whether in prose or rhyme."

Most Oxford men would, I think, agree that the man who taught that "glamour" most effectively in prose was Matthew Arnold; and Sir Arthur himself—the beloved "Q" of *The Oxford Magazine*—has done the same in verse. To those names I must add that of Mr St John Lucas, who, in *The Return*, has given us a poem about Oxford, which is truly interpretative. Space forbids to quote it in full, and to choose one's favourite verses seems to disparage the rest, but it must be done:—

I will go up on Cumnor height
 Amid the early mist,
And watch the city change to white
 Her spires of amethyst.

Easy and beautiful the path
 That leads to her below;
O short and beautiful the path,
 But yet I will not go.

O Men who tread the ancient ways
About the lovely town,
Fair be your sojourn, long your days!
But my Men have gone down.

The elms are bare, the creepers die
In scarlet on the wall:
It is a place of ghosts, and I
Am ghostlier than all.

III

You have given us so admirably Oxford as the gownsman sees it, that even a Manchester man can feel something of its glamour. But what is Oxford to the *townsman*? Is it a glamorous place to him?—Yours, etc., A SON OF THE DIOCESE.

Before I attempt to answer the question — so agreeably put, — I ponder on the signature. It certainly is wide enough. The Diocese of Oxford— for that, I presume, is "the Diocese" to which my friend refers — covers the three large counties of Oxon, Bucks, and Berks. My friend may therefore spring from the fat pastures of the Vale of Aylesbury, or the woodlands of Whaddon Chase, or the beech-clad recesses of the Chilterns; from the "distant Wychwood bowers" or the "warm, green-muffled Cumnor Hills"; from the slopes of the White Horse, or the breezy uplands of the Ridgeway, upon which Mr Chesterton, in his latest ballad, has conferred a fresh immortality. Something, though perhaps not much, depends on these alternatives. If the "Son of the Diocese" belonged by birth to its remoter districts, Oxford may be little more than a name to him; for a Bishop, unless he be a Wilberforce, is a rather flimsy

bond between three counties, and there is nothing beyond this diocesan unity to make a son of North Bucks or South Berks feel at home in Oxford. But, if a man was born somewhere within sight of the "Dreaming Spires," or even near enough to know by report the fairyland out of which they spring, he must perforce feel something of that "glamour" which the poet and the essayists extol. "His father had told him that, just beyond those darking wolds, lay the most beautiful city in the whole world. 'How far off?' asked the boy. 'Fifteen mile, across through Ipsden. A matter of eight and twenty by Benson and Dorchester.' 'It isn't Seville, is it? Of course it is not. Seville is the finest town in the world.' 'Oxford beats it hollow.'" Henry Kingsley, who knew the district and its inhabitants, puts this dialogue into the mouths of two peasants looking out on the wolds of Oxfordshire from the towering summit of Boisey Hill, near Maidenhead; my experience leads me to think that he was right, and that the "glamour" of Oxford extends, from its centre at Carfax, to a wide circumference.

But the "Son of the Diocese" may urge that he asked me not about the county, but about the city, of Oxford. "What is Oxford to the *townsman*? Is it a glamorous place to him?" Here my answer is quite positive. *Yes*—and yes a hundred times. I have known Oxford and the people who dwell there for forty years, and I should say that the townsman loves his town with a passionate love. Broadly

speaking, no one willingly leaves Oxford. Those who are born there know their blessings, and remain, all their life long, in the delicious surroundings where Providence placed them. If by exigencies of trade or profession they are driven away for a space, they return like homing pigeons. They have indeed heard of London, and many of them have seen it; but they all dislike it. Perhaps Oxford has bewitched them with her "glamour," or entangled them in her mesh. Anyhow, she has made them hers. The "townsman" loves his town, or rather the citizen his city. But the relations of the City to the University, of the Town to the Gown, are rather more complicated. Some fifty years ago, Dr Jeune, then Vice-Chancellor, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, speaking at the Mayor's banquet, tried to draw a moral from the city's name. "Just consider its derivation. If *Ox-ford*, or *Oxen-ford*, had not become the site of a university, what would it probably still have been but a resting-place for a few cattle-drovers? But, under the influence of the university, it has become a city of palaces, of towers, and trees, and pleasant waters."

The relations between the City and the University resemble the relations between Labour and Capital. Neither could do much without the other; but which of the two contributes most to the alliance is a highly contentious question. The gownsmen may say, with perfect truth, that the university made Magdalen Tower and the Radcliffe Dome, the Lime Walk at Trinity, and the gardens of Wadham. But the

townsman may reply that the Parish Churches which dominate the peerless High Street are to the full as beautiful as Oriel or Brasenose; that the proud Isis and the lilied Cherwell owe nothing to Doctors and Proctors; and that "Tom" sent his melodious note across the fields from Osney Abbey long before Wren built his belfry at Christ Church.

Whether in the eyes of the townsman the actual presence of the gownsman adds to, or detracts from, the amenities of the place is also a disputable point. Everyone who knows Oxford through fiction knows all about the Fifth of November as celebrated there, and the strange outbreaks of chartered barbarism which, in the old days of "town-and-gown rows," used to signalize that night. I well remember that a worthy citizen with whom I lodged once said to me, "Our mob"—that is, the townsmen's mob—"is a very savage one," and certainly there was a good deal to justify his verdict. It was permissible to imagine that, in these annual outbreaks of senseless violence, the young citizens were, all unconsciously, exacting vengeance for long-forgotten insults inflicted in darker ages by the alien youths who frequented the university on the artificers and merchants of the town. That, of course, is conjectural; but what is certain is that an undergraduate always found it very difficult to make friends with a townsman. It was the constant teaching of Ruskin and Tom Hughes and the two Kingsleys that difference of station and occupation ought to be no bar to a genuine friend-

ship. Under their guidance many an undergraduate has tried to establish such a friendship as subsisted between Lancelot Smith and Tregarva, or between "Egerton's Brother" and Egerton himself. But again and again the effort has been frustrated by some strange survival from the old tradition of natural enmities; and the undergraduate has learnt that the townsman regards with a profound, and perhaps not unreasonable, suspicion the advances of rich and idle youths, who use his city as a play-place, and, when their four years' fun is over, disappear to whence they came. This mistrustful estrangement of class from class, always and everywhere deplorable, is specially to be deplored in a university; and I rejoice to know that at this moment Oxford is making one more effort in the direction of brotherhood. There lies before me as I write a strong statement of the mischief of estrangement and a suggestion for remedying it. "To set class against class is imputed as the greatest of crimes to a politician — to bridge the gulf between classes is certainly the greatest of social duties." It is admitted on all hands that we are now confronted by social problems of formidable urgency; and some of those who observe the signs of the times believe that among the privileged classes there is "a quickened conscience and a livelier feeling of responsibility." Of this I am not so very sure. I should have said that, under the poisonous influence of the South African War, with its combined evils of jingoism

and money-worship, our zeal for social reform had palpably declined. "The Christian Social Union," asserting the Gospel as the rule of social life, was a natural product of forces at work between 1880 and 1890; but would scarcely have sprung from the mental soil of to-day. If it be true that zeal for social service is reviving, I pray that Oxford may once again bear her part in that highest of endeavours. "Oxford by itself tends to be something of a hothouse. It provides unlimited opportunity for theory, but a very limited range of experience. Such theory is apt to be abstract, thin, and inadequate to life; and, perhaps, this is why the Oxford man, 'who only Oxford knows,' so often makes an unfavourable impression on the outsider, and why the term, 'Oxford manner,' is not always used in a complimentary sense."

All this is terribly true; but is it remediable, and, if so, what is the remedy? It might seem that the most obvious course would be for men, while they are undergraduates at Oxford, to make themselves acquainted with the lives and homes of the mean streets and hidden slums which lurk behind the manifest glories of "the High" and "the Broad." But beyond question this is difficult. In the first place, the Term only lasts eight weeks, and it is a bad plan to be always dropping work and taking it up again. Then the undergraduate has to contend with the suspiciousness of which I have already spoken; or he meets, to his disgust, that parasitical

spirit which regards a gownsman as its lawful prey. Then, again, there is the difficulty of combining social work with fixed studies and the requirements of examinations. A man who by "slumming" loses his First and gets a Third, ultimately injures the cause which he is trying to serve. And yet, once more, work among the poor tends to separate a man from the companions of his own class and type, and, by interfering with friendship, robs him of the richest boon which Oxford has to give. Men who have passed the undergraduate stage, and have settled themselves for good in the service of the university, can indeed take their part, with excellent result, in the life of the city. Let the names of T. H. Green in the past, and the Rev. L. R. Phelps in the present, illustrate what I mean. But for the undergraduate who wishes to know the life of the poor as it really is, and so to train himself for good citizenship, the university "Settlements" in London and other great towns offer the readiest opportunity. "The university Settlements are organizations specially contrived to create in the university a knowledge of the facts of the social problem, and to establish that permanent and active connexion between the university and the poorer classes, without which such knowledge is fruitless, if not impossible."

From a term of residence at a "Settlement" men come back to Oxford "triumphantly certain of the enormous good which they have gained." They have acquired an insight into the facts of life which

not all the blue-books in the world could convey. It is now more than twenty years since a desire to acquire this insight, and to impart in return some of the blessings which Oxford's sons have received from her, led to the foundation of Oxford House in Bethnal Green. It has had its followers and imitators all over London, and together they have rendered glorious service. Yet, we are told, the Oxford men of to-day take less interest than their predecessors took in these characteristic products of Oxford; and for that reason men whose hearts are in the social question are making a special appeal to the better mind of the undergraduate world.

To bridge the social gulf is a work to which Oxford is definitely committed. She has been so closely connected with the origin of Settlements in the past that on her lies a special duty of maintaining them in the present. For those to whom her continuous corporate life is a real thing, the task of continuing and extending their work is not optional but obligatory. This generation inherits both the privilege and the duty.

The appeal is clinched by the bold suggestion that some personal experience of life at a Settlement should be regarded as a normal part of an Oxford education. "The true question which everyone should ask himself is not, Have I any clear reason for going? but, Have I any clear reason for staying away?"

IV

A correspondent says that "Oxford as an institution has its dark side"; and apparently he thinks that its bright side has been too exclusively considered.

"Age after age," he says, "men have been rearing this thing of emotional power, and I would that you showed your numberless audience something of the stern realities of consequences of youthful tendencies. How easy it is to give way in our likes to the 'glamour' of things! *But real men don't.*" And then my friend makes this startling request: "Please tell us what Oxford is to the man who is in earnest; *say, to General Booth*, or any other man you may be able to interpret."

This passage really teems with suggestiveness, and the area of discussion which it opens is wide indeed. "The man who is in earnest" either has, or has not, been connected with Oxford. If he has, we can trace the softening and beautifying effects of the university on his already strenuous character; if not, we can speculate on what he would have been if Oxford rather than Homerton or Cheshunt had been his nursing mother. In the former case we can illustrate our theme by reference to concrete examples, such as Dr Horton, of Hampstead. In the latter, we can fall back upon the pleasures of imagination. "William Booth, of Balliol," would make a capital companion story to "Hugh Heron, of Christ Church"; and for more serious-minded readers the enquiry might take the form of dissertation—"What would have been the effect of Loder's on the Life and Ministry of C. H. Spurgeon?" or "Hugh Price Hughes considered in relation to the Oxford Movement."

It certainly is not news to me, and I should scarcely

think it is news to my readers, that "Oxford as an institution has its dark side." That side is perceptible in everything that has been written about Oxford, prose and verse, theology and fiction, though Memory dwells more willingly on the brighter side, and Hope naturally looks towards the sunrise. Oxford is an enchanted and inspiring world; but the darker side is always there; and at Oxford, as elsewhere, experience reveals the hidden tragedy which waits upon the brightest aspects of human life.

"Age after age," says the critic, "men have been rearing this thing of emotional power," and the context seems to mean that this "emotional power" may have some injurious effect on the hearts which feel it. Probably this is true, and the ethical Dryasdust (own brother to the famous antiquary of the same name) is never tired of telling us that the emotions, untempered by reason and unregulated by will, are dangerous guides. From eighteen to twenty-two, I suppose, our emotions are in their most excitable state; our reason is blinded by passion, and our will is only half-developed. Coming from the restraints of home or school to the almost complete liberty of Oxford, it is easy enough for a lad to make shipwreck. Liberty is the most exhilarating draught that the soul can drink; but, unless it is swallowed with due care and preparation, it may bewilder and even intoxicate. A man deeply versed in the knowledge of young hearts, alike at Public Schools and at the Universities, once spoke thus, at Oxford, to the typical undergraduate who,

meaning everything that is good and upright, has failed through mere weakness—perhaps an uncontrolled emotionalism:—

> Unawares, under influence, through mere thoughtlessness, for want of one grain of firmness, you have wasted your time, you have failed in your examination, you have run into debt, you have secrets which you cannot tell, your life is a spoilt life, you talk sometimes as if you wished it gone. Death, death literal and self-inflicted, has sometimes been the stream from this spring.

The "dark side" of Oxford, on which my friend insists, is sufficiently indicated in the words just quoted; but they do not exhaust the possibilities of Tragedy. Oxford holds, for all who belong to her, those trials which St Paul taught his Corinthian friends to reckon as "human"—incidental to the common lot of man,—and, besides these, some special trials of her own.

> Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon,
> Bright day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon;
> Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft,
> Companions of early days, lost or left—

these are the everyday topics of pensive retrospection. But, in addition to all these, Oxford has the tragedies which belong to her specially as a place of thinking—tragedies of mental darkness and the eclipse of faith; tragedies of comradeship perverted into enmity; tragedies of changed sides and lost leadership; tragedies of conviction, which have reversed the whole purpose and meaning of a life.

Even in these tragedies of the intellect and the

conscience, emotionalism may have its part. If we have been passionately in love with our beliefs, it is agony to part with them. If we have sworn ourselves to a particular standard we cannot unmoved see it go down; if we have built our hopes upon a friend we resent his conversion to the other side as a personal injury. But I cannot see—as the critic seems to think—that "Oxford without the glamour" would be a more valuable possession to the nation than Oxford as she is. Surely it makes for the elevation of national life that there should be a place where English citizens learn, while they are quite young, to cultivate romance, to believe in ideals, to cherish dreams, which, though they may be illusory, are golden while they last; or to give themselves with self-forgetting ardour even to causes which later life may show to have been mistaken. "Oxford without the glamour"—an Oxford of red brick and straight avenues, electric trams and overhead wires — an Oxford snorting efficiency and boycotting the emotions—would have tragedies of its own, and would, I firmly believe, have infinitely less influence for good upon the life of England.

"How easy," says the critic, "how easy it is to give way in our likes to the 'glamour' of things! *But real men don't.*" Don't they? I respectfully dissent. It is "the glamour" of things that inspires great discoverers, like Livingstone and Sturt and Eyre, to wring Nature's secrets from her at the peril of their own lives. It is "glamour" that enlists

such warriors of the Cross as St Francis Xavier and Henry Martyn and John Coleridge Patteson. It is the glamour of a glorious though mistaken patriotism which draws young Englishmen, by an irresistible attraction, from the sanctities and the serenities of home to the living hell of war. The discoverer and the missionary and the soldier may, indeed, be victims of a strong delusion, but, in spite of the critic, I hold them to be "real men."

"Please tell us what Oxford is to the man who is in earnest?" Let the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century and the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth—which have between them changed the face of English-speaking Christendom — be the first to answer. Let the incessant stream of vigorous intellects and stout hearts which year by year pours out of Oxford into the active service of the State make reply, telling what each of those heads and hearts has owed to Oxford. "What Oxford is to the man who is in earnest" Whitefield and the Wesleys, Keble, Pusey, Newman, and Liddon have told us. "The man who is in earnest"—do we forget Thomas Arnold and Arthur Stanley and Frederick Maurice and Tom Hughes? "The man who is in earnest"—to whom, in these later days, does that title so rightly belong as to Gladstone, with whom every belief was a religious faith and every act of life a work for God? And this is what Gladstone said of Oxford even when she had abandoned him: "I have loved her with a passionate

love." A quarter of a century later his loyalty was still undimmed: "There is not a man who has passed through that great and famous university that can say with more truth than I can say—'I love her from the bottom of my heart.'" From his deathbed this "man who was in earnest" sent this final benediction: "There is no expression of Christian sympathy which I value more than that of the God-fearing and God-sustaining University of Oxford. I served her, perhaps mistakenly, but to the best of my ability. My most earnest prayers are hers, to the uttermost and to the last."

V

A friendly reader, not tired of this inexhaustible theme, makes a suggestion—Oxford from the point of view of the outside struggler—*e.g.* "Jude the Obscure," *i.e.* the case of self-taught men, with a thirst for culture, who feel that their spirits' true home is Oxford, and yet never can force their way through her doors.

> "It is a city of light," said Jude to himself.
>
> "The tree of knowledge grows there," he added a few steps further on.
>
> "It is a place that teachers of men spring from and go to."
>
> "It is what we call a castle, manned by scholarship and religion."
>
> After this figure he was silent a long while, till he added:
>
> "It would just suit me."

I am grateful to my friend, if only for sending me back to this remarkable though saddening book. My

"Commentary on Jude" and his experiences shall be my answer to my friend's enquiry.

The longings of an impecunious youth for the blessings of a University Education have often been treated in fiction. Farrar and Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes have all tried their hands on the theme, which indeed makes a potent appeal to all generous natures. The love of Oxford in particular, as it might affect a shepherd's boy on the Berkshire wolds, was pictured by Henry Kingsley, whose more famous brother had laid the scene of his story at Cambridge. There are some points in which Mr Hardy's book recalls both *Alton Locke* and *Silcote*, but the essential pathos of his story is all his own.

Jude Fawley was self-taught—self-taught in the intervals of a laborious trade, and self-taught to a point of familiarity with the classics which was, to say the least of it, unusual. He has set his heart on being a clergyman, some day perhaps a Bishop, "living a pure, energetic, wise, Christian life," and giving away £4500 out of his £5000 a year. With this end in view he resolves to settle in Oxford (which Mr Hardy perversely calls by another name), work at his trade there, save money, and then—"One of those colleges *shall* open its doors to me—*shall* welcome whom it now would spurn; if I wait twenty years for the welcome." And so, with his stone-cutting tools in his bag, he marches, through his native Wessex, into Oxford—"a species of Dick Whittington, whose spirit was touched to finer issues

than a mere material gain." He soon obtained employment at his craft, and in his leisure wandered about the quadrangles and lanes and cloisters of which he had read so much, evoking as he went the spirits of the men who had long ago made Oxford famous. What Mr Hardy calls the "sentiment" of Oxford and what others call her glamour, "ate further and further into him; till he probably knew more about those buildings, materially, artistically, and historically, than any one of their inmates. But now, when he found himself actually on the spot of his enthusiasm, Jude perceived how far away from the object of that enthusiasm he really was. Only a wall divided him from those happy young contemporaries of his with whom he shared a common mental life; men who had nothing to do from morning till night but to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Only a wall—but what a wall!" How to surmount, or pierce, or undermine the wall became now the object of poor Jude's life. As he gazed into the space beyond, he said: "Let me only get there, and the rest is but a matter of time and energy." But how to get there? He soon came to see quite clearly that to obtain entrance to a college by open scholarships or exhibitions was impossible for a man who had only the fag-ends of hard-working days for study, competing with "those who had passed their lives under trained teachers and had worked on ordained lines." The alternative plan was to save money enough to cover all his expenses, and

enter a college by simple matriculation, for which his equipment of scholarship was adequate; but he soon realized that, at the rate at which, with the best of fortune, he would be able to save money, fifteen years must elapse before he would be able to matriculate. "The undertaking was hopeless." By degrees he came to the conclusion that "this hovering outside the walls of the colleges, as if expecting some arm to be stretched out from them to lift him inside, wouldn't do." His next step was to choose five of the most appreciative and far-seeing men among the Heads of Colleges, to whom he wrote letters, "briefly stating his difficulties, and asking their opinion on his stranded situation." Four of the Heads took no notice of his letters. The master of Biblioll College wrote as follows :—

SIR,—I have read your letter with interest, and, judging from your description of yourself as a working man, I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade than by adopting any other course. That, therefore, is what I advise you to do.—Yours faithfully, T. TETUPHENAY.

To Mr J. Fawley, stonemason.

With the rest of poor Jude's frustrated and hapless life this chapter has no concern. Let me turn back to the questions which started it :—"What is Oxford from the point of view of the outside struggler, such as 'Jude the Obscure?' Is the attitude of Dr Tetuphenay a typical one?"

(1) What Oxford is to the "outside struggler," who wishes to belong to the university, is, I suppose,

pretty well known to many of my readers. The struggler feels as Jude felt, that, once inside the wall, he could fulfil all his ambitions—perhaps ambitions of service, perhaps of mere fame and opulence. Sometimes the struggler obtains what he desires. The "educational ladder" has long been a favourite ideal with social reformers, and boys are climbing it every day. When a more fortunate Jude has made his way, by scholarship or exhibition, into a college, I believe that he is always received with open arms. Oxford is a place alive with generous emotions, and undergraduates who have had their way made for them regard with genuine admiration the cleverness and energy and perseverance which have carried Jude over the wall into the desired enclosure.

But how does an unsuccessful Jude—a Jude who has had no particular schooling and is therefore hopelessly disqualified for competition with highly-taught boys—how does he regard Oxford? I fear rather bitterly. He sees these large endowments, and beautiful buildings, and generous institutes of all kinds, designed long ago by religion or patriotism for the service of the poor. He knows that from these advantages he is hopelessly excluded; and there is gall in the thought that three-fourths of the lucky youths who now enjoy what was meant for his birthright are absolutely indifferent to their intellectual opportunities, and regard Oxford as a glorious play-place—only that, and nothing more. The Bishop of Oxford seemed to have this thought

in mind when on the 30th of April 1912 he addressed the League of Young Liberals on "Industrial Unrest." Surely there can be no more disturbing reflection for the young and ardent minds of an industrial population than that educational advantages for which they vainly long are daily squandered in waste and idleness. When we hear of a millionaire's son who leaves the university owing forty thousand pounds, it is natural to say that he might as well have done his squandering elsewhere, and left Oxford for such as would know how to make use of her gifts. The annals of Ruskin College would, I fancy, teach the same lesson.

(2) "Is the attitude of Dr Tetuphenay a typical one?" I should say that it is characteristic rather than typical. I mean that the letter is precisely what the Head, who is nicknamed Tetuphenay, would, under the circumstances, have written; but a good many Heads would have answered differently.

The real Tetuphenay worshipped success. He had a most unevangelical hatred and contempt for failure. To succeed, to attain, to "come off"—this was, in Tetuphenay's mind, the real good of human life. Failure, in whatever line, was to be scorned, not pitied. He was, according to his lights, sincerely benevolent; and, if a half-educated stonemason, already older than the general run of freshmen, had proposed to enter Biblioll College with a view to success in one of what are called "the learned professions," the Master would certainly have dis-

couraged him. He would have felt that such an undergraduate would not be sufficiently successful in the schools to secure a Fellowship; would have, after leaving Oxford, to starve at the Bar or slave at Journalism; and would never come near the front rank in anything (the idea of Holy Orders Tetuphenay would have disregarded). Whereas, if the stonemason stuck to his stonemasonry, he might make money enough to live comfortably, and buy a few books, and perhaps might attain a leading position in his trade, become a Trades Union official, or even some day an M.P. The advice would have been honestly given, and not unkindly meant. Of course, if Jude had been a really remarkable scholar, or metaphysician, or mathematician, or scientist, Tetuphenay would have welcomed him with ardour; would have watched his career at every point, and have trained him for the highest honours; but Tetuphenay had no use for mediocrity.

Other Heads would have behaved differently. They would all have been alike in welcoming first-rate ability, whether it came from the pit or the plough-tail; but mediocrity would have been handled differently by different men. Some would have enjoyed the sense of patronage; would have made the entrance examination as easy as possible, would very likely have found money for college fees; and would have revelled in the knowledge that they had a sentient creature bound and helpless in their grasp. To establish a kind of property in a penniless student,

and to make him the subject of fads and experiments, is to some minds a keen delight. Others would have persuaded themselves that Jude was something quite out of the common. They would have been, as indeed I should be, amazed by his range of knowledge acquired under such profound disadvantages, and they would have clung to the belief that they had discovered a genius, "in a white blouse, with stone-dust in the creases of his clothes," until the genius turned out to be nothing superhuman, and then they would have been disappointed and disagreeable. Yet, again, there are some—but the excellent must always be the few—who would have combined the commonsense of Dr Tetuphenay with intellectual insight and the spirit of Christian brotherhood. I could fancy such an one saying to Jude: "It is a serious thing to change one's profession, even though it be the humblest. Therefore, weigh well the step which you are contemplating. If, on full reflection, you decide to become an undergraduate, I will take all your disadvantages into account, and if I see the signs of a mind at work in your papers, I will try to get you admitted. As to expenses, I have access to a fund out of which some small grant might be made; and perhaps by working at your trade in the vacations you might make a little for yourself. Anyhow, you apply to us in the name of Brotherhood,

> And our free latch-string never was drawn in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

IX

CAMBRIDGE

A YOUNG man of great possessions but less intelligence once heard in casual conversation some reference to "The Isis." Being not the least ashamed of ignorance, he cheerfully enquired: "The Isis; what is that? Is it a river?" "Oh, yes; don't you know? It's what the Thames is called at Oxford." "Really? What is it called at Cambridge?"

That artless youth, with his pardonable vagueness about the universities—pardonable, for he was not a university man but a Hussar—was recalled to my memory by the following letter:—

> After Oxford, may I ask if you will tell us something about Cambridge, especially with regard to its influence on the Liberal thought and action of the nation?

This request makes me feel rather like the Hussar. My friends have a right to whatever I can give them; so I comply, but not without misgiving. If this volume chances to fall into the hands of a Cambridge man, he will snort defiance and contempt. Probably he will remind me that the Hussar was at least conscious of his own ignorance,

and, instead of attempting to impart knowledge, sought humbly to acquire it. "Ignorance," said Mr Gladstone, "is often pardonable, but pretension is always despicable."

The thesis propounded by my friend divides itself naturally into two parts—(1) "Something about Cambridge," and (2) "It's influence on Liberal thought and action." In attempting to discuss the first part, I must avow myself frankly a partisan, and a partisan whose prejudices were contracted some forty years ago. On my lips, "Something about Cambridge" must mean something of what we Oxford men thought about Cambridge soon after the middle of the nineteenth century. No doubt it was a tissue of delusions, but I have no difficulty in recalling it. In the first place, we thought that Cambridge men were roughs—that they smoked strong pipes and drank too much beer; that they delighted in the company of bargees, and in the lower forms of sport; and that even their highest attainments in scholarship and science were concealed from view by a studied rudeness. Dean Stanley, himself the fine flower of Oxford culture, wrote, about a brother-clergyman, that he had "some of the savage qualities of the Cantabrigians." We at Oxford prided ourselves on our refinement and good manners, and even Thackeray (who disliked us) was careful to point out that the foolish Mr Fitzroy Timmins was "an Oxford man, and very polite." When that fearfully precocious youth, Edward Gibbon, went up to Magdalen College, Oxford, he found the

Dons of that glorious place "steeped in port and prejudice"; but they did not drink beer. When the Oxford tutor, in Henry Kingsley's delightful tale of *Stretton*, desires to worm a secret out of his unsuspecting pupil, he asks him to supper, and plies him with White Hermitage, saying: "You won't find any beer here, Maynard; that infernal compound of malt, hops, and raw beef, which is good for nothing but to irritate the temper, and which accounts for so much of our national history."

But, just when Kingsley was writing that pungent sentence, a bright light of the University of Cambridge —the incomparable "C. S. C."—was singing a very different strain—

> Say, what is Coffee, but a noxious berry,
> Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
> What is Falernian, what are Port and Sherry,
> But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache?
> He that would shine, and petrify his Tutor,
> Should drink draught Allsopp in its native pewter.

In that contrast you have the difference between Oxford and Cambridge as we then understood it.

As regards external characteristics, I was quoting the other day from Chaucer to show that, five centuries ago, smart clothing, and a tendency to "show off," were regarded as typical of Oxford men. The smart clothing, or at least a scrupulous neatness, lasted into my own time; whereas we believed that Cambridge men habitually ran about their town (Oxford is a City) with bare legs and shrunk flannels, and that

the wearer of a tall hat, even on Sundays, would soon find it bashed about his ears.

As regards more important characteristics, our sublime self-complacency bore us triumphantly through. We firmly believed that our ethical standard was infinitely higher than that of Cambridge, and we used to observe, with a truly Pharisaic satisfaction, that there was no district of Oxford which at all corresponded to Barnwell. Now, all this was probably great nonsense; but we, who believed it, were not really much to blame. All we knew about Cambridge was drawn from novels written by Cambridge men, and those authors were certainly at some pains to display the seamy side of Cambridge life and character. Thackeray did his best to be impartially disagreeable as between the two universities; but, when he was narrating the adventures of Pen and George Warrington, and Harry Foker and Lord Glenlivat, we knew very well that his "Oxbridge" was to be found on the banks of the Cam. Indeed, "Stunning Warrington," with his beer and his pipe and his mathematics, his victory over Bill Simes the bargeman, and his partiality for "the Miss Notleys, the haberdashers," might have stood, in Oxford eyes, for a type of Cambridge. *Sketches of Cantabs*—an extraordinarily clever little book of pen-and-ink caricatures—gives the lighter side of what seemed a disagreeable society. The chapters afterwards expurgated from *Alton Locke* were written with the express purpose of showing Cambridge at

its worst; and Dr Farrar, in *Julian Home*, drew a peculiarly unpleasant picture of a Cambridge undergraduate's downfall.

Every now and then it happened that the difference, clear enough as a general rule, between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man was obliterated in a particular instance. The Rev. E. M. Young, sometime Head Master of Sherborne, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was distinguished by a refinement so painfully oppressive that Mr W. E. Forster was beguiled into exclaiming: "One could have sworn, without being told, that he was an Oxford Don"; and a graduate of Trinity, speaking of a graduate of King's, said: "I call —— a typical King's man, and by that I mean a Cambridge man who wishes to be like an Oxford one"—a deep saying, which none but Cantabrigians can interpret.

So much for "something about Cambridge," as high-sniffing Oxford viewed her in the 'seventies. The second part of my theme is not so easily handled —"The influence of Cambridge on the Liberal thought and action of the nation." It is rather a far cry to Bacon and Milton and Newton; and, though it is true that those three great men were reared at Cambridge, one scarcely dare affirm that Cambridge made them what they were, or can claim their influence as a creation of her own. In a later century, Cambridge has spoken through her poets. The nursing-mother of Byron and Coleridge, and Wordsworth and Tennyson may indeed make her

boast of "Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world"; but did their influence go to help "Liberal thought and action"? Byron, yes—"the passionate and dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope, who, ignorant of the future and unconsoled by its promises, nevertheless waged against the conservatism of the old possible world his fiery battle; waged it till he fell—waged it with such splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and thought." Byron died young, and perhaps it was just as well for Liberalism that he did; for his later life might possibly have belied the heroic promise of his youth. Coleridge, who began life as Radical, Republican, Pantisocrat—Heavens, what a word!—became, as Matthew Arnold said, "wrecked in a mist of opium," and abandoned poetry and philosophy for the unheroic task of "writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen." Wordsworth had known what it was to "stand on the top of golden hours," in the glorious dawn of the French Revolution; and he lived to be the "Lost Leader" and the author of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," fired the hearts of English boys with the promise of a time when mankind should be delivered from the tyranny of the purse and the sword, and when reason and love should rule the world—and he ended with "Hands all round!" and an ode to the Duke of Argyll. Even more painful was the apostasy of Kingsley, who had given us "The Poacher's Widow" and "Alton Locke's Song"; and yet sprawled in homage before Governor

Eyre, and extolled the House of Lords as representing "all heritable products of moral civilization, such as independence, chivalry, etc." That *etcetera* cannot easily be beaten.

There was another Cambridge man, of whose services to Liberal thought I should feel much more confident. Macaulay was a typical son of Cambridge, in his independence, his thoroughness, and his rugged self-confidence. He was, indeed, a Philistine; inaccessible to ideas, concentrated on the things of time and sense, and contemptuous of all who had a wider vision. But he was, in every fibre of his vigorous nature, a lover of civil and intellectual freedom; and modern Liberalism, though he would never have accepted all its ideals, owes a great debt to his zeal for personal liberty. Limits of space would not allow me to enumerate all the names—Connop Thirlwall and Julius Hare and John Sterling and the like—which spread the influence of Cambridge through literature and philosophy. She may even claim a share in Maurice, whose better part perhaps belonged to Oxford. But, when we have reviewed them all, it still is difficult to be certain of their effect on "the Liberal thought and action of the nation." Perhaps the reason of the difficulty is that Cambridge, probably owing to the character of her special studies, has always tended rather to contemplation than to action. It is not for nothing that Cambridge had her school of Platonists while Oxford was fast bound in misery and iron of Aristotle. It was not

without reason that, at the crisis of the stormy 'forties, Cambridge took Plato for the subject of her prize poem and Oxford took Cromwell. When the religious world in general, and Oxford in particular, was distracted by the controversy about the long-forgotten *Essays and Reviews*, Kingsley thus recorded his observation:—

> Cambridge lies in magnificent repose, and, shaking lazy ears, stares at her more nervous sister and asks what it is all about. . . . That is the Cambridge danger—cool indifferentism; not to the doctrines, but to the means of fighting them.

That sentence seems to cut much deeper than the surface of a theological controversy. There are "doctrines" of vastly greater importance than those promulgated by the Essayists and Reviewers. There are doctrines of ethics and politics — of life and conduct and civil duty — doctrines of the relation between the unseen and the seen—which will always stir Oxford to her depths, and "the means of fighting," whether for them or against, will never rust for disuse. Cambridge has produced great men: Oxford produces great movements.

X

THE JUBILEE GARDEN-PARTY[1]

A FALLING glass, a leaden sky, a breathless atmosphere—all threatened rain. "This is the break-up of the fine weather," cried the croakers. "Nothing but the Queen's presence can stave off rain," said the more hopeful; and the hopeful people were right. The invitations to the Royal Garden-Party summoned their recipients "from five to seven," but long before the appointed hour all the avenues to Buckingham Palace were besieged by strings of carriages. Not only the great entrance facing the Mall and the privileged side-door opposite Buckingham Palace Hotel were opened, but the private entrances in Grosvenor Place threw back their accustomed doors. Not for full fifteen years had the Palace Garden witnessed such a function, and six thousand invitations—so rumour had it—were issued. Few Londoners even, and certainly no stranger from the provinces, have any notion of the extent of the handsomely wooded park or pleasure-ground which, modestly styling itself a garden, covers a square enclosed by

[1] June 29, 1887.

St James's Park, Constitution Hill, Grosvenor Place, and Buckingham Palace Road. It is only just over the tops of the towering belt of trees that one can discern the topmost windows of Belgravian houses bounding the distant view. In the forefront stands the stately though rather ponderous façade of the Palace, a classical design in white stone which London smoke has long since subdued to its own tint. The wide lawn is encircled with thick plantations, where Lord Beaconsfield's peacocks, transported from Hughenden, dispute the territorial ascendancy of the Queen's pheasants. A large piece of water bears an abundance of light craft, manned by the Royal watermen in their picturesque uniforms of scarlet. One long marquee contains every variety of light refreshment; a smaller one facing it on the other side of the lawn, and banked up with the choicest flowers, is destined to house the Queen and her family and guests. The Beef-eaters, with their quaint doublets and ruffs, keep guard on the Terrace. The band of the Royal Marines discourses delicious music, and a vast and variegated crowd is dispersed over the lawn. As an effect of colour, it is unfortunate that the men's black coats and hats are not relieved by any vivacity in the ladies' costumes. White is almost universally worn by the younger ladies, and black or purple or deep green by their elders. A lady who has ventured into pink or yellow or crimson, or even displays a red parasol, is a public benefactor to the æsthetic sense.

The sombre effect of these costumes is deepened

by the darkening sky. The air is deathly still, and there are ominous rumours of an impending storm. Suddenly there is a rift in the clouds. The sun bursts out; a light breeze moves the Royal Standard, which, floating from the Palace roof, announces that the Queen has arrived. There is a sensation, a flutter, a sigh of relief. The Royal charm has triumphed over the barometer. It is Queen's weather again, and the Queen comes with it. There is a flash of scarlet in the distance as the Royal carriages drive into the garden. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and virtual dictator of all courtly revels, hurries up to Lord Salisbury, who, badly dressed and looking jaded, is surveying the animated scene through his characteristic eyeglass. He is summoned to greet his Sovereign; and now, "God save the Queen" bares all heads. A long lane is formed across the lawn. The Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain, with their subordinate officials, walking backwards, prepare the way. Bareheaded we all are as the Prince conducts his mother. Dressed in slight mourning, supporting herself with her folded parasol, and wearing a happy smile, the Queen advances with that inimitable mixture of grace and dignity—that swimming, sweeping gait, which reminds one of some old-world figure-dance, and which compensates for the want of height and the departed elasticity of youth. Deep are the obeisances on either hand. The magnificent Countess of Lonsdale seems to sink into the earth and to reappear. Indian

Princes, one blaze of scarlet and gold embroidery and diamonds, make their beautiful salaams. Right and left the Queen bows, pausing every few minutes to make more deliberate acknowledgments, and shaking hands with old friends whom she recognizes in the crowd. And so she gradually makes her way to her tent, and behind her files the long row of her children and grandchildren and princely visitors, all decorated with the new Jubilee medal, and brightly but not sumptuously apparelled. The dusky Queen of the Sandwich Islands walks with a singular freedom and dignity, and makes up by benignity of bearing for conversational deficiency — her only English being contained in the brief sentence, learned by rote, "How do you do? Pray sit down." All eyes are fixed on the Crown Princess of Germany, looking very young, and plainly dressed in black and white, as she holds an animated conversation with the Papal Envoy. The Envoy, a slight man of middle age, has the typical countenance of the Italian priest — subtle, intelligent, refined, and inscrutable. His curious costume—a cassock and a tall hat—attracts amused regards, but it is no joking matter, depend on it, which is the subject of conversation between him and the sagacious and politic daughter-in-law of the great Protestant Emperor. The same subject probably engages them which has been present to the minds of all who noted the Envoy's reception at Marlborough House and his invitation to dine and sleep at Windsor —the renewal of diplomatic relations between England

and the Holy See, with a special reference to troubles in Ireland.

Meanwhile the victorious sun streams down upon what Lord Beaconsfield called "a brisk and modish scene." Everyone who is known in politics, in the Church, in the services, in art, in literature, in mere society, is here. The grouping is interesting and picturesque. Mr Chamberlain displays a white orchid. Lord Hartington strolls by with an umbrella. Conversation is rapid and exhilarating. Hunger and thirst, in delicately modified forms, assert their claims. Some people seek coolness on the water, and some rest on the too few garden-seats. Rapidly the gay minutes pass, and suddenly, almost before we are aware, we see the Royal procession reforming; again the long lane shapes itself in the crowd, again the Queen goes smiling and bowing and scattering her gracious greetings. "God save the Queen" announces her departure. The Royal Standard disappears, the vast gathering breaks up, and at 8 p.m., though darkness is falling on Belgravia, the streets have scarcely ceased to echo the hoarse shouts of linkmen, or the thundering chariot-wheels of belated guests departing from the Jubilee Garden-Party.

XI

AN ODOROUS TASK

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of seeing my favourite actress, Mrs John Wood, play the congenial part of Mrs Malaprop. Through all the rollicking fun of the performer, and all the dignified absurdity of the character, I kept watching for the beloved and familiar phrases. One by one they came, each charged with that immortal fun which is the joy of life; but one was missing, and, when the curtain came down, I missed it still. A few days afterwards I had an opportunity of telling Mrs Wood how much I had enjoyed the play; "but why," I asked, "did you cut out the most characteristic of all malapropisms—the one which belongs as peculiarly to her as 'To be or not to be' to Hamlet?" "I cut nothing," replied the great actress. "I spoke the lines exactly as they were written. But I know what you are thinking of —'Comparisons are Odorous.'" "Yes, I am." "Well, let me tell you that it isn't a malapropism at all. It is so like Mrs Malaprop that generations of players have introduced it into the part. But it rightly belongs to Dogberry." Well, a phrase written by

Shakespeare and attributed to Sheridan has a double sanction, and exactly fits my present task. Some twenty years ago I published, in a series of the Queen's Prime Ministers, a short *Life of Mr Gladstone.* This book has lately fallen into the hands of one of my unknown friends, and he seems to have found food for reflection in the words in which I tried to describe the condition of Liberalism at the beginning of 1869, when Gladstone had just become Prime Minister for the first time. Here they are: "Those were golden days for the Liberal Party. They were united, enthusiastic, victorious; full of energy, confidence, and hope. Great works of necessary reform, too long delayed, lay before them, and they were led by a band of men as distinguished as had ever filled the chief places of the State."

It may be well, in passing, to recall the names of Gladstone's first Cabinet. At the head was the towering figure of the Prime Minister, who, though he only grasped the supreme prize of public life when he entered his sixtieth year, was at the very height of his physical and mental powers, and, besides all this, was the most indefatigable worker of his time. With him were associated Lord Hatherley, Lord de Grey (afterwards Lord Ripon), Lord Kimberley, Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, John Bright, Robert Lowe, Henry Bruce, Edward Cardwell, Hugh Childers, George Goschen, and Chichester Fortescue. Such was Gladstone's first Cabinet, and people, noting the elements

of which it was composed, went back for a nickname to the beginning of the century, and labelled it as "All the Talents."

But now comes my friend. "When," he says, "I read those words, I naturally thought of the position of affairs at the present time, and I wondered whether, taking the Ministry of 1869 either as a whole or man for man (but excluding Gladstone himself), they were really equal in ability to the present Ministry."

Thus my new friend Verges, to whom, playing the part of Dogberry, I reply, "Comparisons are odorous, brother Verges; but, as you seem bent on comparing two sets of eminent and excellent men, I will try to aid your task. I will set forth what I remember of the earlier set, and will leave you to draw the comparison."

Verges rightly excludes the central figure of that great Administration, realizing, no doubt, that such gifts as Gladstone's are not easily matched. Let me take the rest of the Cabinet one by one, and note the faculties and qualities of each. We begin, as in duty bound, with the Lord Chancellor—Lord Hatherley,—of whom it may be said without offence that he was stronger as a churchman than as a lawyer, and by his munificence and piety won for himself the title of Lay-Bishop of Westminster long before he was Lord Chancellor of England. That he attained the Woolsack was due to the fact that he was willing, when Sir Roundell Palmer was unwilling, to disestablish the Irish Church. When that act of justice had been accomplished, Lord Hatherley had served

his turn, and was cast aside in favour of Lord Selborne, who was said to possess in the highest perfection "the Chancery mind"; and this, to the uninitiated, seems to mean an infinite capacity for splitting straws. Lord de Grey we all remember as Lord Ripon. He was the first man of rank and wealth to throw in his lot with the Christian Socialists, and his countrymen should always hold his name in reverence for the skill and firmness which he displayed in persuading America to accept arbitration in the "Alabama" claims. Lord Kimberley was a man whom rank and wealth certainly pushed forward in public life, but who would have been notable and successful in any class or career. His mind was both rapid and vigorous and his memory tenacious. He was perfectly independent in opinion, forming his own clear judgment on every problem, and resolute in sticking to it. He was perhaps the most fluent speaker in England, and his fluency in French and German equalled his fluency in English. He served the State in a vast variety of offices, and was equally at home in all. As the "General Utility man" of politics, he has never been surpassed. Lord Clarendon (who died in 1870) is now only a name, and barely that; but the present generation will soon learn all about him, for his Memoir is, rather late in the day, to be published. He was a genial and accomplished man of the world, and an eminent instance of the ornamental Whiggery which used to contribute so largely to Liberal Cabinets. An even more conspicuous instance

of the same kind was Lord Granville, whose strength lay in tact, geniality, and commonsense. He kept England out of war at a period when all the nations of Europe were straining to fly at each other's throats, and he led the Liberal Party in the House of Lords for more than thirty years, without once losing his temper. These were no ordinary achievements. That Lord Hartington owed a great deal of his political power to the fact that he was bound to be Duke of Devonshire he would have been the last to deny—a great deal, but not all. He had a clear, cool, mathematical head; great powers of "grind," when grinding was a necessity; and a faculty of unadorned yet vigorous speech which created the not quite accurate impression of dogged strength. The Duke of Argyll was a Whig of another type. His cleverness verged on genius. He had thought both widely and deeply; realized, as mechanical politicians never do, the unseen forces of society; and was an orator of the very highest type. Gladstone, from whom he perpetually differed and often broke away, always said that he was one of the three men of his generation who had the greatest faculty of public speech. John Bright had no gift of extempore eloquence, but his prepared orations will be read as long as men care to study written eloquence. Aided by the charm of voice and gesture, his pungent sarcasm, his rich humour, and his irresistible pathos dominated his audience; but he was the splendid organ of a narrow theory, and belonged, as far as his political ideals were concerned,

to a type which has passed away. He very unwillingly accepted the yoke of office, and wore it rather uneasily; detested the drudgery of a department, but excelled in dealing with a deputation and sending it away in good temper.

Robert Lowe — what quaint and contrariant memories surround his name! An exquisite scholar, but a sarcastic opponent of classical education; a consummate master of the English language, but incapable of uttering a sentence without a manuscript: most formidable in attack, but in defence, as Gladstone said, "as helpless as a beetle on its back": an advanced Liberal in matters educational and religious, but the most embittered foe of democracy; a jovial, genial, and brilliant member of society, but a savage controversialist and a domineering official. He was the ablest man in Gladstone's Cabinet, and the most disastrous failure. Of Henry Austin Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare, we need only say that his attempts at Licensing Reform were so unsuccessful as to accelerate his retirement from the Home Office. Edward Cardwell, esteemed in his younger days one of the most brilliant of the Peelite group, accomplished the reform of the Army (including the abolition of Purchase) and was never heard of again. Hugh Childers was a deft and capable administrator, but a most unfortunate financier. Goschen, on the other hand, was a financier first and foremost; and, if it had not been for his blind fear of democracy, would have been a valuable asset to the Liberal Party.

Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, was exactly like a "Portrait of a Gentleman" in the Royal Academy, and left no kind of impression on the public mind or the history of his time.

It must be frankly confessed that Gladstone was singularly unfortunate in some of his colleagues. That so many of them were Whigs, who sate in the Cabinet by a kind of hereditary right, was a circumstance which did not recommend them to the rank and file of the Party; and others, who were not Whigs, contrived to make themselves offensive. They imposed vexatious taxes; they haggled about the amount of water in the sailors' grog, and the price of the window-curtains in a public office; they were assailed by insurrections of half-starved match-girls whose wretched bread their Budget imperilled; they were nightly ridiculed on the stage before delighted audiences, till they ran to the Lord Chamberlain for protection against the scoffers. There were resignations, and rumours of resignations. On the ear of memory comes back the song from *The Happy Land* which night by night brought down the house at the Court Theatre. It enumerated the most unpopular members of the Government, with a characteristic trait of each in turn, and the refrain to each verse was—

> And yet he is a most popular man—
> Nobody wants to turn him out.

Imagine the emotions of Lord Sandhurst and Mr Brookfield, if such a libretto were submitted to their judgment!

XII

FLOWERS

Just when the red June roses blow,
She gave me one—a year ago.
A rose whose crimson breath revealed
The secret which its heart concealed,
And whose half-shy, half-tender, grace
Blush'd back upon the giver's face.

WHO she was, and what I did with it, are questions of no importance, and perhaps it was rather more than a year ago; but the quotation fits the day, and may serve to recall the memory of a true and tender poetess whom nowadays nobody reads. But, even if her verse had not been there to tempt me, I must this week have written about flowers; for the "Royal International Horticultural Exhibition" has filled my mental eye with a vision of glory—a "pomp and prodigality" of colour—which excludes all else. Yet I do not purpose to describe the Exhibition—partly because, in the gracious phrase of the day, it has been "done" by innumerable pens more graphic than my own, and partly because the attempt to describe horticulture always exposes the writer to a double peril. If he tries to be vivid and picturesque, he

commonly falls into hopeless confusion, and, in a sense not intended by the poet,

> Gives to the poles the products of the sun,
> And knits the unsocial climates into one.

On the other hand, if he aims at science and accuracy, he "murders to dissect," and makes his paper as dull as a seedsman's catalogue. Flowers in literature should be treated broadly and generally, perhaps even vaguely—just as the eye drinks delight from a field of poppies or a wood carpeted with wild hyacinths; taking no account of *genera* or *species* and ignoring the jargon of "frond" and "stamen" and "pollen." Matthew Arnold wrote to his friend Grant-Duff: "You first led me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them; and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so." But, with all deference to my great teacher, I doubt if this is the common experience. Would Wordsworth really have enjoyed the lesser celandine, or Burns the mountain daisy, more keenly because some botanically-minded friend had lectured on their characteristics? Science is too often "at enmity with joy," and the physical delight of beauty is not, I think, enhanced by chemical or structural analysis. Scientific nomenclature is always hideous, and the botanical habit of labelling or libelling innocent flowers and plants with Latinized nicknames is even painfully incongruous. English names have a tenderness and beauty all their

own, simple and homely—yet romantic—rose and pink and lily of the valley, and lilac (better pronounced laylock); primrose and daffodil and snowdrop, heartsease and pansy, cowslip and buttercup and forget-me-not, meadow-sweet and love-in-idleness, foxglove and bluebell, even cherry-pie, dusty-miller, and old-man's-beard. Over against such names as these set fuchsia, dahlia, calceolaria, pelargonium, ampelopsis Veitchii, odontoglossum, madevallia, Harryana, Blairii No. 2, and Dorothy Perkins, and no one who has ears to hear can doubt that our English forefathers knew better than their descendants the true language of leaf and flower.

Every year, as the 19th of April comes round, the hard-pressed paragraphist discusses the question whether "*his* favourite flower" meant originally Lord Beaconsfield's or Prince Albert's; and, if he be unusually well-read, he announces that in *Lothair* primroses are recommended for salads, and in *Coningsby* are said to resemble the fried eggs round our breakfast-bacon. But, putting aside this hard-worked and vulgarized flower, we know that Lord Beaconsfield genuinely loved a garden, and—which is much the same thing—detested gardeners, "from the days of Le Nôtre to those of the fine gentlemen who now travel about, and, when disengaged, deign to give us advice." "The gardener, like all head-gardeners, was opiniated. Living always at Vauxe, he had come to believe that the gardens belonged to him, and that the family was only occasional visitors;

and he treated them accordingly." At "Brentham" —(alas! poor "Brentham," now perfumed only by sewage and chemical works, and rejected as a gift by County Councils),—at Brentham the same tyranny was attempted, but partially defeated. "How I hate modern gardens!" exclaimed St Aldegonde. "What a horrid thing this is! One might as well have a mosaic pavement there. Give me cottage-roses, sweet-peas, and wall-flowers." And he got what he wanted in Corisande's garden. There, instead of "hard and scentless imitations of works of art," you found huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gilly-flowers with their sweet breath. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook." As you entered this delicious pleasance, "it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock." Never were the pleasures of scent more feelingly described, and no doubt they are required for the perfection of a garden; but the eye has even more commanding claims. A pergola of laburnum, raining gold; a wistaria veiling with its clusters the grey stone of a Gothic oriel—these, once seen, are treasures for ever. St Aldegonde's indignant protest against the mosaic-like flower-beds of Brentham is susceptible of a much wider extension. Whoever tries to formalize and regularize flowers, and make them stiff and hard

and geometrical, sins at once against Truth and Beauty. The heralds are bad enough, with their parti-coloured roses and their golden lilies; but the worst offenders in this respect are the ladies who decorate churches. Their chief endeavour is to make flowers look like the products of the bonnet-shop. They strip them of the leaves which Nature gives as the grateful foil to vivid colour; they arrange them in all sorts of odd shapes and patterns, sometimes even as symbols and initials; and they bring to their assistance in their unhallowed work an instrument of tin, painted green, something like a glove with too many fingers, which would make even Dog-roses or May, when inserted in its clutch, look artificial.

And, yet again, he who truly loves flowers must be on his guard, in this as in everything else, against the insolent aggressiveness of wealth. We must cling fast to the truth which Ruskin taught us, and must insist, in season and out of season, that a thing which costs nothing may be beautiful, and a thing which costs a fortune hideous. I felt the need for this protestation when I stood among the gaping crowd before the amazing pyramid of orchids at the International Flower Show. Beyond doubt, all were costly; but not all were beautiful. The *Cattleya* is indeed one of the most exquisite of flowers, with its grace, its luxuriance, and its colours like the shoaling waters of an amethystine sea. But I believe it is one of the cheapest and most easily procured of orchids; whereas a sum which would equip an army was

expended on expeditions to South America in quest of that skimpy stalk with rare and exiguous tufts of brown and yellow, which so closely resembles *Baccopipia gracilis* in Lear's *Nonsense Botany*.

Away with artificiality and ostentation! Back to Nature and pure beauty—to the vintage-like pendants of purple Clematis, and the bold splendour of Hollyhocks and Sunflowers and Tiger-lilies; nor must I forget my favourite Peony, which, if the Rose is the ruby, may rank among flowers as the carbuncle among precious stones. Is there in the world a scent more ravishing than Syringa, or a prettier shade of pink than Ribes? I end as I began. "I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose."

XIII

SOME USES OF WEALTH

AN unknown friend writes as follows:—"From time to time you say a good deal about the claims of Labour and the sufferings of the poor. You seem to be half a Socialist. Do you really despise wealth, or dislike the rich?" The question is something of the abruptest, and I prefer to answer in what Matthew Arnold called a "sinuous, easy, unpolemical manner"; so I will begin with an anecdote.

An inquisitive gentleman who haunts Pall Mall found himself during his summer rambles in the neighbourhood of a ducal castle on the day of the week on which it was opened to the public. After he had duly admired the chapel and the armoury, the picture-gallery and the plate-room, he resolved to penetrate a little further, and induced—I should not like to say "bribed"—the housekeeper to let him see the Duke's private dining-room. The Duke was a widower, and the dinner-table was arranged for his short and solitary meal. Returning to Pall Mall, the inquisitive tourist moralized to his fellow-clubmen in a style quite worthy of Seneca or Marcus Aurelius.

"I wouldn't have missed the sight of that dining-room for anything. It impressed me deeply. There was a man with three castles, 200,000 acres of land, and £1000 a day; and yet he could only eat three courses at dinner, and had no occasion for more than two wine-glasses. I noted them particularly: a sherry-glass and a claret-glass, no more. The housekeeper told me that he could not touch champagne, on account of the hereditary gout. I am a champagne-drinker myself; and it made me feel that, after all, human lots are very equal."

This deep reflection

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life

helps me towards an answer. Do I really despise the Duke's wealth, or dislike him for possessing it? Not at all. Wealth in itself is never despicable, because it is always powerful; and, before we dislike the possessor, we must know how he uses it. Personally, I dislike a man who hoards. Mr Gladstone has left it on record that he was by nature "thrifty and penurious," and that by the time he was eight he had "accumulated no less than twenty shillings in silver. My brothers judged it right to appropriate this fund." The brothers were quite right. What they did I also should have done. One of Lord Beaconsfield's characters says that the comfortable thing is to have £10,000 a year and be supposed to have only £5000, "for then fellows don't try to borrow of you, and go about calling you a screw if you refuse." Presumably

that philosopher spent five thousand and hoarded the other five, and him I should have detested. Hoarding apart, a man who spent all his wealth upon himself would also be detestable; but fortunately this is very difficult. "If," said Mr Pecksniff, "we indulge in harmless fluids, we get the dropsy; if in exciting liquids, we get drunk. What a soothing reflection is that!" And so with all simply personal pleasures—a yacht or an opera-box, a deer-forest or a trout-stream or a string of hunters, a good cook and an "interesting" cellar (I borrow that epithet from a member of the present Cabinet)—none of these things, nor all of them together, can exhaust a rich man's income; as riches are understood in the estimation of the present day. As long as he has sense enough to keep clear of the Turf and the Stock Exchange, the excess of income over expenditure will still be considerable, and we must know how he employs that excess before we can say whether we dislike him or admire him. What, then, should the Rich Man do with his riches?

In the first place, he should be a great church-builder. If he believes in the humanizing effect of transcendent architecture, he should plant, in the dingiest and dullest quarter of each dull and dingy town, such a church as Lord Beaconsfield described in *Sybil*. "Beautiful its solemn towers; its sculptured western front; beautiful its columned aisles and lofty nave; its sparkling shrine and delicate chantry; most beautiful the streaming glories of its vast orient light."

The church, thus grandly conceived and adequately endowed, should be, in the noble words inscribed by the late Lord Addington on St Alban's Holborn, "free for ever to Christ's poor"; and so wealth should be made to serve the social needs of humanity by offering to every child of toil a resting-place, a sanctuary, and a home.

I put church-building first, on the simple ground that eternity is more important than time, and the soul than the body or even the intellect. But the Rich Man should minister to all the complex needs of humanity, and Art would be one of his most effective agencies. A man who forms or inherits a really grand gallery of painting or sculpture, and then (like Lord Glenconner) throws it open for the gratuitous enjoyment of his fellow-creatures, renders an inestimable service to his day and generation.

But art is not all. Life and health are more. The Rich Man, before he begins to collect pictures or statues, should buy some slum-property in an industrial town, make a clean sweep of insanitary areas, and secure open spaces for Public Gardens and playgrounds for the children. If this process involved the destruction of workmen's houses, he should contribute to "Garden-Cities," taking pains to secure that only a "living rent" should be demanded from their tenants. Hospitals again—here is a boundless field for the Rich Man's activities. It would be no contemptible ambition to build, in the heart of some

great city, or on the hills which surround it, an imitation of the German Hospital at Alexandria, with its miles of marble corridors and its plenitude of appliances which make illness a luxury; all worked by "sweet societies" of trained Deaconesses, who labour for no other reward than the love and gratitude of their patients. Only let the Rich Man beware lest the disingenuousness of "research" bring evil out of his intended good, and pervert the place of healing into a torture-chamber or a shambles.

I will assume that our Rich Man has some political convictions. I will even imagine—and this is a more daring assumption—that he is a Liberal. If so, some of his wealth must go to the furtherance of the cause in which he believes. When I have been asked why I am a Liberal, my only, but adequate, reply has always been, "Because I can't help it." And in this one respect I could wish, like St Paul of old, that all who hear me were both almost and altogether such as I am. I remember once, in the House of Commons, drawing down upon myself the rebuke of Mr Jesse Collings by stating that my politics were part of my religion. But so, in spite of the Grand Old Man of Birmingham, they are. Because I am a Christian, I believe in Freedom, I believe in the cause of Labour, I believe in Social Reform; and, if our Rich Man felt as I feel, he would spend large sums in serving these high ends. But here a personal factor enters into the calculation. One must know the man whom one

is trying to help into Parliament, or else, in times of political unrest, when "sects and schisms" are rife, and false doctrines masquerade under orthodox names, one might find that one had really helped the wrong cause. So, if I were a Rich Man, I should not entrust my subscription to the Party-chest, but should choose my candidates by personal inspection, should satisfy myself that they were sound in the Liberal creed as I understand it and meant to work for the causes in which I believe; and then I should run the man of my choice for all I was worth, and should live again, in his career, the strifes and the victories of my own early manhood.

I have spoken of helping young candidates into Parliament; but the Rich Man's services to youth need not stop there. "The Youth of a Nation are the Trustees of Posterity," and to invest money in the rising generation is "a pleasant exercise of hope and joy." To express that "exercise" in its lowliest form, there is a rewarding sense that one is really giving pleasure when one slips a sovereign into a schoolboy's hand, even though one knows that it will immediately be expended on an ill-assorted meal of strawberries and ices, chocolate and sardines. If one thought that the recipient was likely to eschew these pleasures of the palate and invest the tip in a Tennyson or a water-colour, I suppose one would feel a more spiritual joy. But, in either case, one has established a hold upon the boy's regard, and so may be able to lead him in some direction where he,

in turn, can serve another. Let Rich Men who have nephews or acquaintances at Public Schools run down before this term ends, and improve, out of their abundance, on the hint now given.

But, as I near the close of this chapter, I am constrained to make, as the French say, a return upon myself. Am I quite sure that, if I were in the case contemplated, my conduct would be as exemplary as my ideals? With regard to a well-known and emotional family, who excelled in writing letters of condolence at seasons of bereavement, a candid friend observed: "If their lives were only half as good as their letters, they would indeed be a family of saints." Similarly, I feel a kind of misgiving that I have been vastly more benevolent and unselfish on paper than I might be in practice. The contrast between the theories and the actions of humanitarianism has been, times out of mind, the theme of satirists. "A sees B in distress, and thinks that C ought to give him something." It was when the Needy Knife-grinder suggested sixpence for a pot of beer that the Friend of Humanity burst upon him with the immortal imprecation. Let him who lectures the rich on the employment of their riches take heed lest he fall short of the ideal which he has upheld. A multi-millionaire once said to me: "The only really pleasant things in life are eating and accumulating. Eating, alas! requires youth and health; but accumulating becomes pleasanter and pleasanter the longer you live." It would be a

dreadful fate if, after bodying forth the admirable uses of imaginary millions, one should find oneself in actual life possessed by the demons of avarice and malevolence, and should end by giving joy only to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A happier lot be ours!

XIV

"JOHN INGLESANT"

"SOME books, which I should never dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast and *vice versa*." The sentence occurs in Lord Macaulay's journal, and Mr Gladstone thus commented on it: "There is more subtlety in this distinction than would easily be found in any passage of his writings. But mark how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master-propensity!" Such indulgence was all very well for the celibate historian, who breakfasted and dined, at the hour which suited him, in "chambers every corner of which was library," but most people are forced to think of catching the train or the tram about 9 A.M., and to share their evening meal with "a howling herd of hungry boys." And yet I think that everyone who has read with the heart as well as the head, and has really assimilated his reading, must feel the suitability of certain books to certain moods—and the converse not less acutely. One would not choose *The Bride of Lammermoor* to enhance the merriment of Christmas, nor ponder *The Ring and the Book*

in the delirium of a contested election. But spring never returns without recalling all true Wordsworthians to "The Daffodils," and at Christmas the hymn "On the morning of Christ's Nativity" is as inevitable as *Adeste Fideles.*

Writing now amid the solemnities of Holy Week,[1] my thoughts turn to the notable book which is named at the head of this chapter; for, more than most, it is pervaded by that penetrating sense of Religion, without which all ecclesiastical observance is "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

The genesis of *John Inglesant* was certainly remarkable. Joseph Henry Shorthouse was a Quaker, and a manufacturer (I think of vitriol) at Birmingham. The painful affliction of a paroxysmal stammer unfitted him for society. His business was not exacting; and he had no children to occupy his thoughts at home. So he became a student, at first reading discursively, but tending, as years went on, to concentrate on a line of mystical piety. From his Quakerish antecedents he derived a profound belief in the Inward Light, and a love of that impalpable theology which goes by the name of mysticism. From mysticism he passed to the idea of a visible church, and of the material *media* of spiritual realities; so he was baptized, and became a devoted adherent of the Church of England, yet never surrendered his perfect freedom of judgment. "I distinguish absolutely," he said, "between sacra-

[1] 1912.

mentalism and sacerdotalism; they seem to me mutually destructive. So long as the clergy confine themselves to their sacramental office, I look upon them as THE channel of grace. When they depart from this, and act and talk out of their own heads, I pay no more attention to them than I do to laymen." Plato, and Molinos, and Jacob Boehme had been Shorthouse's favourite authors; and now he began to realize the refined beauty of Anglican devotion, and became an enthusiastic admirer of such men as George Herbert and John Evelyn. By degrees, his shadowy conceptions of religious truth crystallized into a definite theory; and he cast that theory into the form of what he termed a "Philosophical Romance," naming the book *John Inglesant.* It occupied his leisure for several years, and was completed in 1877. At first it was privately printed, handed about among friends, and read with secret bewilderment in the villas of Edgbaston. Eventually he resolved to publish it, and sent it, with ill-success, to a famous firm of publishers, my friend James Payn rejecting it as unreadable. In a moment of happier inspiration, the house of Macmillan accepted it; and, when in 1880 it was given to the public, its success was instantaneous and universal. Some of this success no doubt was due to its style, a little archaic, and not always quite correct, but full of light and colour and stately music—some to the peculiar vein of religious philosophy, which few could understand but all could admire—some to the graphic

pictures of life and society at one of the epoch-making periods of modern history. But, successful as the book was, it never lacked critics; and it is instructive to recall the comments—not of the "old Liberal hacks" whom all Religion infuriates—but of dispassionate and instructed readers. In 1881 Dr Liddon wrote:—

> I have been reading *John Inglesant*—the writer knows a great deal about the seventeenth century, though I should suppose that some of his knowledge was unbalanced. The book gives me the impression of being written by a man who had taken up the study of the classics (especially Plato) and of theology late in life, and was overpowered by his acquisitions, or at any rate unable to digest them. . . . In the description of the Renaissance (life and art), on which he has expended much pains, I trace the influence of J. A. Symonds and Pater.

These criticisms strike me as perfectly fair, and, read in their context, they make me feel sure that Liddon, whose theology was accurate and logical to the last degree, was repelled by the mysticism—or perhaps he would have called it mistiness—which from first to last marked John Inglesant's religion. Lord Acton approached the book from the historical side. He notes a mistaken date, a misunderstood event, a misinterpreted character. He perpetually asks, with the rather tiresome insistence of the historian, "Did this or that actually happen, at the time stated, under the circumstances described?" And, when he has answered his own questions in the negative, he seems to think that he has seriously disparaged what professes to be a "philosophical

romance." And yet, after all said and done, he wrote: "I have read nothing more thoughtful and suggestive since *Middlemarch*," and this was no light praise from a critic who ranked George Eliot with Shakespeare, and first saw revealed in *Middlemarch* "her superiority to some of the greatest writers."

John Inglesant is a book easily accessible to all my readers, and, I suppose, abundantly familiar to most; so I must forbear to trace the fascinating, though rather morbid, story of the hero's religious development, and the strange vicissitudes, political and theological, through which it led him. As my space is limited, I will confine myself to indicating a few passages of peculiar interest and beauty, closing with one which has a special appropriateness to a world making ready for Easter Day.

The story of *John Inglesant* falls naturally into two parts; the scene of the first is laid in England, of the second in Italy. I will take them in inverse order. Shorthouse has a fine passage describing the sunset as it gilds the spires of Rome, and Lord Acton observes, with his habitual pungency, "There are no spires in Rome," but incidentally goes on to say—what was true—"I hear that the author has never been in Italy," adding, with characteristic candour, "That accounts for many topographical mistakes, and leaves a margin to his credit." The Italian part of the book contains, amid much that is beautiful and much that is exciting, one passage charged with a purely ethical message. In describing the midnight

ride from Florence to Pistoia, Shorthouse attained the highest perfection of his descriptive style; and made, as he himself avowed, his anxiously considered contribution to a sacred cause which Romance too often blasphemes. I return now from Italy to England, and here, though perhaps the interest is less intense, the atmosphere is clearer and the life more natural. To achieve successful word-painting when one is describing a country which one has never seen, is an achievement of genius; but Shorthouse seems happier —more at his ease—when he is reproducing an English landscape, with its meadows and woods and running waters, its grey churches and its moated halls. In Shropshire and in Worcestershire, in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and Huntingdonshire, his observation is equally close and his touch equally felicitous.

Not long ago I avowed in print my detestation of ghosts and spooks and apparitions and all forms of sorcery and necromancy; but one must confess that these things have laid a strong hold on human imagination, and they find a natural place in a philosophical romance. Whether Shorthouse believed in them, I know not; I only know that the scene where the betrayed Strafford appears in a vision of the night to his faithless King is one of the most powerful scenes in this strangely powerful book. But we must not end on a note of censure even when the subject is Charles I. There were holy and loyal souls that loved and honoured him to the end, and in such devout company John Inglesant first caught

sight of that beatific vision which, through all the subsequent permutations of his life, served to quicken his conscience and to nerve his wavering will. The scene is laid in the parish church of Little Gidding, and Inglesant is awaiting the mysterious summons which will soon call him to take his part in the desperate encounters of that troublous time:—

Above the altar, which was profusely decked with flowers, the antique glass of the east window, which had been carefully repaired, contained a figure of the Saviour of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding, having a brilliant halo round the head, and being clad in a long and apparently seamless coat; the two forefingers of the right hand were held up to bless. Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the Holy Things, this gracious figure entered into Inglesant's soul, and stillness and peace unspeakable, and life and light and sweetness filled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture, and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. Heaven itself seemed to have opened, and One fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth.

XV

A GREEK REQUIEM

A WESTERN eye is always struck by a superficial resemblance between a Greek church and a Jewish synagogue. There is something in the same basilican form and arrangements, the same rounded arches, the same blaze of gilding and mosaic, the same suggestion of the more sacred *arcana* withdrawn from the gaze of the general congregation, the same melancholy unaccompanied music, the same Oriental aspect of the bearded officiants. So much the Church of the Holy Wisdom, in Moscow Road, has in common with its neighbour the Synagogue in St Petersburg Place. So much but no more, for in the Greek churches the Divine Symbol of the cross is everywhere —on the altar, in the priest's hands, on the vestments of the clergy and of their attendants, in the devotional action alike of clergy and people. To-day[1] in the fine basilica in Moscow Road was celebrated, after the ordinary litany, a solemn Requiem for the Greek soldiers who have fallen fighting against Turkey.

A catafalque was placed in front of the sanctuary

[1] June 27, 1897.

gates, and draped in the Greek colours of blue and white, mingled with black badges of mourning. It was guarded by four tall candles similarly draped, and the bulk of the congregation was draped in black. The liturgy proceeded in ordinary course. The priest and deacon wore splendid robes—half cope, half chasuble—of crimson and gold. The "great entrance" of the clergy bearing the sacred elements into the sanctuary was, as always in Oriental rites, the most impressive scene visible to the worshippers, for the most solemn portions of the service are transacted behind the closed and veiled gates of the sanctuary. After the actual Communion had been made, the priests and deacons, attended by a corps of choristers and acolytes in white surplices, with the crossed stoles and black bands on their arms, bearing the ceremonial candles in their hands, grouped themselves around the catafalque. The choir chanted its wailing supplications for the departed, which moaned through the church like the voices of the martyrs beneath the apocalyptic altar, and then the priest recited the prayers, strikingly primitive and non-Roman in spirit and language, with which the Holy Orthodox Church commends its departed children to the Divine Compassion, and implores for them a place in the resurrection to eternal life. Many of the congregation—probably the near kinsfolk of the gallant lads who had fallen in the war—were moved to tears, and to every mind which recalled the processional splendours of this last week must have occurred some com-

punctious questionings. How long are the army and the fleet of Christian England, which our countrymen have fashioned with their skill and manned with their lives, to support the Great Assassin on his blood-cemented throne? *Usquequo, Domine?* "Lord, how long?"

XVI

A CLUSTER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

"SWEET are the uses of advertisement." Shakespeare's famous line is not half as true as this variant of it. Apart from such gigantic "uses" as we read in *Tono Bungay*, and see every day in our intercourse with commercial millionaires, advertisement has its lesser but still agreeable uses in suggesting reflection and promoting mirth. Many a newspaper enlivens its weekly page of "Facetiæ" with cuttings from the advertising columns of other papers. My friend "Sub Rosa" does it several times a week, and before now I have followed his example. As a rule, the gems of advertisement are not found in clusters: they lurk, singly, in the dark corners of unexpected prints; and the seeker who finds one good specimen after a week's toil counts himself well repaid. But just lately I have been in luck's way. I have "struck oil," as the Americans say; or, to put it more rhetorically, I have discovered a seam or stratum of advertisement, as rich in beauty and profit as the diamond-mines of Golconda. So far it seems to be

known to myself only, and it is not in human nature to disclose my glittering secret. However, I will generously exhibit a few of the gems in my shop-window, and will leave the dazzled passers-by to discover the mine for themselves. To dismiss the language of parable, I may say that all the advertisements which I here present are culled from a single issue of a single newspaper; and the student of sociology may be interested in discovering from the nature of the excerpts the class or layer of society to which that newspaper appeals.

Matthew Arnold once spoke, through the mouth of his friend "Adolescens Leo," of "those toothless old Cerberuses, the Bishops," and the paper from which I am quoting must surely have its circulation in episcopal palaces.

(i.) PAINLESS AND PERFECT DENTISTRY.—Dr ——, Surgeon Dentist, England, and Doctor of Dental Surgery, U.S.A., has been awarded 10 Gold Medals at the Great International Exhibitions for his Dentistry, and has also received the following high testimony—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Allow me to express my sincere thanks for the skill and attention displayed in the construction of my Artificial Teeth, which render my mastication and articulation perfect.

"In recognition of your valuable services rendered to me, you are at liberty to use my name.

(*Signed*) T. BARCHESTER."

(ii.) OLD FALSE TEETH.—We give highest possible price for above. Offers made, and, if not accepted, teeth returned. Dealers in old gold or silver in any form. Bankers' references.

(iii.) OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the actual manufacturers, instead of to provincial buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return.—Messrs ——. Established 100 years.

(iv.) OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.—Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to us instead of to Provincial buyers. Immediate cash sent, or offer made BY RETURN OF POST.

(v.) OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT, any condition. 4d. per tooth given on vulcanite, 1s. on silver, 1s. 6d. on gold, 3s. on platinum. Strictly genuine. Immediate cash sent.

When we consider that these five advertisements are taken from a single issue, we are driven to the conclusion that our "Cerberuses" are even more impotent than when Adolescens Leo jeered at them.

But the loss of teeth is by no means the only misfortune to which this thoughtful journal ministers.

HAIR FALLING OFF.—A Lady who lost nearly all hers, and has now a strong, heavy growth, will send particulars to anyone enclosing stamped addressed envelope to Miss C. M.

While some of us have too little hair, others have too much, or have it in the wrong place. For them, too, Balm in Gilead is delicately advertised.

ELECTROLYSIS antiseptically and effectually performed. Highest medical references; special terms to those engaged in nursing, teaching, clerical work, &c.; strict privacy; consultation free.

From the Bishops, thus rendered articulate and beautiful, we pass, by a natural transition, to the

"inferior clergy," and for them also there is joy, in the form of vestiarian history.

> STORY OF THE "ENGLESHE SURPELISSE." "It is the most beautiful and dignified Surplice I have ever seen," was the response made by one Clergyman who saw it for the first time. The story of this Surplice is one of small beginnings, and had its origin in a request made by the Chaplain of a Theological College, who, in order to oust the spare, attenuated Vestment which passed for a Surplice, and was very generally worn, asked that Mr —— would make one after the pattern of the Cathedral Surplice of pre-Reformation days. This wish was carried out, and the Surplice taken up by the Candidates who were entering Holy Orders. From time to time their friends saw and purchased for their own wear. Gradually the pattern was improved and perfected—many Clerical Tailors have imitated it, but this "English Surplice" easily holds first place. It is always made in a good material, and the workers have developed such skill, that each Surplice has a distinctive beauty of its own. English Clerics all over the world testify to these facts, while recently it has been winning favour in the United States, where it is passed by the American Customs free of duty, on a certificate that it is for Church use only.

This victory, not indeed complete but still partial, of tailoring over Tariffs, ought certainly to be inscribed among the triumphs of the Church. It is a great and a cheering thought that the "Surpelisse" knits into one the Kingly Commonwealth of England and the Great Republic of the West.

But the cowl does not make the monk, nor the surplice the curate. He needs a further outfit, and he can get a "clerical frock suit" for £3 10s., and "cassocks, gowns, hoods, stoles, hats, and collars" at the lowest price compatible with "fair conditions,

and the standard of the Church of England." A post-card, addressed to the proper quarter, will bring him, "free on application," an illustrated catalogue of

> BIBLES, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Church Services, Daily Service Books, Bible Wallets, Sermon Cases, Motto Cards, Framed Quotations, Pictures, Devotional Books, Christian Literature, Books for Students, Sixpenny Series, and Gem Oratorios.

And he can procure a "beautifully carved crucifix from Ober-Ammergau" (*via* Bristol).

But the curate must not only be properly clad and equipped. He must be taught "How to Speak Effectively," and this he can learn from Mr Hollowell's booklet, price 3s. 6d., "perfect in the clearness and grip of its subject," or in Private Lessons on "Terms for'd."

Even in the matter of his bodily sustenance, the advertisers will help him. If he observes the days of fasting and abstinence, as a good churchman should, he will find himself provided with "vegetarian board (full or partial)," in the "quiet, though convenient, and pleasant situation" of Westbourne Grove; and if it prove too "partial," he can eke it out with "the original Eccles cake," at 1s. 5d. a box. If his constitution requires meat, he can "ensure a good breakfast by buying 'real Wiltshire bacon' direct from the curers"; and he can fill up the chinks with "jams, jellies, and fruits in syrup," or the "new egg-and-milk toffee, brimful of nutriment and overflowing with goodness." He can wash

down his temperate dinner with "pure, unfermented wines," or, should wines of another quality tempt him to inebriety, a "farm colony" will cure him by making him work in its "large garden" for no other reward than an approving conscience. Should he suffer a "nerve break-down," a physician is yearning to receive him into "a large and well-appointed house" near Spithead, which must on no account be confused with a private asylum. If his bodily health should be impaired, he is guarded against the seductive perils of unauthorized practice by "What are we? A question never yet answered by Christian scientists." Should he live to become an "aged invalid," he can be received into a "home, at a nominal weekly charge of 10s. 6d.," and if he wants a little light reading to keep him cheerful, he can buy *Hereafter—Short Studies on Subjects connected with the Life beyond the Grave.* After this, let no man say that the Church of England fails to make adequate provision for her necessitous or exhausted ministers.

In what I have written so far, I may have conveyed the sense that the paper under review is devoted to the interests of a narrow orthodoxy; but this would be quite an erroneous impression. It announces

> A PROPOSED MAGAZINE, on modern and progressive lines. To be issued monthly at 3d., which will appeal especially to all Social Workers, and those interested in Religious Work, Art, Music, and Literature.

It advertises a course of

> FRIDAY EVENING LECTURES, in the Green Salon, Eustace Miles Restaurant, 40–42 Chandos Street, Charing Cross. Subject, "The Happiest People in the World; or Society reconstructed on the Principles of the Apostolic Foundation." To be given by the author of *Progressive Creation*, *Progressive Redemption*, etc.,

And

> A SYSTEMATIC, GRADUATED, AND COMPLETE COURSE OF STUDY in Mental and Spiritual Development, called THE NEW LIFE, is now available for live thinkers all over the world.

It recommends, among "150 of the world's best books," Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, Renan's *Marcus Aurelius*, and Hume's *Political Discourses*. Lighter recreation it proffers in the shape of jig-saw puzzles and scientific graphology.

It touches that broad human ground where all men are kin, when it offers

> ADVANCES of £100 to £1000 granted at 5 per cent. by an old-established Assurance Society of the highest reputation in connection with Life Assurance.

And it points the way to wealth when it tells us that a collector wants

> COLOURED PRINTS by George Baxter, Silk needlework Samplers and Pictures, Old Cut-glass Lustres and Goblets, Old Coloured Bead-work Bags, Neck-chains, etc., Old Pewter Plates, Candlesticks, and Goblets, Old Staffordshire and China Figures, Well-decorated Old China Tea Services, Old Carved Oak and Mahogany Furniture, Old Silver, small Old Satinwood, Tortoiseshell, and other Tea Caddies. High prices given for fine specimens.

There is a width in this appeal to the lumber-room, which should ensure a rich response.

But, if our journal is not sectarian, still less is it the organ of one sex or one class. The reiterated cry of "Blouses! Blouses!! BLOUSES!!!" rings through its columns, and "extreme value is remitted" for cast-off wardrobes. It cheers people of moderate incomes by assuring them that "orchid-growing is not expensive," and at the same time it has its word of hope for the sons and daughters of toil.

> BEGRIMED HANDS.—H—'s Detergent has been specially prepared for use whenever soap is ineffectual. Its thorough cleansing power has been described as wonderful by not a few correspondents. Motorists and gardeners will find it very serviceable. It is beneficial to the skin and hair, is antiseptic and refreshing to use. An eminent bacteriologist in giving an order said he liked it very much.

From bishops to bacteriologists is a far cry; but I think I have made good my original proposition that the uses of advertisement are sweet.

XVII

"BOTTLES" ON BOUNDERS

AT the last General Election I went down into my native county to help a young friend in his candidature for Parliament. We had an amusing time, and I lately gave an account of it in a book of fugitive pieces called *Afterthoughts*. My friend, now M.P. for North Loamshire, bears in real life a name both honourable and euphonious; but, unwilling to betray his secrets to the world, I disguised him under a surname on which George Eliot conferred immortality, and a Christian name which seemed to harmonize with it. "Tommy Transome of Transome Hall," when introduced to the world in *Afterthoughts* at once made a good many friends. Several people thought they knew him, and others expressed a wish to hear more about him. In a word he became a favourite with my readers, as, in real life, he had long been a favourite of my own.

Great, then, was my concern when, a few months ago, I received the post-card which I will presently transcribe. It was signed with a name to me unknown, for which we will substitute that of Matthew Arnold's

friend, Job Bottles. "Job Bottles, who is on the Stock Exchange; a man with black hair at the sides of his head, a bald crown, dark eyes and a fleshy nose, and a camellia in his buttonhole."[1] Intimately did Arnold know him, and perfectly did he describe him. Yes, Job Bottles shall be my correspondent's name.

Job's epistolary style is of the abruptest. He wastes no time on exordium, but plunges straight into his theme. "It is probably too late to hope that you can be anything but a stout bounder, but why do you draw a character like Tommy Transome in *Afterthoughts*, and say that he is a Harrow boy and an Oxonian? No gentleman from Harrow or Oxford talks like T. T. He is a young G. W. E. Russell bounder: please correct this if the public ('mostly fools') ask for a second edition." This unlooked-for severity caused me to make, as the French say, a return upon myself, and to ask myself point by point, whether I was justly liable to the reproaches thus hurled at me.

1. "It is probably too late to hope" that I can amend. But why? Bottles is, at least in this respect, like the cuckoo in *Thyrsis*—a "too quick despairer." While there is life there is hope. One has heard of conversions in very old age; and, even in the physical world, there is no knowing what wonders might be wrought by a severe course of Turkish baths or an hour's fencing every day before breakfast. I might even acquire a transient celebrity

[1] *Friendship's Garland*, Letter VIII.

by figuring as "Before" and "After" in the illustrated advertisements of Antipon.

2. But why should I desire the transformation? There is no disgrace in belonging to the family of Falstaff, of Charles Fox, and of Sydney Smith. Two of the most eminent statesment of modern times—a Tory Premier and a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer—were men whose "lower chest," as the tailors call it, was amply developed. "Laugh and grow fat" is a comfortable proverb; and I firmly believe that the popularity which, in spite of some palpable blots on his character, Henry VIII. has always enjoyed, is due to the fact that he had no "lean and hungry look." The stout and cheerful people have recognized him as a man and a brother, and have made allowances for his shortcomings accordingly.

3. But—"a bounder." Here the dictionaries do not serve me. Yet the word has somehow an offensive sound, and no doubt Bottles used it with an offensive intention. I remember that Lord Methuen, telegraphing home an account of the doings of the Guards at one of the early engagements in the South African War, said that it was a glorious sight to see them bounding from rock to rock; whereupon people called them "Methuen's Own Bounders," and they, when they heard it, were displeased. So it is evident that a bounder, though at present undefined, is something disagreeable; but what of "a young G. W. E. Russell bounder"? This, though it lacks hyphens, is a

truly alarming collocation of words, and bears a startling resemblance to Carlyle's vituperative rhetoric. The sting is not in the first word. The "youngness" will certainly be cured; and, if Tommy were a bounder *simpliciter*, with no qualifying epithets, he might in time learn (from the example of Job Bottles and his friends) to cultivate amenity, good manners, and the art of polite letter-writing. But "a G. W. E. Russell bounder" suggests a more deeply-dyed offensiveness; and even if Tommy lives to be Father of the House of Commons, I fear he will never shake off the effects of this early contagion.

4. It will be observed that Job Bottles finds fault with Tommy's habits of speech; nor do I commend them. The faithful chronicler must report what he hears; but the tendency to slang is always reprehensible. 'Twere much to be desired that the products of our English public schools should talk as the boys in *Basil the Schoolboy* talked about their holiday. "Let us go to Dingley Dell and converse about Byron." "Yes, dear Dibbins, do let's." Or like the monitor in *St Winifred's*, who hoped that a brother-monitor might soon be "what you are most capable of being, not only our greatest support, but also one of the brightest ornaments of our body"; or like the Football-Captain in *The Hill*, who, in the hottest moment of the match, gave his side the Polonius-like advice, "Temper your determination to win with a little commonsense." And fiction yields no finer rhetoric than fact, for, when Gladstone was

leaving Eton, his friend Arthur Hallam said: "I am confident that he is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose early promise I have witnessed." Such is the classic eloquence which our Public Schools should, and perhaps at one time did, produce; but I confess that on Tommy Transome's lips it would sound a little unreal. If in Harrow days he had called a schoolfellow "a Bud," I should have thought that he was, in colloquial phrase, pulling someone's leg; though, to be sure, it would have been no worse than a "Nib" or a "Knut." He still talks very much as he used to talk at Harrow and at Oxford; and, if he were suddenly to exchange his expressive vernacular for the style of Dr Johnson and Lindley Murray, I should attribute the change to the unwholesome influence of Parliament. I should fear that my young friend was beginning to take himself seriously; and I might even suspect him of laying himself out for office.

5. "Why," cries Job Bottles, with unreasoning wrath, "why do you draw a character like Tommy Transome, and say that he is a Harrow boy and an Oxonian?" Well, I say that he is, or rather was, a Harrow boy, simply because it is the fact, and in many respects he is a typical product of the school which reared him. "No gentleman from Harrow talks like T. T." Here, for once, Job Bottles must suffer me to contradict him. The Harrow Register reveals the fact that Bottles is not a Harrow man. I presume he followed his elder brother (whom

Arminius von Thunder Ten Tronckh knew so well) to "Lycurgus House Academy, Peckham," which had no doubt a style of speech befitting its traditions. But on the language of Harrow I am, and he is not, competent to speak.

But why, asks Bottles, do I say that Tommy is an Oxonian? The answer is that I do not. Here let me impart to my censor what in slang is called a "wrinkle." Oxford men do not talk of "Oxonians." That word is the exclusive property of the Sporting Reporter, and (in company with the "Cantabrigians") it comes into season at the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, just as "the Battle of the Blues" prevails in June and July, and "Glorious Goodwood" closes the summer. In asking that question Job Bottles has given himself away. Whatever he is, he is not an Oxford man. May I add my respectful conviction that, had he been such, he would have learnt different manners, and would not be so wholly bereft of amenity?

.

I pause on the words as I write them. He? A sudden suspicion crosses my mind. Am I really dealing with one of my own sex, or is my assailant a female Bottles? All Protestants believe that there once was a female Pope, and Freemasons admit that there once was a lady Mason. I turn to the post-card, and scan the signature with careful eye. The writer's indignant eloquence has crowded the signature into a corner, and it is rather a hieroglyphic.

What I took for "Job Bottles" may really be "M. J. Bottles," and, if so, I know where I am, for the great Master of Amenity has introduced me to the circle of Laburnum House, Reigate, where the elder Mr Bottles dispensed an elegant hospitality. "You noticed Mr Job Bottles. You must have seen his gaze resting on Mary Jane. But what with his cigars, his claret, his camellias, and the state of the money-market, Job Bottles is not a marrying man just at this moment. We have heard of the patience of Job; how natural, if his brother marries Mary Jane now, that Job, with his habits tempered, his view of life calmed, and the state of the money-market different, may wish, when she is a widow some five years hence, to marry her himself. And we have arrangements which make this illegal?" The more I think of it the more I am inclined to believe that my correspondent is Mrs Bottles, and that in disputing with Job Bottles I have been barking up the wrong tree. The rather unformed writing, and a visible uncertainty about punctuation, seem to suggest a female hand; but, above all, that word "Oxonian" tells its tale. When I said that "Oxonian" was the exclusive property of the Sporting Reporter, I spoke unadvisedly; I should have added—"and of the lady novelist." "Ouida," I feel sure, must have used it when she wrote of Oxford. It was dear to her who described the breathless contests of the college barges as they raced for Folly Bridge. "'Sit in the bows,' she said, pointing to the stern." It was a lady

who drew that scene, and the oarsman thus perversely adjured was "an Oxonian."

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Hark! I hear a familiar voice, and a footstep—not a very light one—on the stairs. It is Tommy, fresh from Transome, with a huge faggot of spring blossoms in his hand. "I thought these things would brighten you up a bit, as you will stick in this frowsy old town just when the country's about at its jolliest. Hullo? What's all this? Writes all that tosh on a postcard, and talks about 'an Oxonian'! That fairly rings the bell. 'Bounder,' indeed! What price Bottles?"

XVIII

RELATIONSHIPS

THE ensuing chapters were written by request; and as they were received with more than common kindness, I feel a peculiar pleasure in dedicating them to

My Friends in Lancashire.

G. W. E. R.

MOTHERS AND SONS

I know no pleasanter theme for contemplation than this, and it is suggested to me by a letter from Accrington. After referring to the qualities of the *Manchester Guardian*, my correspondent writes:

> I, a working woman, busy week in and week out, feel that I must find time to read its leaders; and some of them, written in times of stress and strain, are filed-up, in the hope that my sons may some day know how their mother treasured these things.

Who the mother is, who tries thus to influence her sons, I cannot tell, for the letter is anonymous; but I hope her lads recognize the fact that in this solicitude of a mother's love they possess one of the two richest boons which life can offer. If the other of those two boons is laid up for them in the storehouse of the

unknown future, they are doubly blest; but, be that as it may, let them make the most of the blessing which they have, for it will not last for ever.

> He turn'd him right and round again,
> Said, "Scorn na at my mither;
> Light loves I may get mony a ane,
> But minnie ne'er anither."

It is my deliberate conviction that in one point at any rate—very likely in more—a poor boy's lot is happier than the lot of a boy born into what we call "the Upper Classes," and it is this—that the poor boy has so many more years of that inestimable blessing, a mother's watchful oversight. A mother's love and a mother's prayers may indeed follow their object round the world; but the personal intercourse and daily contact between mother and son have a sacramental virtue in guarding and shaping a boy's course, such as nothing else on earth can supply. Every additional year spent at home, before the age of fourteen is reached, is a boon which cannot be overestimated.

A man whose name would be perfectly well known to all my readers if I were at liberty to mention it has been heard to say: "It is more than thirty years since I lost my mother, but she still is to me an external conscience, pointing me in every exigency of life to the right path, and urging me to take it."

I fancy that the boys at Accrington, whose experience suggested this chapter, have a mother of that

type; as they value their future peace, let them make the most of her while they have her. There are foolish people in the world who imagine that from the pulpits of churches called "ritualistic" nothing is heard but formalism and dogma. No one could harbour this delusion who in old days at St Alban's Holborn, had heard Father Mackonochie insist, Good Friday after Good Friday, on the third word from the Cross—"Behold thy son; behold thy mother." I cannot for a moment doubt that those insistent warnings against unkindness, neglectfulness, and undutifulness helped to save many a mother's heart from breaking, and to cheer many a man's retrospect with the remembrance of a sacred duty loyally fulfilled. When Dean Farrar was a schoolmaster, it came to his knowledge that one of his favourite pupils was not as good a son to his mother as he might have been, and the kindly teacher drew thus upon his own experience:—

My mother was, if ever there was, a Saint of God, and I loved her with all my heart; and yet one morning, when a letter brought me the intelligence that the previous night she had gone to bed in perfect health, and yet before morning God had called her to Himself—then my first thought was how much kinder, how much more loving I might have been; how, in ten thousand ways, by word and deed, which would have cost me nothing, and which would have caused her a thrill of happiness, I might have brightened her earthly life. It was a bitter thought that, much as I loved her, I had not always been so kind to her as I might have been; and I looked back with joy only to those occasions when I had *not* treated her love for me as matter of course, but had shown, by acts of kindness and gentleness, how infinitely I valued her blessing and her prayers.

There is, I think, no more impressive passage in biography than that which records the spiritual agonies of Monica as she wrestled against adversaries, seen and unseen, for the soul and future of the beloved but passion-driven Augustine. The art of Ary Scheffer has made visible to the eye the yearning of the mother's love, and the struggle with evil in the son's strong soul. It was Monica's hand that dragged Augustine out of the slough, and it was at Monica's feet that he poured out his contrition. Whenever, whether in Catholic or in Protestant theology, men feel the constraining spell of Augustine's teaching, let them give a thought to that long-tried and at length victorious mother who "lifted him out of the mire, and set him among princes."

If the modern Church has ever produced a saint, it was Edward King; and he was pre-eminently a mother's son. To his undergraduate-disciples at Oxford he would say: "Come and talk to my mother. She will do you more good than I can"; and, after her death, he wrote: "How to get on, I don't quite see. I am tempted to fear the loss of her wisdom almost more than the comfort of her brightness; but I know whence it came, and it can come still."

Those wistful words of a man past forty lend a pathetic interest to a letter which I have just received on the subject of Young Men's Melancholy. "Do you not think that the loss of a good mother at an early age often results in this form of Melancholy? I

attributed my state of mind in great part to such a loss when I was about thirteen." Yes, indeed! I think it, and I know it. Of course, in what I have written so far, I have had in mind mothers who were not only tender but also wise. Tenderness is indeed the sweetest ingredient in the spell which binds a lad to his mother; but "wisdom is profitable to direct," and not profitable only, but essential. Monica once was over-tender to her son's worst faults; but experience taught her the wisdom of severity. The foolish mother, whose blind idolatry fosters her boy's faults till they grow up into ruinous vices, was drawn for us by Dickens in Mrs Steerforth. George Eliot drew the wise mother—perhaps a little too completely wise—in Mrs Garth. Turning from fiction to actual life, we may see Mrs Garth's substantial but unexciting virtues reproduced in the utterance which Matthew Arnold rather mischievously ridiculed as "Mrs Gooch's Golden Rule." "That beautiful sentence which Sir Daniel Gooch quoted to the Swindon Workmen, and which I treasure as Mrs Gooch's Golden Rule, or the Divine Injunction 'Be ye Perfect' done into British—the sentence which Sir Daniel Gooch's mother repeated to him every morning when he was a boy going to work: 'Ever remember, my dear Dan, that you should look forward to being some day Manager of that Concern.'"

To Matthew Arnold, with his mind set steadily on

the things of the intellect and the spirit, the ideal thus bodied forth seemed inadequate. But I seem to recognize in it, through a medium of commonplace, that sedulous watchfulness of a mother's care, to which so many a many a man is heavily indebted for material success as well as for moral preservation. Anyhow, it is unwise and unsafe to disparage even the most homely manifestations of a mother's love for her son, or a son's love for his mother. Whether wisely or foolishly displayed, whether romantic or pedestrian in its aspect and utterance, that mutual love is a passion which daily inspires heroic deeds, and, when brutally handled, has before now culminated in the ghastliest tragedy. It is not so many years ago that two lads, maddened by the cruelties which their father was always inflicting on their mother, avenged her wrongs by parricide. With that crime, awful in itself and more awful in its consequences, I had, at the time, some personal concern. Many of my readers will remember it; and I only recall it now because it was one of those things which are "written for our admonition." I borrow my last word from Mr James Rhoades—

O love of Son and Mother!
 New loves may wax and wane;
But shall we find another,
 Nor time nor tears can stain?
From life's august beginning,
 Through all her dark extremes—
Sole love that needs no winning,
 Nor wastes in passionate dreams.

"More, Please"

My chapter on "Mothers and Sons" has brought an unusually wide and warm response. I delight to think that so fine a theme should have triumphed over defects of handling, and should have touched exactly those for whom the paper was written. The words at the head of this page are quoted from a postcard :—

Manchester, 10–8–12.

I thought you had already reached the top, but to-day's article crowns all. *Deo gratias.* More, please.—Yours to command,

A. B.

The subject is indeed inexhaustible and reaches far and deep. It has been said that there are only two sorts of people in the world—men and women,—and all relations between these two are cleansed and glorified by the idea of motherhood. This the Church of Rome, with her fine sense of humanity, has recognized in the Salutation, three times a day repeated from her belfries—*Ave Maria, gratia plena ; benedicta tu in mulieribus.* It must have occurred to many of us, when gazing at Millet's wonderful picture of *The Angelus*, that English labourers and artisans might well envy his French peasants this reiterated reminder of the glory of motherhood and all that it imports. It was not in a Catholic country—or, rather, not in a Catholic province,—but on the coast of Ulster, that one of the most brilliant and fascinating men of the Victorian age—statesman, orator, author, diplomatist, Proconsul,—the late Lord Dufferin, built a tower

which commemorates his mother, the beautiful and famous Helen Sheridan; and Tennyson adorned it with one of his happiest inscriptions:—

> Helen's Tower, here I stand
> Dominant over sea and land.
> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love engrav'n in gold.
> Would my granite girth were strong
> As either love, to last as long!
> I should wear my crown entire
> To and through the Doomsday fire,
> And be found of Angel eyes
> In earth's recurring Paradise.

That tribute to the mutual love of Mother and Son, as a thing stronger and more durable than stone, has always seemed to me one of Tennyson's finest touches, and, by its ring of intense reality, it suggests that the poet, no less than the statesman, was indeed a Mother's Son. A chivalric writer, depicting some young Crusader-Knights on a Syrian battlefield, just as the hosts of Heathendom were closing in for their destruction, described them as "buoyed up in that moment of surpassing peril by the sublime yet pathetic assurance that He for whom they gave their lives would receive their souls and comfort their Mothers." In all annals of battle, whether romantic or historical, the same thought perpetually recurs, till it finds its homeliest utterance in the words of the dying lad on the field of Belmont—"Tell Mother I'm sorry I ever laughed at her religion. I see now that she was right."

But I said just now that the idea of motherhood covers and sanctifies all human relations. A lad who has really loved and revered his Mother (for love and reverence must go hand in hand) will instinctively regard all women as sisters for his Mother's sake. The one noble element in chivalry, in some respects so mischievous, was that it taught every aspirant to Knighthood that his first duty was to protect the weak, and to shield Womanhood from every touch or even breath of wrong. What Burke so gloriously said of Marie Antoinette—that "ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult"—should be true of every woman who lives in a country where the spirit of chivalry is not dead. She is surrounded by men and boys who have known a Mother's love and profited by it, and in each one of them she can claim a brother. Bishop King, who combined strength and gentleness in a singular harmony, thus advised a lad who sought his counsel:

> A very good rule is, never to say anything or do anything to a girl that you would not like another fellow to say to your sister. You know the word "flirt." Don't be one. It is *unkind* to a girl to be played with. Anyone who is a flirt will never be married happily. He will be despised. . . . Treat all those of the opposite sex as sisters; and from this treatment will not only follow repugnance and shame at personal action, but repugnance against others treating womankind not as sisters.

Here is the spirit of chivalry in a modern dress. The late Bishop Wilkinson of St Andrews, who had

ministered to Mr Gladstone on his death-bed, made this striking allusion in his Funeral Sermon:

> I like to think of him in his young manhood, on that day when, in the presence of only one intimate friend, he solemnly made up his mind that, whatever else he accomplished in life, whether he succeeded or whether he failed, he would by God's help not rest until he was able to bring back from the dreary wilderness some of those poor women whose lives had been ruined by man's selfishness, man's thoughtless cruelty. I like to see him as the young knight in the ancient legend, girding on his armour for that lifelong effort.

Chivalry again. But, though we are pledged soldiers for a great campaign, we need not always be fighting. Ours must be the attitude of the strong man armed, ready to strike a blow whenever the cause demands it; and our sisters will be all the readier to give us their friendship and their confidence because they know that we should be, if occasion arose, their champions. A woman's perception of the chivalrous nature in man—and its reverse—is the triumph of intuition. Whatever is good in man, woman's influence draws out and makes more gracious. It was a famous saying about a famous woman that "to have loved her was a liberal education"; and the society of good women is the most educative process through which a man can pass. It is not educative only, but disciplinary. A bumptious, or forward, or self-satisfied youth, reminded by a word or even a look that he has gone too far or made too free, has received a lesson by which, if there is any good in him, he will profit to the end of his days. I said when first I touched

on this subject, that the great drawback to the system of Boarding-Schools is that it withdraws a boy too soon from his mother's care; and to this might be added, that it secludes him from women's society. It deprives him of those daily lessons in courtesy, chivalry, and self-forgetfulness which the presence of women insensibly impresses; and then, as Gibbon says, outraged nature will have her revenges. When Robert Dolling was trying to evangelize and civilize the slums of Portsmouth, he found that one of the most useful agencies for his twofold purpose was a Parochial Dancing-class. His testimony is worth recalling:—

> It is extraordinary the difference which this has effected in the manners of our people. The dancing is, perhaps, a little more serious than at a ball in Belgravia, for squares are danced with a due attention to the figures. It has given the most happy opportunity of enabling our boys and girls to meet naturally together, and I am more and more convinced by experience that this is one of the greatest wants in a place like ours. Many of our boys and girls have got engaged to be married through this dance, and if any of them gets engaged to a girl outside the parish, the dance gives them an excellent excuse to introduce her to us. It would be very difficult to say, "You must come and see our parson." It is very easy to say, "You must come and see our dancing-class."

Unluckily the sons of the rich have few such opportunities.

A due sense of the beauty and sacredness of womanhood in all its relationships will naturally and rightly affect our judgment on literature and even on history. We feel most at home in the

ages when womanhood was honoured; least at home when it was trodden underfoot. Christianity, of course, has done more than any other power to establish woman in her rightful place; but in days long before the Christian dawn we find in heathenism some "shadows cast before" of the higher ideal which was to come.

Within the pale of that civilization, which has grown up under the combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary, we find the idea of woman and her social position raised to a point higher than in the poems of Homer. But it would be hard to discover any period of history, or country of the world, not being Christian, in which women stood so high as with the Greeks of the heroic age.

And yet, after Christianity, with its revelations of Immaculate Womanhood, had held the earth for sixteen centuries, we find England wallowing in the indescribable beastliness which is set forth in the comic dramatists of the Restoration, and even later in Swift and Fielding and Smollett. It is common to attribute this brutality to the reaction from Puritanism; but Puritanism, in spite of its name, had fallen far below the Christian ideal. One of the amazing fruits of theological partisanship is that we still hear Milton extolled as a great teacher of morality. On this point let Mr Gladstone speak:

In this matter of Polygamy Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European, civilization; and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart

of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world. It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. . . . His conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, descend below historic heathenism, and approximate even to brutality.

From this calculated insolence towards Womanhood Shakespeare is wholly free. His heroines are among the most entrancing creations which Genius has ever evoked; but we must have often wished that we could disentangle them from their base surroundings. Scott's girls approach perfection, and Die Vernon is the most attractive heroine in fiction. Tennyson is at his best when he is describing a lad's pure passion and a maiden's response to it; and his lines describing the power of love to elevate and strengthen character ought to be engraven in letters of gold on the walls of every boys' school. Coventry Patmore was peculiarly the poet of womanhood, and *The Angel in the House* contains a stanza, beginning—

He safely walks in darkest ways,

which every lad might profitably learn by heart.

But if I were to set out on a progress through all the poets who have written nobly and beautifully about a subject which others, alas! have polluted and profaned, I should fill my page with quotations. Let one more suffice. After the more vivid colouring of Coleridge and Browning, Wordsworth's love-poetry may seem pale; and yet it has its own peculiar charm,

as grateful as a quiet green after a blaze of scarlet, and with it I end:

> He sang of love, with quiet blending,
> Slow to begin, but never ending,
> Of serious faith and inward glee;
> That was the song—the song for me!

Tender and True

I head my chapter with the noble motto of the house of Douglas, because it seems to me to convey more exactly than almost any other formula the perfection of the manly character. A correspondent, who has read my recent words about "Mothers and Sons," is moved to ask a question—"Does a mother's influence upon her son tend to develop such virtues as kindness, gentleness, sympathy, thoughtfulness, and unselfishness in the character of the son, *at the expense of other parts of his nature*, such as the sterner qualities connected with manhood? If a boy stays at home during the age of adolescence, and is under the direct influence of a sweet-dispositioned mother, is he not apt to become effeminate?"

That word "sweet," applied to the mother's disposition, gives me pause. "A sweet woman" is not generally an expression of high praise, but rather conveys a notion of foolishness and vacuity. Now, in what I have written about a mother's influence, I have taken for granted that the mother is a wise woman. "Love and reverence," I said, "must go hand in hand," and, though a boy may love an

unwise mother, he will hardly revere her. "Tenderness," I said again, "is indeed the sweetest ingredient in the spell which binds a lad to his mother, but 'wisdom is profitable to direct,' and not profitable only, but essential." Wordsworth's "Perfect Woman" was no doubt a perfect mother, and she was formed

> To warn, to comfort, and command;

and I cannot doubt that to her boys her commands were laws.

Therefore, in answering my friend to-day, I must grant that the experiment of keeping a boy at home during the age of adolescence, with no stronger guidance than that of a "sweet-dispositioned" mother, might very likely make him effeminate, and even selfish and tyrannical. I remember that Miss Florence Montgomery, in one of her delightful stories, describes some spoilt boys who could not carve a chicken, or open a bottle of soda-water, or lace their shooting-boots for themselves; and I suspect that their mother was more sweet than wise.

The "joy that a man is born into the world" is not a fading sentiment. The wise mother, as I have known her, teaches her boy from the first to "endure hardness," to bear little injuries and annoyances without crying or fuming, and to face the small dangers which seem so great, though his heart is in his mouth. My correspondent assumes, and rightly, that the mother's influence will tend to produce 'kindness, gentleness, sympathy, thoughtfulness, and

unselfishness" in the boy, but seems to suspect that these virtues will be produced "at the *expense* of the sterner qualities of manhood." Surely this is a groundless fear. Roughness is not strength, and coarseness is not virility. Wordsworth saw "The Happy Warrior"

> Endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> And yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
> Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
> Are at his heart; and such fidelity
> It is his darling passion to approve;
> *More brave for this, that he hath much to love.*

Among the "sterner qualities connected with manhood" one would, I suppose, reckon self-reliance, strength of purpose, fidelity to pledged faith, and contempt for pain and hardship and popular opinion. All these things a mother can teach, all the more persuasively because of her tenderness. "Tender and true"—the motto holds good in every home where a wise mother bears sway. "Be very kind to your little brothers. Never tease your sisters; but, when you are with other boys, learn to take your own part. Don't come running home with your finger in your eye every time you get 'cut off' at cricket or shinned at football. When once you have made a promise, keep it, whatever it costs you. Don't be afraid of what other fellows say. Don't be ashamed of goodness. Listen for what conscience says, and, when you hear it, do it." Some such counsels as these are, in substance, uttered every day

by wise and tender mothers, and so the sterner as well as the softer elements of character are built up. A man of delicate and beautiful genius told the same tale in better words:—

When I was quite a little boy I passed a pond on my father's farm, then spreading its waters wide; a Rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys in sport destroy birds and squirrels and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But, all at once, something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong!" I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, and then turned homeward. I hastened to my mother and asked what it was that told me "it was wrong." She took me in her arms and said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends upon heeding that little voice."

The cultivation of the conscience in the boy is, I suppose, the noblest of all the mother's functions; and, in comparison with it, all other forms of her affection may seem pathetic and commonplace. Yet life is the sum of trifles, and a good deal of misery may be saved by homely counsels, opportunely delivered. A mother whom I knew well, eminent both for tenderness and for wisdom, spoke thus to her sons, who bore the historic but uncommon name of Wallop,

when they first left home for school: "If the other boys chaff you about your name, say, 'There's nothing to laugh at in our name. The verb "to wallop" is derived from it, and, if you like, I'll show you what it means.'"

I now revert to my correspondent's question, because it contains a clause which must materially affect my reply—"If a boy stays at home during the age of adolescence." Here I find a certain ambiguity. If by "staying at home" my friend means an absolute seclusion from other boys—no schoolfellows and no playfellows, but only lessons learnt under the parents' roof—in short, what is generally called "Private Study"—I cannot imagine a training more disastrous for an ordinarily healthy boy. However wise his mother may be, she can scarcely, under such conditions, save her son from namby-pambiness and priggery. The evils of Boarding-Schools I have already stated fully enough; but they are not wholly evil. Even among six hundred irresponsible schoolfellows a mother's influence reaches a boy by letters, by visits, by the intercourse of the holidays, and also by ways less palpable than these. And at a Boarding-School, whatever becomes of the "tender" element in character, the "true"—the hard, firm, and self-reliant element—is pretty sure to be developed. If the choice lies between an absolutely secluded education and education at a Public School, I plump for the School. But I make war on Private Schools, if for nothing else than because they take the child pre-

maturely from his home. If a boy is to go to a Boarding-School at all, fourteen is the best age to start; and then, with a healthy body, a trained conscience, and a mother's influence, unseen but felt, behind and above and around, the boy has a better chance of prospering than if he were the isolated product of the parental library.

But there remains, as in most of the concerns of life, a third and a best course. If the circumstances of the home are such as to enable the boy to attend a first-rate school as a Day-boy or Home-Boarder, he has all the advantages of school in their full perfection, and all its evils reduced to their minimum. He enjoys the Common Life of worship and lessons and games; he feels the stimulus of competition and the inspiration of example; and he goes back each evening to that true sanctuary for body and soul which only a mother's love can provide.

And what is to be the result of all this care and tenderness and wisdom, all these anxious deliberations, all these painfully-weighed decisions? What sort of man is to issue from these processes of formation? I began with a grand motto, and I end with another which is worthy to rank with it. If I violate my own canon of always speaking English, it is because I have not the skill to render Lacordaire's perfect phrase into a worthy equivalent—

> Fort comme le diamant; plus tendre qu'une mère.

Could one conceive a finer combination?

Fathers and Sons

A friend at Birmingham, who was kind enough to like my remarks on "Mothers and Sons," asks for something on "Fathers and Sons." The subject now proposed is by no means so easy as that which suggested it to my correspondent's mind. I imagine that, in the vast majority of cases, the relation between Mother and Son is one of the happiest in the world; but, in the relation between Father and Son, it has been my lot to see not a little unhappiness, not a little unwisdom, not a few disasters. My observation has been both wide and intimate; and it has led me to the deliberate conclusion that, where the relations between a father and his son are strained and painful, the general adage, "Faults on both sides," does not necessarily apply. Where it does, the blame may be fairly apportioned; but there are cases, not a few, of estrangement between father and son where, as far as a third person can judge, the fault is all on one side.

If the fault is on the father's side, it can generally be traced to very ugly roots; indeed, those roots must be ugly and even poisonous which produce the undoing of what might be so beautiful a relation. One of them is simply evil temper. A father's temper, ungoverned and unchecked while the boy is young, produces an habitual terror and a shrinking secretiveness. Mr Arthur Benson says: "To me personally the father I knew in later years, sympathetic,

patient, devotedly affectionate, seems a different person from the stately, severe father of my youth, who blew his nose so loudly in the hall, and whom it was almost a relief to see departing in cap and swelling silk gown down the drive." In this case the breach was happily healed by years, but too often it developes into a permanent estrangement.

A still viler root is jealousy. When a father has married young, and, while he is still in the prime of life, sees his son growing into the position, the popularity, and the enjoyments which once were his own, he is sometimes tempted to a most unhallowed bitterness. "He is stepping into my place. He is thrusting me on one side. Every year will make him more of a personage, and me less"—these and such as these are the unuttered sentiments which sometimes turn fathers and sons into rivals, opponents, and even deadly enemies.

A quite different, and much less vile, temptation assails the man who, whether through having married late, or through having had a crop of daughters before a boy was born, is growing old while his son is still quite young. The particular estrangement which arises in this case was drawn with a master-touch in *Vice Versa.*

> Mr Bultitude hated to have a boy about the house, and positively writhed under the irrelevant and irrepressible question, the unnecessary noises and boisterous high spirits, which nothing could subdue. He had not the remotest idea what to say to this solemn, red-haired boy, who sat staring at him in the intervals of filling his mouth with preserved ginger.

Divested of its farcical associations, how often have I seen this attitude of Father to Son! the father so far removed from his own boyhood that he is honestly incapable of entering into the boy's thoughts, wishes, or inclinations; and the son simply regarding the father, in the most favourable light, as a paymaster; in the less favourable, as a policeman. And this type of father not only forgets the emotions and experiences of youth, but too often imagines himself to have possessed, in those distant days, all sorts of virtues and accomplishments which his son only too conspicuously lacks. "When I was your age I spent my pocket-money on books, not on pastry-cook's trash." "When I was your age I should have been ashamed of myself if I could not translate a page of the *Odyssey* at sight." "Let's see—how old are you? Sixteen! I left school at fourteen, and never cost my Father another penny." These imaginary virtues are intensely irritating to the boy for whose benefit they are evolved; and not seldom, being proved to be frauds, they land the vainglorious parent in contempt and ridicule. Thus I remember a pompous old general, who was noisily sarcastic (before strangers, too) about his son's failure in an army examination: "If such a thing had happened to me, I should have been ashamed to show my face in the county, let alone hunting in scarlet and swaggering at the hunt ball." But, when a contemporary of the general's, pitying the son, pointed out that the Father had entered the army before examinations

were invented, it became difficult to maintain filial respect.

Stinginess in a father is another fruitful root of bitterness. When a youth is well aware that his father could, with perfect ease, increase his allowance to a point which would give him the same opportunities and enjoyments as his fellows, he finds it difficult to believe that the paternal parsimony is dictated solely by a desire for his ulterior good; and niggardliness disguising itself as a virtue provokes, at the best, ridicule; at the worst, resentment. When Dick Bultitude, returning to school, asked his father for a tip, Mr Bultitude replied, "If I gave you anything you'd only go and spend it"; as if, says Mr Guthrie, "he considered money an object of art." A goodly company of British fathers spoke in those words of Mr Bultitude; and it is not strange, though it is significant, that a lad who owes money, and is in difficulties about paying it, will always confide his trouble to his mother and try to keep "the Governor" in the dark.

After these very disagreeable causes of estrangement between Father and Son, it is comparatively pleasant to recall another of an opposite type. More than once I have known a lad's character stunted, and his career marred, by his father's undue solicitude for his reputation and success. "Your report from school this Christmas is good; but I shall hope to see it even better next term." "A Second Class in an Honours School is not bad, but I had set my heart on

your getting a First." "I didn't like the way you came into Mrs Perkins's drawing-room. You looked as if you didn't know what to do with your arms and legs." "Your speech was certainly good for a first attempt, but you were a great deal too fast." "You've a very fair seat on a horse, but your hands are dreadfully heavy." When constantly assailed by these half-praises and whole-criticisms, a youth is apt to say within himself: "Well, nothing I do will ever satisfy the Governor. I'd better chuck reading"—or society, or politics, or hunting, or whatever it may be —"and go my own way without worrying."

I turn now to the other side of the medal, and survey the case where the fault seems to be wholly with the Son. Here the root of bitterness may be nothing worse than a total lack of reverence. A son may be really kind, in his thoughts and even his actions, but if he is rough or self-assertive or patronizing towards his father, his conduct is hard to bear. It is disagreeable enough to be growing old,

> to feel each limb
> Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
> Each nerve more loosely strung,

without the additional mortification of being shoved on one side by young self-sufficiency. Sometimes, of course, there is a more diabolical instinct at work than mere rudeness. There may be—one has read of it, and sometimes seen it—an intense ill-will on the part of a son towards a perfectly virtuous and unoffending father. Some frustrated desire, some

mortified pride or passion, some implacable jealousy against brother or sister, too indulgently treated, or too liberally provided for, may be the root of this hideous vindictiveness. Or perhaps the source of the evil may be further back in the history of the family, and Heredity may be, at any rate in part, accountable. Jonathan Edwards tells the story of a brutal wretch in New Haven who was abusing his father, when the old man cried, "Don't drag me any further, for I didn't drag *my* father beyond this tree"; and the same grisly tale is told in other and older literatures.

But, short of parricidal horrors, an ill-conditioned son can do a great deal to make a father's life miserable. Take the case of a lad educated in a rigidly orthodox home, where the traditional views of religion have never been questioned, and are believed to be bound up with temporal and eternal well-being. The son goes to the University, or joins a Circuit, or falls in with free-thinking friends. He acquires just as much of critical jargon as enables him to go home and tell his father that the second epistle of St Peter is manifestly not genuine, or to be sarcastic about St John's "senile iterations and contorted metaphysics." All this may be as a knife running into his father's heart; and there is no conceivable motive for it except vanity or viciousness. Less bitter, but quite bitter enough, is the experience of a father who, having been, all his life long, devotedly attached to a political party, having

worked for it, made sacrifices for it, and perhaps suffered from it, finds that his son has gone over with a rush to the other side, parades his dissent from the faith in which he has been reared, makes common cause with his father's lifelong opponents, and lets it be known that, as soon as he steps into the position which will some day be his, it will be his first endeavour to undo his father's life-work. The cause of the change may indeed be conscientious conviction; but the way of making it known is sheer malevolence.

These instances, taken almost at random, may serve to illustrate my contention that "Faults on both sides" is an adage which, though true enough in most dissensions, does not always hold good of ruptures between Father and Son.

But happily there are cases where tact and judgment in a father may have results which no rebukes or remonstrances or heated arguments or paper-wars would ever have a chance of producing. "I have long since discovered that I cannot drive or lead him, but I find that I can influence him." Those were the words of a very wise father about a very wayward son; and the "influence" brought the boy back to the moorings from which, through sheer wilfulness and love of independence, he had almost slipped away. We have just learned that George Meredith wrote thus to his son: "We have been long estranged, my dear boy, and I awake from it with a shock that wrings me. The elder should be the first to break

through such divisions, for he knows best the tenure and the nature of life."

But it would be treason against nature, and a libel on the moral government of the world, if I were to leave the impression that miseries such as these are not daily counterbalanced by instances of mutual love and respect and confidence between a conscientious father and a wholesome-minded son. When King George V. addressed his first Council, on the day of his accession, he said: "I have lost not only a Father's love, but the affectionate and intimate relations of a dear friend and adviser." Thousands of his subjects could, under like circumstances, say the same.

Fathers and Daughters

Before I touch this theme I must revert to the subject of "Fathers and Sons," and I do so only for the sake of saying that what I wrote was not autobiographical. To assume that it was would be as reasonable as to infer that because a neurologist had described several types of nervous disease, therefore he suffered from one or more of them; or that, because a clergyman preached on the Seven Deadly Sins, he had graduated in the School of Satan.

Again, a lady asks: "You have told us some of the causes of estrangement between Fathers and Sons —now may we have the cure?"

I should have thought that the cure was a careful

avoidance, on both sides, of the practices which I reprobated. In the distant days, when scholarship and sport were sometimes found in combination, a book much quoted was a treatise on Horsemanship called *Genius Genuine*. It bore on the title-page the name of the famous jockey Sam Chifney (though the style suggests a different authorship), and one of the precepts which I remember best is this—"Ride as if your rein were made of silk and you were afraid of breaking it." Let us apply that saying to the case before us. If a father will use his natural authority over a boy as if it were a silken thread and he were "afraid of breaking it," he will probably find it respected and obeyed. But if he bungles and tugs and tortures, like a heavy-handed rider hanging on to a severe curb, he must not be surprised if the colt rears, or plunges, or even bolts. Which things are an allegory. I must now turn to my prescribed theme.

My readers know, only too well, from my frequent iteration, that my favourite heroine in all fiction is Die Vernon. The glory of Die's character lay in her resolve to sacrifice her dearest hope on earth, and to brave all manner of misunderstandings, that she might save her father's life. And, when at last that object was secured, and Frank Osbaldistone claimed her for his own, his father had sense enough to say, "So dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife." And so she did, if her husband's word may be trusted. "How I sped in my wooing, Will Tresham, I need not tell you. You know, too, how long and happily

I lived with Diana. You know how I lamented her. But you do not—cannot—know how much she deserved her husband's sorrow."

In *Rob Roy* the mutual love of Father and Daughter is seen at its happiest; I turn to another work of genius for a differently-coloured picture of the same devotion, though the transition is like turning from Fra Angelico to Salvator Rosa. *Elsie Venner* is dark with the hues of abnormal tragedy, but the steady glow of a father's love contends with them, and at last subdues them. We must not linger in the enchanted realms of fiction. We must return to history. Everyone who knows anything of the great Sir Robert Peel knows that he was a man of strangely repressed and repressing manners. People who were admitted to his confidence found that under his cold exterior there was a fund of active benevolence; but they were very few, and his children were not numbered among them. One of his daughters told me this curious experience. When she was a girl she was riding with her father, and her horse bolted, carrying her at full gallop all along Park Lane till he pulled up at the gates of the Marble Arch. Sir Robert, too wise to add to his daughter's danger by galloping after her, came up just in time to lift her from her horse, and as he did so he burst into uncontrollable tears. "And so you really do love me?" was her exclamation of astonished delight when she saw the ice-bound nature thaw. This was not the beginning of love, but the revelation of it; and the

current never froze again. "Nelly," wrote Matthew Arnold, "is, like Traddles's young lady, the dearest girl in the world"; and I suppose that, in most instances, a Father loves his daughter just for herself, for her prettiness, her brightness, her winning ways—in short, because she is herself and he is her father—and does not reason about it. But surely there often enters another element—the memory of a golden past, "when all the world was young, lad, and all the leaves were green," when the girl's mother was what the girl now is—

> There's music in the gallery,
> There's dancing in the hall;
> And the girl I love is moving
> Like a goddess through the ball.
> You're the queen of all around you,
> You're the glory of the room;
> But I liked you better, Marion,
> Riding through the broom.

That ball, and that ride, were twenty years ago; but now as I watch the dancing I see the same face and form, like a lovely Gainsborough waltzing out of its frame; or, as I cross the common, I catch sight of a figure, and a habit, and a graceful seat on a pretty hack, which somehow seem to stir me with a delicious surprise.

Thrice happy is the man who, with Wordsworth, is permitted to follow the image which he loves through all life's stages—from the days when it is

> A lovely Apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament,

through the time when

> He sees it upon nearer view,
> A spirit, yet a woman too!

till with the lapse of years it grows into

> A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A Traveller between life and death.

That is the perfect lot. But, if death has drawn its white veil over the picture which I cherished, then surely I must love with double tenderness the visible reminder of a vanished joy. "Child, what has happened? You have become the image of your mother to-night." And although Rufus Lyon knew that Esther was not his daughter, he loved her that night as he had never loved her before.

If we turn to the other side of the relationship, the devotion of daughter to father has been at least as conspicuous a fact in life as in fiction, classical or modern. Goneril and Regan are exceptions to the rule; the world is full of Cordelias. My older readers will recall the peculiar popularity which our own Princess Alice always enjoyed in England, though she left it when she was nineteen, on account of the devotion with which she had tended her father, both in life and in death. A simple and natural virtue, displayed in conspicuous place, seems to knit human hearts together in a singular accord. Daughters are the most enthusiastic hero-worshippers, and the most passionate of partisans. I was infinitely touched by what a lady—the daughter of a very famous man—once told me about a girlish experience of her own.

A spiteful neighbour had accused her of an indiscretion. She had no mother, and in her passionate grief she rushed to her father. "As if a child of yours could have done such a thing!" was her indignant cry; and as she told the story, fifty years after the occurrence, she still seemed to feel the reflected blot on her father's scutcheon far more keenly than the direct insult to herself. If I wished to traduce the character of a great statesman, living or departed, I think I should choose any auditory sooner than his daughters. There is no better passage in Macaulay's letters than that which describes the wrath of Lady Clanricarde—Canning's daughter—against the betrayer of her father.

> She and I had a great deal of talk. She showed much cleverness and information, but, I thought, a little more political animosity than is quite becoming in a pretty woman. However, she has been placed in peculiar circumstances. The daughter of a statesman who was a martyr to the rage of faction may be pardoned for speaking sharply of the enemies of her parent; and she did speak sharply. With knitted brow and flashing eyes, and a look of feminine vengeance about her beautiful mouth, she gave me such a character of Peel as he would certainly have had no pleasure in hearing.

This is a good description of an adoring daughter when once fairly started on the war-path. The same enthusiasm makes her the most indefatigable of canvassers at an election; and the same blind hero-worship makes her the worst of biographers. For a woman who has adored her father to write that father's Life is to court disaster; for the reader, turning in

dudgeon from an impossible perfection, rushes into the other extreme of unmerited dispraise.

I approach now a department of my subject where I must needs walk very warily, lest I share the fate of him of old, who, rushing into the secret places of femininity, was torn to pieces for his crime. But I think I am not far from the truth when I say that a father-worshipping girl often enters society with a fixed determination that the man she marries shall be such an one as her father is or was or must have been. The father may have been a man of thought or a man of action; strenuous or sensitive; conspicuous in the public eye, or scarcely known beyond his own garden; but, if the girl, brought up at his side, has learnt to look upon him as the most perfect being on God's earth, she naturally desires that her lot in life should be linked with such another. But, happily or unhappily, there is a stronger power in the world than a girl's resolve, and the operations of love cannot be calculated in advance. The girl whose chief delight has been to follow her father across country, rejoicing to see him "cut out the work" for the best men in Loamshire, suddenly finds herself powerless in the grasp of a slum-curate. A girl who has been brought up by an æsthetic sire, amid Morris's wall-papers and soulful-eyed poets with long hair, suddenly links her lot with a soldier or an airman or a hunter of big game. The daughter of a statesman who has held the peace of Europe in his hand finds that true bliss really consists in helping a sympathetic botanist to

dissect a weed. In each case, the Father probably objects—indeed, his objections have played a great part in fiction and the drama. If he is a fox-hunter, perhaps he would rather that his son-in-law wore a red coat than a black one. If he loves culture, he would sooner see his girl posed in a studio or a library, than hear of her riding astride on the veldt, or risking her neck in an aeroplane, or transfixing a wild boar in a jungle. The statesman who has pictured his daughter receiving her guests at the Foreign Office, or playing Vice-Queen in some great dependency, looks with ill-concealed contempt on the blameless-lore of stamen and pollen. But, after all is said and done, papa, unless he is exceptionally foolish, remembers that his ascendancy must some day yield to a stronger spell; and realizes that the mildest-mannered suitor may, if baulked, prove to be a second Allan-a-Dale—

> The Father was steel and the Mother was stone;
> They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
> But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
> He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye;
> So she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
> And the lad it was told by was Allan-a-Dale!

BROTHERS

Mr Horace Vachell's *Brothers* is, to my thinking, a most delightful novel, and, except perhaps *The Hill*, the best thing the author has ever done. But he would scarcely claim a monopoly in so simple a title, and no other would so tersely express the subject to which I am now invited.

A word too lightly uttered has an extraordinary knack of returning after many days and demanding apology or explanation. This truth, or truism, only too familiar to everyone who writes or speaks, has just been illustrated afresh in my own case. A gentleman from the wilds of Shropshire, after saying much that is kind and complimentary, thus questions a recent utterance of mine:—"I am writing to enquire why, in writing the article some weeks ago in which you mentioned the late Mr Gladstone's boyish experience—that when he had saved a small sum his brothers eased him of it,—you rather seemed glad that he was so robbed. I know your intent was to divert your readers' mind from pure miserliness; but I think the young might construe it rather differently, and find authority to rob and pilfer more saving members of their own family and esteem it no wrong."

Now the bare suggestion that I might, all unwittingly, have been destroying the ethics of the Home, caused me to make what the French call "a return upon myself." One cannot always be reading one's own writings, and I had forgotten the peccant passage, but found it after some search in a paper on the uses of wealth. That I may "nothing extenuate" of my wrongdoing, I reproduce the words: "Personally, I dislike a man who hoards. Mr Gladstone has left it on record that he was by nature 'thrifty and penurious,' and that by the time he was eight he had accumulated no less than twenty

shillings in silver. My brothers judged it right to appropriate this fund.' The brothers were quite right. What they did I also should have done." So far, my own writing with the embedded quotation. But I feel it due to the memory of the elder Gladstones, and also to the ductility of my younger readers (whom I would not for the world lead into larceny), to complete the record of this forcible transaction. Mr Gladstone says: "I do not recollect either annoyance or resistance or complaint. But I recollect that they employed the principal part of the money in the purchase of four knives, and that they broke the points from the tops of the blades of my knife, lest I should cut my fingers." So there we have the crime—or at any rate the act of deliberate violence—and its extenuation. The infant Gladstone was deprived of his pound, and got in exchange a pocket-knife with broken blades. Certainly it sounds a rather one-sided apportionment, and I am surprised that the little victim felt no "annoyance." That he did not "resist" or "complain" is not so wonderful. If he had resisted, his brothers, all older than himself, would probably have licked him till he gave in; and, if he had complained to Papa or Mamma, he would have heard about it next time the brothers caught him in a solitary place.

But now I must reconsider my *obiter dictum*—my casual and half-considered saying—"The brothers were quite right." Were they? We must look to motives. If their action was dictated solely by

avarice, and the unhallowed longing for new pocket-knives, they were wrong. If their object was to provoke their youngest brother—to make him either fight or whimper—they were extremely wrong. But, if they saw that his infant soul was unduly concentrated on his store of silver; that he sate in sly corners counting it when he ought to have been playing cricket, or was evidently brooding over it when on pony-back or at the tea-table, they were probably right. If—but this is a frightful supposition—if they had reason to suppose that any portion of the fund had been illegitimately acquired, they were certainly right, though I must confess that their moral enthusiasm would have shone out more convincingly if they had not bought those pocket-knives for themselves with their brother's ill-gotten gains. At this point of the enquiry ethics seem to be intertwining themselves with economics. Ought a young boy to have any money? In what way is it lawful for him to acquire it? When he has got it, has anyone else the right to inspect it or invest it? A lady fired with Missionary zeal once addressed her younger friends in this remarkable lyric:

> If you want to be told the best use for a penny,
> I can tell you a use which is better than any—
> Not on toys, nor on cakes, nor on sweetmeats, to spend it,
> But over the sea to the heathen to send it.

Would the elder brother of a boy who possessed the modest coin in question be justified in seizing it for Missionary uses?

I was intimately acquainted with a boy who once won some money at "the Race-Game"—now, I think, gone out of fashion. As the Race-Game, like real Racing, risked money on chances, it was thought wicked in strict families, and the boy was forced, much against his will, to put his winnings into a Missionary Box. Smarting with the sense of injury, he unpasted the bottom of the box, rescued his shillings, and reclosed the aperture. Was he right or wrong? I incline to think right; but, if his brothers had done it for him, they would have been guilty of robbery and sacrilege.

If I even hint that big brothers are capable of bullying or even teasing their juniors, I shall be reproached by tender-hearted people, who will say: "Why! Oh why, do you thus besmirch the most beautiful of relationships?" I had experience of these tender hearts when I was writing about fathers and sons. I write as I do because I know the facts about which I am writing. An elder brother may be the most detestable of bullies, and all the more formidable because he knows exactly the weak points and the tender places. Of course, physical cruelty would be impossible in a decently-ordered home; but there are a hundred ways in which an elder brother can wound and mortify and oppress a younger, while parents do not observe what he is doing, or, observing it, do not understand. Here is a passage from one of Richard Middleton's striking stories which exactly illustrates my meaning. The Elder and the

Younger brother are travelling together, but they find it impossible to converse :—

> The train wandered on, and my eldest brother and I looked at each other constrainedly. . . . I remembered with a glow of anger how he had once rubbed a strawberry in my face because I had taken the liberty of offering it to one of his friends, and I held my peace. I had prayed for his death every night for three weeks after that ; and, though he was still alive, the knowledge of my unconfessed and unrepented wickedness prevented me from being more than conventionally polite. He thought I was a cheeky little toad, and I thought he was a bully ; so we looked at each other and did not speak.

The same unkindness often accompanies brothers to the Private and the Public School ; and away from home it has, of course, fuller scope for its exercise, under the protection of the general principle that anything which hurts or annoys a little boy is good for him. That I may not seem to be exaggerating, let me here record a personal recollection.

I was once talking to an undergraduate friend at Oxford about his family. I knew that he had several sisters, and I asked if he had a brother ; whereupon he said : "No ; I had one once, two years older than myself ; but he died when he was a baby. It was a mercy for me that he did, because we should have been at St Winifred's together, and he would have been just enough older to bully me." There spoke the experience of a Public School. As years go on, bullying of course becomes impracticable ; but unkindness may continue, and our social system tends to stimulate it. "The cruelty and wickedness of making eldest sons," against which John Bright

always inveighed, lies in this very point, that it tends directly to impair and embitter the brotherly relation. Two boys, within a year of each other in age, born in the same house, reared in the same luxuries and pleasures, educated at the same schools and the same university, find themselves, as soon as the realities of life begin, as differently situated as if they had been born in different worlds. The home, the lands, the income, the sporting rights, the seat in the House of Lords, the political influence, the ecclesiastical patronage, the social consideration, all pass into the hands of the eldest son. The position of the younger sons differs not only in degree but in kind. Broadly speaking, the eldest is everything, and they are nothing. He is a personage, and they are nobodies. His way has been made for him from the hour in which he condescended to be born; they have their ways to make, and, in the vast majority of instances, with equipment very inadequate to the task. Lord Beaconsfield, who knew the working of our social system better than any other novelist, drew out this inequality of lot and its too frequent results in *Sybil*. So skilfully does he enlist our sympathies with the younger as against the elder brother that when Lord Marney is killed by the rioters on Mowbray Moor our liveliest feeling is satisfaction that Charles Egremont succeeds to the estate.

But now, that I may be beforehand with my critics, let me hasten to say that there are plenty of homes in which the brotherly relation is perfectly maintained.

The eldest brother is the watchful and kindly guardian of the "kids"; the example to which they instinctively look; and one of the best influences of their lives. I say advisedly "one of the best," for I do not forget what I have written about mothers and sisters, and about wise and sympathetic fathers; and I must always acknowledge my own immense debt to schoolmasters—not all of them, but some. The conclusion of the whole matter is that Brotherhood may be a most blessed and beautiful relation, if the eldest realizes the responsibilities or strength, and can keep his temper when small and foolish creatures behave after their kind. It may also retain its beauty in maturer life, when the eldest son steps into the father's place, and studies to make the old home a happy centre and rallying-point for a scattered family. But it is the merest flummery to say that this is always the case. We do well to remember who and what he was who first asked the self-excusing question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And, if we wish to see that primeval tragedy re-enacted on the stage of life—the old spirit amid the new surroundings,—the Irish play of *Birthright* will give us what we want.

Home

A reader ("a young one," as he tells me), who lives at Pendleton, suggests that my recent chapter on domestic relations may be fitly followed by "Home." Young or old, no reader could have suggested a more

attractive theme, and I comply with great goodwill. The only difficulty is where to begin. Perhaps it is better to conceive the Ideal before one comes to discuss the Real; so here goes for "Home! Sweet Home!" That is the song that goes straight to the heart of every English man and woman. "For forty years we never asked Madame Adelina Patti to sing anything else. The unhappy, decadent Latin races have not even a word in their language by which to express it, poor things! Home is the secret of our British virtues. It is the only nursery of our Anglo-Saxon citizenship. Back to it our far-flung children turn, with all their memories aflame. They may lapse into rough ways, but they keep something sound at the core as long as they are faithful to the old home. There is still a tenderness in the voice, and tears are in their eyes, as they speak together of the days that can never die out of their lives, when they were at home in the old familiar places, with father and mother, in the healthy gladness of their childhood."

That is a fine Ideal of the Home; I borrow it from a highly idealistic source; and I confess that I can hardly rise to its full altitude unless I am allowed to imagine that the home is in the country. On this aspect of it, listen to George Eliot:—

> We could never have loved the Earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again, every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows. . . . One's delight in an elderberry bush overhanging the confused leafage of a

hedgerow bank, as a more gladdening sight than the finest cistus or fuchsia spreading itself on undulating turf, seems absurd to the Nursery Gardener. And, indeed, there is no reason for preferring the elderberry bush, except that it stirs an early memory—that it is no novelty in my life, speaking to me through my present sensibilities to form and colour; but the long companion of my existence, that wove itself into my joys when joys were vivid.

A man belongs to his belongings, and must speak out of his own experience; but of course I am well aware that great numbers of my fellow-citizens look back to a home in a town with just the same affection as that which a country-bred boy feels towards a home in the country. And yet, when we think of homes in towns, a darker side of the picture forces itself on attention. There is a widespread stratum of society in which a single room suffices for a whole family; and of course there are hundreds of cases where the overcrowding is still more scandalous. "For all who live under these conditions the word 'Home' has ceased to have a meaning. What memory does it hallow? What moral stability does it foster? What spiritual growth does it permit? What experience does it embody to which we can appeal, when we bring news of a Home in Heaven and a Household of God?" What can home mean to a child whose clothes have been pawned for drink, or who has learnt to recoil in affright from the reeling footsteps of the brute whom he calls father?

A prime duty of good citizenship is to make such homes as these impossible, and thereby to avert the horrible evils which they breed. But, happily, bad

homes are not the universal rule, even in the land of poverty. "Home! Sweet Home" is still a possibility, and a good home is the nursery of all virtues and all graces. The goodness of a home is not dependent on wealth, or spaciousness, or beauty, or luxury. Everything depends upon the Mother. Her love is a sacramental benediction, and her watchfulness a spell which Satan fears. The Prophet of old time, when he desired to heal the noxious stream, "went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there." A Mother's influence on the home is the salt cast in at the spring of the waters. "There shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." From a good home, thankfully and reverently used, flows the stream of a good, a pure, and a profitable life.

One of the instances in which the beneficent action of a Mother's influence is most clearly seen is the relation of brothers and sisters. When the Mother has been wise as well as tender, there will be no bullying, no roughness, no undue emulation, among the boys; nor yet that incessant bickering about trifles which is not the least vicious, but so intolerably tedious. Among the girls there will be no jealousy, no spite engendered by suppressed vanity, no selfish struggle for the most conspicuous part or the most attractive amusement. The boy will be to his sister Knight-Errant, Champion, and Hero; and she will be to him the Queen of Beauty (till, in the course of nature, a Being with a big B displaces her). But 'tis

not ever thus. A lady, who possesses a scientific knowledge of cricket, once said to me at Lord's: "I had by nature a very fine, free style of batting—but it never was cultivated. When my brothers came home from Eton for the holidays they made me field all day; and, when we had a Professional bowler, they never let me have an innings." In this case, I think the maternal wisdom must have been lacking, though the scene of oppression was one of "the stately homes of England." A happier case is that where a brother, honestly proud of his favourite sister, introduces his closest "pal" (to whom he has talked incessantly of her charms), and so begins a process which will some day make the "pal" a member of the family. But, good or bad, happy or miserable, the old home will not last for ever. It belongs to the Educative Stage of life, and passes away in its appointed season. Sooner or later comes the dissolution of the old home; and perhaps the first stage in the process is the death of a child. The brothers and sisters see death for the first time; and this sight sometimes makes an abiding impression on a thoughtless boy. But more often the brothers and sisters forget it soon enough. It is the parents who say (with Matthew Arnold): "*We* shall remember him and speak of him as long as we live, and he will be one more bond between us, even more perhaps in his death than in his sweet little life."

Remembered or forgotten, the first death is the beginning of the end. Perhaps it comes through the

death of an elder brother whom we have worshipped —like a schoolfellow of my own, the idol of a large family, killed in an instant by a cricket ball, in the golden afternoon of Midsummer Day. Or perhaps the first to go is the Father, the Breadwinner, on whom all depended; and with him too often goes the home itself. The saddest break of all is the Mother's death—a loss of which no one can measure the consequences. Yet even here one has sometimes seen the compensatory action of a new virtue, when a widowed father has set himself, with resolute tenderness, to be Mother as well as Father to the Children whom perhaps, till now, he has treated only as the playthings of his leisure hours.

Wordsworth describes the life of nature as

> A constant interchange of growth and blight.

It is the same with the life of the home. The dissolution of the old Home is the beginning of the new. (1) To form a home for oneself is to take up the burdens and duties of citizenship, as well as its pleasures. (2) The Home is the basis of the State. The life of the nation is built on the life of the family. It is, I think, an absolutely sound rule, to try all social theories by their bearing on the Home. It will help to save us from perplexities and aberrations, if we apply this test to such questions as these—Communism and Socialism; Divorce and Remarriage; alteration in the Prohibited Degrees; and what is euphemistically called "Neo-Malthusianism." (3)

The anticipation of a home is a strong safeguard in early youth. "The greatest protection to a young man's character is a virtuous attachment"—they were the words of a statesman whose name the whole world venerates. All kinds of evil may be banished by what Chalmers called the expulsive power of a new affection.

> Who is the happy husband? He
> Who, scanning his unwedded life,
> Thanks God, with all his conscience free,
> 'Twas faithful to his future wife.

(4) But marriage, though the usual, is not an indispensable condition of the home. Nothing can be a nobler act in a young man than to make a home for his widowed mother, so as to soften the shock of her altered life; or for orphan sisters, who might otherwise be exposed to privation and even peril. I have known an eldest brother deliberately defer his marriage because he wished to make a home for, and to educate a younger brother, and could not afford to marry until the process was complete.

(5) Home is the test of Character. It is there that manly virtue is shown in gentleness, unselfishness, considerateness for others, willingness to be put out of one's own way, reverence to parents, kindness to those who are younger or weaker or unduly sensitive. A lady once asked the American evangelist, D. L. Moody, "How am I to know whether I am converted or not?" He replied, "Ask your servants." Hypocrisy which may deceive the world is speedily

pierced by the searching scrutiny of home; and the difference between what a man is, and what he would like to be thought, is mostly clearly discerned by those who live under the same roof.

And now I turn again to my friend at Pendleton, who, as he is "young," is presumably still happy in the enjoyment of the old Home; but who, unless he is strangely unlike others of his age, is probably dreaming of the New Home which he will some day fashion to be the sanctuary of his life. Let me assure him that, in both Homes alike, the really important thing is the educating power of domestic affection. "For it is only through our mysterious human relationships; through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives—through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers—that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in Whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the wisdom of all these, dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness."

XIX

FRIENDSHIP

THESE chapters about Relationships have brought me an unprecedented amount of correspondence. I hope to deal in turn with each point raised, whether in the way of censure or of approbation; and now I reply to a letter dated "12th of October, 1912." The writer demands an article on "Friendship." "This subject," he says "has an attraction for me, inasmuch as, although I have crowds of acquaintances —some of whom I value very much indeed,—there has never, since I left school, been anybody with whom I would, without hesitation, have shared my innermost feelings, and this I take to be the test of true friendship."

That test, I think, is sound; but the writer follows it with some questions which will be better answered indirectly than directly.

In the first place, let me say that, if my correspondent will procure a copy of *The Hill*, by Mr Horace Annesley Vachell, he will find that its alternative title is *A Romance of Friendship*; and that it is dedicated to the present writer, who "gave the author

the principal idea." It is, I must confess, a book in which I feel a peculiar interest, for, if I could write fiction, I should have written it long ago. Even as things are, I was allowed to make some contributions to the narrative; and it embodies in a delightful form my views on the subject proposed to me to-day. But in this column those views must be given in more general terms, and must cover a wider area than that which is dominated by *The Hill*.

For boys and young men—I am not careful to discriminate between these two classes—friendship is a prime necessary of existence. When a man has established himself in life, and the interests of home and wife and family have absorbed him, he may, perhaps, dispense with friendship. But as long as he is young, unmarried, and unsettled, he is as dependent on friendship as on air or food. Even as I write the words I bethink me that there are such things as relaxing air and poisonous food. There are friendships which relax the moral muscle, and, if they are allowed free scope, will fatally affect the life.

> Hast thou so rare a poison? Let me be
> Swifter to slay thee, lest thou poison me.

Too often friendship, or, rather, the world's base substitute for it, means simply an alliance for mutual degradation. But friendship, in its high and only true sense, is the supreme grace and choicest gift of human life. "Among the many words which our common conversation debases from their true significance, the word *friend* is perhaps the most lightly

used." There are friendships in which "Satan is transformed into an Angel of Light." The friend may be brilliant, sympathetic, amusing, delightful; a model of all the accomplishments and qualities which young men admire in their fellows; and yet his influence may be polluting and debasing. "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" That question was asked eight hundred years before the Christian Era: but the lapse of time has not blunted its point.

A man who is in earnest about his moral being will find it impossible to keep company with drunkards or blasphemers; with men who are unscrupulous about their ways of getting money, or are unchivalrous towards women. Perhaps he cannot help being thrown with them in business or society, but he can help making friends with them. While he is courteous to everybody, and carefully avoids all censoriousness and priggishness, he reserves his friendship for men like-minded with himself; and, in intimate association with one or two of these, at once getting good and doing good, he enjoys a priceless privilege. The joys of life are more than doubled when we can share them with a friend, and when dark days come a Brother is born for adversity. As Adam Lindsay Gordon said:

> Life is mostly froth and bubble;
> Two things stand like stone—
> Kindness in another's trouble,
> Courage in your own.

An intimate friendship is at once a safeguard and

a stimulus. It is a safeguard in recreation and social enjoyment, for a man thinks twice before he plunges into surroundings which he knows that his best friend would condemn. It is a stimulus, because in work or business or even play a man does not willingly lag behind while the friend is forging ahead. In common endeavours for good causes, religious, or social, or political, friendship is a powerful inducement to self-forgetting activity. I saw somewhere a fine saying which, though it fell from a Jesuit, might be treasured by the stoutest Protestant: "Anyone can do a great amount of good in this world if only he does not care who gets the credit of it." A poet who wrote for boys threw exactly the same thought into a football song:—

When you've had the toil and the struggle,
The battle of ankle and shin,
'Tis hard in the hour of triumph
To pass it another to win;
But that is the luck of the battle,
And thick must be taken with thin.
They tell us the world is a struggle,
And life is a difficult run,
Where often a brother will finish
The victory we have begun.
What matter? We learnt it at Harrow,
And that was the way that we won.

For a "human document" of what friendship at its best may mean, I always cite the instance of Mr Cyril Digby Buxton, who in 1888 was Captain of the Cambridge Cricket Eleven, and also represented his university at racquets and tennis. He died young and suddenly; and after his death his parents found,

among a few papers which he had preserved, a letter from a friend, which must tell its own tale without note or comment:—

I could not bear saying good-bye to you, old chap; perhaps for so long; but I hope not. You have been the best friend I ever had, Cyril, and the only one I love as much as my own brother, and even more. I wonder if you noticed any change in me since we came to know each other. It was from knowing you that I came to see what worthless fools some fellows are. You were always so unselfish and straightforward in everything, and you made me feel that I was exactly the contrary, and that you could not care for me at all, unless I improved a bit. So you have done me more good than you can imagine, and I am very much obliged to you for it. Now, Cyril, please forgive this rot, and don't think me a fool or a hypocrite, for I really mean what I say, and I am one of those who cannot keep their feelings to themselves.

Of course, I am assuming throughout this paper that the friendship which I extol is not a mere easy-going comradeship dependent on fair weather and happy circumstances; but has in it the stuff which stands the stress of life and the strain of adverse fate. Two eminent men of Queen Victoria's reign—Lord Houghton and Mr W. E. Forster—had once been chatting in a group of friends, and when Lord Houghton left the room, one of the company said, "That's the man to whom I should turn if I were in trouble"; to which Forster rejoined, "He is the man to whom I should turn if I were in disgrace." A man of whom that could be said by one who had known him long and intimately must have been a friend indeed.

In friendship, as in every other department of life,

it is wise to erect a high ideal. If we would trust more generously, we should receive more abundantly; and the stronger the demand made on a genuine friendship the finer the response. To lay down life itself for friendship, as Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* laid it down, is an heroic achievement; and yet day by day it happens in real life almost without recognition—in fires, in shipwrecks, in boating accidents, on battle-fields. Sir Frederick Treves has told us of the wounded soldier in South Africa to whose parched lips he was offering water, and who waved it from him with the gallant words: "Take it to my pal first—he is worse hit than I am." That generous lad died, and the "pal" recovered. Such high offices of friendship are not vouchsafed to all; but, even if we cannot save a life, we may often save a character and a career. The "word fitly spoken" of counsel or warning—even the look of sorrow bent on some manifest wrongdoing—has often averted a fatal fall, and recalled wandering steps into the right path. No man could wish for himself a nobler fate than that, when he is dead, someone should stand by his grave and say: "There lies the best friend I ever had. He saw me yielding to some base temptation. He warned me of my danger, and he saved my soul."

I began by quoting a novel dedicated to friendship; and, if I were to pursue the same theme through literature, ancient and modern, I should soon transcend my limits; and I have already borrowed too

freely. Yet one more quotation must be permitted, if only because the genius of the author, Mr Louis McQuilland, is to me a new discovery, and the haunting music of his verse has fairly obsessed me:

When I sail to the Fortunate Islands
 Over the violet sea,
May one friend, my heart's friend,
 Be there, a-sail with me.

On the breast of the deep, sweet waters,
 In the arms of the white spray,
Sailing, sailing, sailing,
 Till we come to Haven Bay.

In the peace of the Fortunate Islands,
 By wood, and hill, and shore,
May one friend, my soul's friend,
 Abide with me evermore.

XX

A SILVER WEDDING

THE week ending to-day[1] has contained an anniversary which I could not pass without notice. On the 1st of July 1887, I first saw a piece of my writing in the *Manchester Guardian*; and, though that fact is of no general interest, it stirs in me the egotism of a lively gratitude. For five and twenty years my association with this great newspaper has been to me a source of pleasure and of honour; and I should be less than human if, on an occasion so clearly marked, I forbore to express my thankfulness. I thank those who are responsible for the conduct of the paper, and who, from first to last, have treated me with forbearance and generosity. I thank my readers, who have scarcely ever sent me a disagreeable word, and who, in instances beyond my counting, have become my real, though unknown, friends. Specially must I thank the honoured memory of the high-minded publicist and most accomplished writer, through whose good offices I was first introduced to the *Manchester Guardian*—the late William Thomas Arnold.

[1] 6th July 1912.

Mr Arnold and I had been brother-Scholars at Oxford; but, when we had taken our degrees, our paths diverged; and I had not seen him for a good many years, when, in the summer of 1887, we encountered one another at a dinner-party in London. Before the evening ended, he had suggested that I should become an occasional contributor to the paper, and I had gladly accepted the suggestion. It was the year of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee; the great Service of Thanksgiving was celebrated in Westminster Abbey on the 21st of June, and the festivities were concluded, as far as London was concerned, by a Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace on the 29th. Of that party I wrote an account for the *Manchester Guardian*.[1] Such a freedom would nowadays be out of order, but then it was permitted. The account was delayed by an accident in transit, and it was published on the 1st of July.

It had been a summer of unprecedented bustle and excitement; everyone was more or less exhausted, and the annual dispersion from London occurred earlier than usual. Returning in the autumn, I began to contribute to the London Letter; and soon acquired a fictitious name as the author of that letter in its entirety. It always struck me that people must indeed think me possessed of wide and varied information, when they believed that everything which appeared in the London Letter proceeded from my pen; but it was almost impossible to disabuse

[1] See page 242.

their minds of that delusion. When at length I had persuaded the more teachable that I had colleagues in letter-writing, they still affirmed that they could always "spot" my paragraphs. To a lady who insisted that she possessed this species of literary Second-Sight, I suggested a test. She should every day mark the paragraphs which she believed to be mine; for every instance in which she was right, I was to give her a shilling; for every time she was wrong, I was to receive that sum. By the end of a month, she was so heavily out of pocket that she renounced her claim to second-sight, and left me in peace. In those days I was rather at a loose end as regards regular work, and I amused myself by going a good deal into society. During the years 1888, 1889, 1890, and 1891 there were few social festivals of any kind which I did not describe, more or less fully, in the *Manchester Guardian*. But I presented them merely in their picturesque or instructive aspects, and I sedulously eschewed personalities and gossip.

The year 1892 brought a change. The General Election of that year placed Mr Gladstone, for the last time, in power; and he made a proposal which, if I accepted it, would clearly occupy all my time and energies. In urging me to consent, he wrote as follows:—

> This will entail a change in your pursuits, but I cannot help thinking that it will be attended with much benefit, for the function you are understood to have had in hand, as regards the press, has its difficulties and disadvantages.

From 1892 to 1895 nothing, I think, from my pen appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*; but in 1896 I resumed, at first rather spasmodically, my former occupations. My friend James Payn was then alive, but confined to his house by crippling illness. I used to visit him pretty regularly, and did what I could to amuse him. One day he said that, if I would put on paper all I had told him, it would make a book, which his firm would publish. At first I was doubtful; and then I determined to make an experiment. The notions, grave or gay, which occurred to me from week to week, should be sent to the *Manchester Guardian*; and, if they proved acceptable there, I would let them try their luck in a book. They ran through the year 1897, and were then published as *Collections and Recollections*. James Payn died on the 25th of March 1898, and the book which I had hoped to place in his hand I could only dedicate to his memory.

All occupations tend to grow into habits, and, if the occupation is pleasant, the habit soon becomes inveterate. I think I was by nature and instinct a penman. I was composing in both prose and verse before I was twelve. When I was thirteen I first appeared in print; and before I went to Harrow I had published a Tract, which had some success in evangelical circles. At Harrow I wrote incessantly. Edward Bowen, who was my tutor, made essay-writing a regular part of the work done in pupil-room. In nearly every Form we had to write an

essay once or twice a term, and in the Sixth Form oftener. It was no small advantage to have the boisterousness of one's youthful rhetoric corrected by such men as Edward Young, Henry Nettleship, and the present Master of Trinity. In addition to this enforced composition, I wrote incessantly for *The Harrovian*, and I twice won the School Prize for an English Essay. At Oxford I made my first experiments in adult journalism; and the habit thus early formed has, like the poet's "fell disease,"

> Grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.

For the last ten years my work for the *Manchester Guardian* has been one of the chief enjoyments of my life.

I have been asked quite lately, and asked in a way which demands an answer, why I have given myself so whole-heartedly to the service of one particular paper. In the first place, the fact is not as the question implies. I am, in the parlance of Consulting Physicians, a specialist but not an exclusivist. I write regularly for the *Manchester Guardian*, and I also write wherever I see a suitable opportunity. But undoubtedly the *Guardian* has the strongest hold on my affection and loyalty, and for very sufficient reasons. To begin with, it is the first paper (since *The Harrovian*) which invited me to enter its service; and disregard of past kindnesses is not one of my faults. Then Nature implanted in me an independent spirit.

Like Mr Gladstone, I regard my mental freedom as my most precious possession; and nowhere, as far as I know, can a contributor find so much scope for his individuality as in the *Manchester Guardian*. Of course my convictions accord in the main with the great principles on which the paper has been built up. Otherwise so close a relation would have been impossible; but now and then the right of private judgment will assert itself. Perhaps I may have been at one time too little of a Home Ruler; at another, too much of a Disestablisher. Here, the cloven foot of Socialism may peep out from under the decorous garments of official Liberalism; there, my love of the Church to which I belong may obtrude itself unduly on the notice of those who worship at other altars. Yet none of these self-assertions have ever caused estrangement between the rulers of this paper and their unruly scribe. But, putting all personal considerations on one side, I am proud to serve the *Manchester Guardian*, because I esteem it the most high-minded, and the least self-seeking, of all English newspapers. To be disinterested seems to me the highest virtue of journalism; and the episode of the South African War, even if it stood alone, would show that there is at any rate one paper in the country which, when a moral cause is at stake, dares to jeopardize popularity and profit.

Turning from the paper to myself, if for a moment I may speak of what I have written, I will say quite

plainly that I have tried to preach a gospel; and Peace, Freedom, and Humanity have been its principal contents. In enforcing these I have brought out of my treasure things new and old, and I have purposely dwelt on the brighter, as well as the graver, aspects presented by "this world of opportunity and wonder." Above all, it has been my endeavour to produce

> Not one immoral, one corrupted, thought;
> One line which, dying, I could wish to blot.

Such have been the objects which, with endless faults and failings, but with consistent purpose, I have pursued during these twenty-five years of connexion with the *Manchester Guardian*. My rewards have been many, and far beyond my deserts; but above them all one stands out conspicuous—I mean the privilege of entering, through its columns, into friendly relations with young men; in some cases, of forming personal friendships with them; and, in many, of helping to shape their thoughts, to enlarge their vision, and even to influence their conduct. This has been to me a source of lively joy. I well remember that when, towards the end of 1897, I brought my *Collections and Recollections* to a close, I quoted a stanza from Edward Bowen's "Fairies," and the ring of the lines woke an echo in at least two young hearts. I received a delightful letter from a couple of lads—I should imagine clerks—who lodged together in Manchester, thanking me for the series of papers then concluded

and wishing me happiness. This was the first of a long series of similar letters from young correspondents who have been kind enough to like what I write, and courteous enough to say so. Those letters have a place of their own in my escritoire, and I am not ashamed to say that I often recur to them for stimulus and comfort. I write these words not without emotion—

> And, when I may no longer live,
> They'll say, who know the truth,
> "He gave—whate'er he had to give,
> To Freedom and to Youth."

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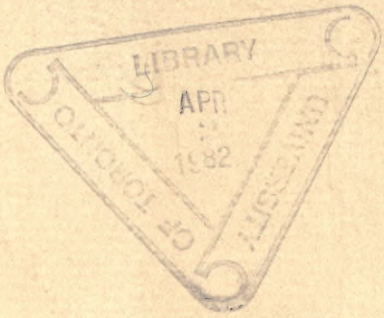
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